ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF FRENCH SONGS


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
VELUT ARBOR ÆVO



FRONTISPIECE.—CONVIVIAL SONGS.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Book of French Songs.

FROM THE

SIXTEENTH TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.



TRANSLATED AND EDITED BY

JOHN OXENFORD, Esq.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

WHERE there is so abundant a song-literature as that of France, a small volume like this cannot be free from sins of omission. Perhaps every reader may have in his mind some song that he will think ought to have had a place here, and that he will be surprised to find has been passed over. To all objections made on the score of omission I can only answer by remarking, that where from a huge mass a very limited quantity is to be extracted, the work of selection must always bear an arbitrary appearance. However, I believe I am not going too far when I say that, in spite of the narrow compass of the collection, no class or style of song (fit for the general reader) has been left unrepresented.

As the book is intended for *reading*, the rhythm of the songs has not been in all cases so rigidly observed as it would have

been if the translations had been written to music. With few exceptions, however, the translations are in the same metre as the original.

To research I do not pretend. The bulky collection of MM. Dumersan and Noel Ségur, together with the songs of Béranger, contained nearly all that was necessary for my purpose, and it is only for two or three songs of early date that I have gone to any other source. To MM. Dumersan and Ségur I am also indebted for the matter of the Introduction.

In some cases I have given the original French of the songs. This is either where they have some peculiarity about them which can be scarcely represented in a translation, or where, through circumstances, they have acquired the rank of historical "facts." For the latter reason, nearly all the Revolutionary songs, and likewise those anonymous songs that have almost become national property, are given in French.

I would conclude by expressing a hope, that this little unpretending volume will be only judged according to the fidelity with which the spirit of the originals has been

reproduced in my own language. I have endeavoured to give a type of every class of song, and I would not have it for a moment imagined, that where I have selected, I have always admired.

J. O.





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INTRODUCTION.

France has always held a prominent position among nations as a land of song-writers. In the middle ages no songster vied with the French troubadour, and the ninteenth century can exhibit no lyrist out of France, who has had an influence on the mass of his countrymen worthy to be compared with that exercised by Béranger on the citizens of Paris. Song seems always the natural expression of a Frenchman's joy and sorrow, enthusiasm and contempt. The memory of Henry IV. still lives in song, the battles of the Fronde were fought as much with songs as with bullets; the great revolution has a song-literature of its own, which becomes monotonous from its very copiousness; the victory of the allies over France has its rhymed record in songs of hate and defiance; and the revolutions that have followed the restoration, have their representatives in songs of triumph and in the cynical strains of communism.

The origin of French song is traced by antiquarians as far back as the origin of the French monarchy, and it seems that a Latin song sung by the French in the year 600 to celebrate a victory gained over the Saxons, is still in existence, together with two others of the same period, and in the same language, one of which has the peculiarity of a *refrain* or burden. After this date, to be sure, a gap ensues which extends over five centuries, but this gap may fairly be attributed not so much

to a loss of the poetical gift on the part of the nation, as to a want of efficient means to preserve its fruits.

Towards the end of the eleventh century, not only do songs begin to reappear, but we begin to have accurate information respecting the writers. One Pierre de Blois became renowned for his gallant effusions, and the famous Abelard not only wrote songs but is said to have sung them with a very agreeable voice. Early in the twelfth century the French tongue entirely supplanted the rhymed Latin, which preceded it as the language of song, and the tradition of this period seems to be still preserved in a number of childish ditties, which are sung at the present day, and which are usually associated with games having an indirect reference to the pursuits of a chivalric period.

It was at the commencement of the twelfth century that the French began to have a common language. Prior to that period the present language was written in Normandy, and some antiquarians regard the Normans, not the Provençaux, as the patriarchs of French song. The troubadours, who are traced by some to the days of Homer, while others fix their origin at the comparatively recent date of 116, reached their culminating point of glory in the earlier portion of the fourteenth century.

The troubadour was a poet by profession; his art was known as the "gay saber"—or "gay science" and while it was highly respected, was often exceedingly profitable. Rambaud de la Vacherie so highly pleased one of the counts of Toulouse by his lyrical effusions, that the latter dubbed him a knight, took him to the crusades and eventually made him governor of the city of Salonica; and this is only one instance among many of the kind. The poet was always a musician, and for the most part composed his own airs, but this is not saying much. Musical art was quite in its infancy, and the dull plain-song, composed in notes of equal value, contrast strangely with the light and gallant themes of the poetry. Spring, flowers, birds, and of course ladies

are the themes of these early songsters, and it is a fact worth recording that none but fair beauties were esteemed till the days of Charles IX. when brunettes came into fashion.

The fact that poetry was a profitable art by no means excluded its cultivation from the studies of persons of the highest rank. The Emperor Frederic I., who has left a madrigal composed in Provençal verse; the Emperor Frederick II., Frederick III., King of Sicily, Alphonso I., King of Arragon, Richard Cœur de Lion, King of England, with a long list of petty princes and nobles, are all enumerated among the troubadours.

In the year 1323, seven professors of the gay science founded an academy of poetry at Toulouse, to which they gave the name of the "Worthy and super-gay company of Seven Toulouse Troubadours." Every Sunday they held private meetings in a garden, in which they recited and sang their compositions; and also a public meeting on the first of May—the favourite month of troubadours and minnesänger. A prize for the best composition was offered at a somewhat later period, and the victor in the poetical combat received a golden violet from the hands of the president, who proclaimed his triumph aloud. Two other flowers in silver were afterwards offered as inferior prizes. No less than one hundred and twenty French poets also flourished about and previous to this time, plentiful specimens of which will be found in the French collections of troubadour literature.

The title of "father of French poetry," is usually awarded to Thibault Count of Champagne, whose songs are mostly in honour of Queen Blanche of Castile, mother of St. Louis. He receives this honour, not so much on account of his antiquity, as on account of his merit, the French critics deciding, that the poets who preceded him are not worthy of the name.

The interval between the close of the fourteenth century,

and the reign of Francis I., which began in 1515, was not distinguished by literary productiveness. The wars between the rival parties of Armagnac and Burgundy, and the occupation of France by the English, were stern realities, which distracted the mind of the nation from fanciful pursuits. There were however some stars amid the darkness, and the bibliophiles of France still talk of Jean Froissart, Guillaume de Lorrés, Martial de Paris, Jean Lemaire, Guillaume Créton, Jean de Meuse, and Alain Chartier—especially the last—as respectable personages in the history of French poetry. A love of the beauties of nature in her tranquil moods, accompanied by a power of accumulating pleasant details, was the characteristic of the best poets of this epoch.

The origin of the word vaudeville,—which once denoted a kind of song, but now denotes a dramatic piece,—is placed in this period. Olivier Basselin, a fuller of Vire in Normandy, who distinguished himself from his more refined and more pious predecessors, by chanting coarse jovial strains in praise, not of fair ladies or of saints, but of wine and cider, is supposed to be the inventor of the vau-de-vire,—a word which has since been corrupted into vaudeville. It is questionable however, whether this honour of originating the vaudeville really belongs to him, and still more questionable whether his works have come down to posterity in the form in which he wrote them.

By the side of the vaudeville which was the song of mirth, flourished the "complainte," which was the strain of woe, and as there was no lack of sad events in the fifteenth century, the melancholy muse was never silent for want of a fitting subject.

Another poet of this time was François Corbeuil, commonly called Villon, who according to Rabelais, was a *protégé* of Edward IV. of England, and whose "ballads" are still preserved. These are marked in many instances by a coarse

comical moral, and are said to have been studied with much profit by the famous La Fontaine.

Francis I. was himself a poet, and his age was an age of poetry. The great events that occurred during his reign, and those of his next successors, were a constant source of inspiration to a series of poets, who were illustrious in their day, and whose songs fill many a collection now preserved in the National Library of France. Among the most precious is a vellum manuscript, containing all the songs of Francis I. The great names in this age, which may be extended to the end of the sixteenth century, are those of Clément Marot, St. Gelais, Du Bellay, Jodelle, Ronsard, Belleau, Passerat and Baïf. To the last of these is attributed the honour of being the first person who endeavoured to enrich the French with a national music of their own. He was the inventor of those *ballets*, which formed so essential an amusement at the royal courts, till the reign of Louis XIV., and which may be considered, in some measure, the origin of the French opera.

The troubles of the League gave an impulse to song writing. Most of the songs had reference to the politics of the time; but licentious ditties were also in vogue, and so far exceeded the bounds of propriety, that at an assembly of the States General, held at Fontainebleau, a project for checking a license which seemed so detrimental to morality was discussed. The most famous song writers of this period were Desportes and Bertaut. They were the immediate predecessors of Regnier and Malherbe, the latter of whom is usually considered the first classical writer of French poetry. King Henry IV., so illustrious as a sovereign, also takes a high place among the poets of his day; and perhaps no song has retained general popularity for so long a time as the well known "Charmante Gabrielle" which he addressed to his mistress, the famous Gabrielle d'Estrées.

During the reign of Louis XIII., and the minority of Louis XIV., song took an eminently satirical turn, and the Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin, were constant objects of metrical attack. The bacchanalian song, which indeed has always occupied an important place in French lyrical poetry, from the days of Olivier Basselin to the present time, was also much cultivated; and the Marquis de Racan, who was one of the earliest members of the French Academy, gained a reputation in this class of literature which is not yet extinct.

It should be observed that these poets for the most part belonged, or at any rate were attached, to the higher class of society, with whom verse writing was an elegant amusement. However, shortly before Richelieu's death, two artisans, Adam Billaut of Nevers, and Olivier Massias of Angoulême, created a great sensation by their rhymes. The songs of the first of these, who is generally called Mâitre Adam, are considered models of their kind, and obtained for the poet the honour of an introduction to the King and Richelieu.

In the reign of Louis XIV., song, like every other branch of French literature, rose to a most flourishing condition; and so much was sung on every subject, that a history of the period could almost be constructed by a proper arrangement of ephemeral poems. An attempt to name the poets of this long and prolific reign would only produce a tedious list of authors, many of whom no longer live in the memory of the people. Among the poets of the king's minority, we may mention Voiture, Scarron, and Bois Robert, who was esteemed the best song writer of his day, but whose productions are now little respected. A great, but transient popularity was attained by the Baron de Blot, surnamed Blot-l'Esprit, who chiefly distinguished himself by satirising Cardinal Mazarin. Dufresny and the Abbé de Latteignant, whose songs were fashionable at the court of Louis XIV., are celebrated even at the present day.

Songs, nominally pastoral, but really artificial in the highest degree, were in vogue at the time to which we are now referring; and works of that Phyllis-and-Chloe school of poetry which once deluged the lyrical world in England, are to be found in great abundance among the treasures of French song. All this sort of thing has long past away, and is deemed not antique, but old-fashioned. With Panard, a convivial poet who flourished during the earlier half of the eighteenth century, begins that modern school of French lyrical poetry which still exists in full vigour, and he may fairly be called the poetical ancestor of Béranger.

During the minority of Louis XV., in which licentiousness was carried to so great a height that the word *Regency* has almost become the symbol of general immorality, song attained the same freedom from moral restraint which was observable in actual life. All the lyric poets of the day were in the habit of meeting at the house of a tradesman named Gallet: who, together with Piron, Crébillon the younger, and Collet,—all, as well as himself, poets of celebrity,—founded in 1733 a singing club entitled *Les Dîners du Caveau.*

In the reign of Louis XVI. the gaiety of song passed away: or, more properly speaking, gaiety, even where it did prevail, was tinged with ferocity. The famous *Carmagnole,* with which the Parisian mob insulted the unfortunate King and Queen during their imprisonment in the Temple, stands as a curious monument of ribald joviality by the side of those more sublime revolutionary songs, in which the aspirations of the French republicans are eloquently set forth; and we have still specimens of comic poetry on the subject of the guillotine, written during the horrors of 1794. The poets whose songs we may term the classics of the revolution, were Rouget de Lisle, and Marie Joseph Chénier.

The proclamation of a sort of theatrical free-trade in 1792,

led to the establishment of a particular theatre for the performance of those light musical pieces, which are so familiar to every habitué of the French drama by the name of *vaudeville.* During the consulate of Napoleon, song once more lost its solemn and ferocious character, and in 1804 the principal poets of the new theatre formed themselves into a club entitled *Dîners du Vaudeville.* The fortunes of the theatre greatly regulated the fortunes of this society, for, according to a standing rule, composed in rhyme, no person could be admitted as a member who had not produced three pieces, two of which had escaped condemnation. Thus, as the number of successful authors increased, the dinner-parties, which were held in the house of an actor named Julliet, became larger.

This society, although it comprised the best wits of the day, did not last long, and in 1806 Armand Gouffé and Capelle revived the old *Caveau,* founded by Gallet and his friends in 1733, giving it the name of the *Caveau Moderne.* Many of the members of the extinct vaudeville club joined the revived society, and the meetings were held once a month at the *Rocher de Cancale,* a restaurant celebrated at the time for fish-dinners. The perpetual president was Laujon, a veteran bard and bon vivant, who sang of love and wine at the age of eighty-four, and died, it is said, humming a joyous tune; and one of its brightest ornaments was Désaugiers, a song-writer whose name is only second to that of Béranger himself, from whom at the same time he is perfectly distinct. During the ten years of its existence the *Caveau Moderne* published an annual collection of its productions, for it must be borne in mind that the members of these vocal societies wrote songs on purpose to be sung at the meetings. In 1815 it was dissolved, in consequence of the diversity of political opinion that prevailed at that period. It revived, indeed, in 1826, but its reputation did not revive with it. Béranger was one of the members of

the *Cauveau Moderne* in its best days, but he did not attain his high celebrity till after 1815, when he stood as the chief poetical opponent of the court and the aristocracy.

Vocal societies, emulous of the fame of the *Caveau Moderne*, were founded in several French towns, and also in Paris itself, for the admission of persons who could not be received into the *Caveau*. The first of these minor Parisian societies was the *Société de Momus*, rendered illustrious by the name of Emile Debreaux, one of the most popular poets that France ever produced. The example being once set, the formation of similar societies proceeded with such rapidity, that in 1836 their number in Paris and the banlieue was estimated at 485. In 1832 the supremacy among these societies was held by the *Gymnase Lyrique*, which had been founded in 1824, and which, in imitation of the *Caveau*, published an annual volume of songs. This society was dissolved in 1841, and its great success was shown by the fact that, in the very year of its dissolution, it was impossible to obtain a complete collection of its publications at any Parisian bookseller's.

The revolution of July 1830, brought with it, not only a revival of the republican songs of the last century, but also several new compositions, the most famous of which were by the illustrious dramatist, Casimir Delavigne. For a while songs in a strain of enthusiastic nationality eclipsed every other kind of lyrical expression, and the lighter themes, which had been so happily touched by the French poets for many ages, began to be disregarded. Béranger, who, before the restoration, had sung the joys of a happy poverty, and since that event had been the constant scourge of the elder Bourbons,—Béranger, who had raised French song to a classical importance never before known—even Béranger, who heartily sympathised with the revolution of July, began to think that the "reign of song was over." The great poet, however, was not only wrong in his

belief, but in the year 1834, a new impulse was given to song by the formation of a society called *La Lice Chansonnière*, which was open to the poets who could not afford to become members of the *Caveau* or the *Gymnase Lyrique*, where meetings were always celebrated by expensive banquets. The founder of this society was Charles Lepage, an eccentric poet, who sometimes earned a good livelihood by writing motto-verses for the vendors of bon-bons. According to the rules of *La Lice Chansonnière*, the meetings were held in public, every member had a right to sing a song, an annual collection of songs was published, and prizes were given to authors of the best works. Several of the most popular songs owe their origin to this society.

A new epoch in French song was created by the revolution of 1848. The revolutionary songs of the last century were violently warlike and republican, but they were free from that communistic tendency which now so frequently accompanies the profession of republican sentiments. At the head of the most modern school of French lyric poets we must place the admirable Pierre Dupont, and for the most characteristic specimen of his tendency, point to that vigorous out-pouring of stern discontent,—*Le Chant des Ouvriers*.

Here ends the history of song considered as complete in itself, and independent of the drama, but still our sketch of the progress of the lyrical poetry of France would hardly be complete without some account of the progress of the lyrical drama, especially where a people is so much imbued as the French with a love for theatrical amusements. An English citizen, who neither goes to the theatre nor the opera, may be a good average citizen notwithstanding, but a Parisian who is not a play-goer is a sort of exceptional being who scarcely belongs to his own metropolis.

Opera had been known to the Italians for some time, when

the Abbé Perrin, who held an office under Gaston, Duke of Orleans, uncle of Louis XIV., first introduced it into France. A pastoral which he wrote, and to which music was composed by Cambert, the Queen Dowager's musician, was so much admired when played before a private audience, without the aid of decorations, that Cardinal Mazarin had it played several times before the King at Vincennes. This work, which, in the history of the French drama, is simply called "La Pastorale," is regarded as the origin of French opera. M. Alexandre Dumas remarks that the French are indebted for their tragedy to Richelieu, and for their opera to Mazarin; and that the character of each of these ministers was symbolised by the class of amusement to which he extended his patronage.

In 1669 the Abbé Perrin obtained letters patent for the establishment of an "Academy of Operas" in the French language. His musical associate was still Cambert, and in 1671 they produced at the Hôtel de Guénégaud, the opera of "Pomone," in which Voltare tells us there was a great deal of talk about apples and artichokes. The character of the fruitful goddess was played by one Demoiselle de Castilly, and the machinery, which from the earliest days was an essential part of French opera, was placed under the superintendence of the Marquis de Sourdeac, a nobleman of distinguished mechanical talent. The novelty of the amusement created a great sensation, and for eight months the speculation was eminently successful. Soon, however, a disagreement arose among the heads of the enterprise, and the Marquis, getting rid of the Abbé, betook himself to Gilbert, secretary of Queen Christina of Sweden, who had earned some reputation as a poet. A piece entitled "Les Peines et les Plaisirs de l'Amour," written by Gilbert, and with music by Cambert, was played at the Hôtel de Guénégaud under the new management.

The interest which Louis XIV. took in the operatic drama

proved fatal to the reputation of Cambert. The King, aware of the superior merit of Lulli as a musician, deemed him the fitting chief of the lyrical drama. By letters patent, Lulli, who had hitherto been a violinist in the service of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, was allowed to establish a "Royal Academy of Music," and the privilege was accompanied by a curious clause, which declared that any gentleman or lady might sing in public at the Academy without any derogation of their nobility. The Abbé Perrin and his associates were now completely eclipsed, and Cambert, as Voltaire maliciously observes,—"quitting France in disgust, played his detestable music to the English, who found it excellent." He was, in fact, appointed master of the private band of Charles II. Whether Voltaire's sneer at the English taste was altogether deserved appears doubtful,—Cambert died of a broken heart on account of the bad success of his operas in England.

Lulli's theatre, which was opened near the Rue Guénégaud, was the same establishment as that which exists at the present day as the "Academie," or, as it is more commonly called, the "Grand Opera." Lulli was the composer, and Quinault was the poet, of nearly all the operas produced in their time; and though the latter was the constant butt of the satirist Boileau, more modern critics have pronounced him a poet unrivalled of his kind. Voltaire does not hesitate to rank his merits above those of Lulli in estimating their joint productions.

On the death of Molière, in 1673, the King gave to the Academy the theatre of the Palais Royal, which had previously been occupied by Molière's company. This was held by Lulli till his death, in 1687.

In 1733 the lyrical drama received a new impulse from the celebrated musician Rameau: but it was the arrival of the immortal Glück, in 1770, which raised the interest taken in opera by the Parisian world to its greatest height. Glück,

who was a German, was a decided enemy of the Italian school of music, and by way of opposing him, the admirers of that school brought Piccini from Italy. The opposition between the two schools, which divided the whole fashionable society of Paris into the factions of the Gluckists and the Piccinists, and made the theatre almost a field of battle, lasted till the return of Glück to Vienna.

The celebrated composers who succeeded Glück were Salieri, Sacchini, and Grétry,—the last of whom still retains somewhat of his popularity. All early names were, however, thrown into the shade by the appearance of Rossini as a composer of French operas. His "Guillaume Tell" is one of the favourite works of the present day, and was closely followed by those compositions of Meyerbeer, Auber, and Halévy, which now form the staple of French opera. The fame which M. Scribe has acquired by writing the words of modern operas equals, and in some cases far excels, that of the composers. The French, it should always be borne in mind, are essentially a dramatic people, and it is against their nature to consider the literary part of an opera as a matter of no importance.

The Opera House in the Palais Royal, was destroyed by fire in 1763, and in 1781 the building which had been erected in its place in 1770, shared the same fate. From this date till 1793, the operatic company played in a temporary theatre near the Porte St. Martin, and then moved to the Rue Richelieu, where Mademoiselle Montansier had built them a theatre. Two other removals, one to the Théâtre de Louvois, another to the Salle Favart, preceded the final settlement of the "Grand Opera" in its present domicile, in the Rue Lepelletier. This event took place in 1822.

The operatic establishment to which we have referred, was through all its vicissitudes confined to the performance of grand operas, a class of work which however it may have

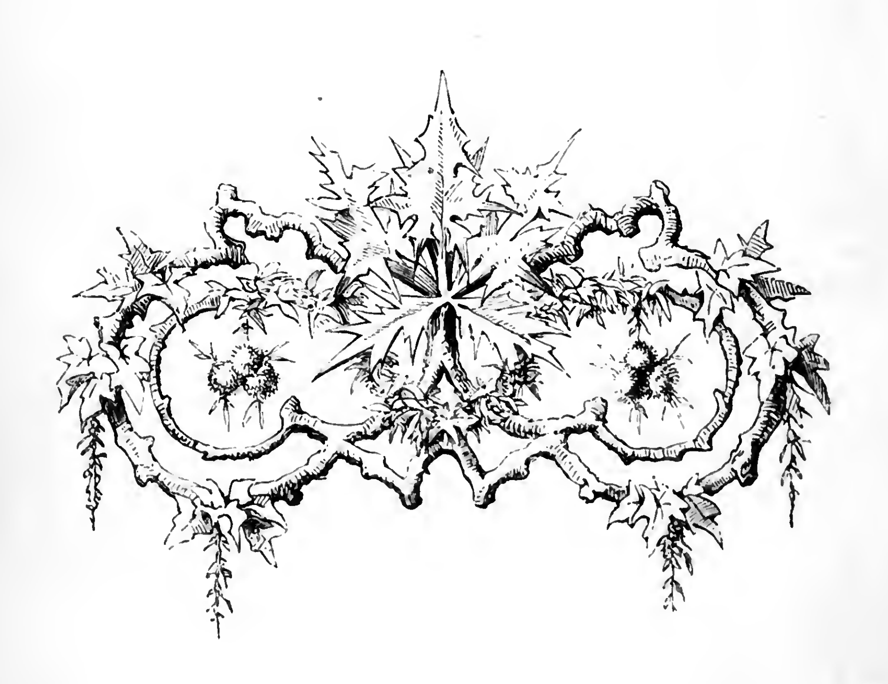
thriven in France, must still be considered as exotic. The comic opera, on the other hand, seems to have been national in its origin, as well as national in its character; and its humble birth is placed among those fairs which from an early period were held in the vicinity of Paris, and which are still the delight of its citizens. The fairs however were held for a long time before dramatic entertainments formed a portion of the amusements. The first plays were performed by puppets, and when, in 1690, a puppet proprietor, named Bertrand, introduced a company of young living actors, who played short comedies, the regular French comedians complained of what they considered an encroachment of their privilege, and the temporary theatre was destroyed by the police. For several years there was a constant struggle between the law and the enterprise of the humble comedians; and suppression on the one hand was quickly followed by revival on the other. At last by entering into an arrangement with the opera, and by making for themselves a few friends among the regular comedians, the actors of the fairs obtained something like a settled position about the year 1700. They were allowed to play comedies, interspersed with music and ballet, but speaking was prohibited, to prevent all chance of rivalry with the regular comedians. The theatrical establishment which arose under these limited privileges, numbered the famous La Sage among its early authors, and in 1712, took the name of the *Opera Comique.* Presently a new series of vicissitudes arose, and on one occasion the theatre was deprived of its privileges and closed; but in 1743, it began to rise from its obscurity, under the management of Jean Monnet, who associated with himself some of the best wits of the day, including Piron and Vadé, whom we have already mentioned among the song-writers, and the still more celebrated Favart.

Even then the words of comic operas were written to popular

airs, and it was not till the year 1753, that Vadé, following the example of an Italian company that had visited Paris, had the notion of obtaining new music for one of his works. His opera of *Les Troqueurs*, the music of which was composed by D'Auvergne, a musician of the day, was however so successful, that a long series of works arose, in which words and music were alike new. In 1792 the establishment took the name of "Théâtre National de l'Opera Comique," and though it had for some time a rival in the Théâtre Feydeau which opened in 1789, with the title "Théâtre de Monsieur," this rivalry ended in a combination of the two antagonists into the one "Comic Opera," which exists at the present day, as one of the most popular places of amusement in Paris.

Prior to the French revolution, there was no marked distinction between comic opera and vaudeville, but both classes of entertainment were played indifferently at the same theatre. However, on the establishment of theatrical free trade in 1792, MM. Piis and Barré, who had gained considerable renown by their vaudevilles at the Comic Opera, opened a separate theatre in the Rue de Chartres. This was the Théâtre du Vaudeville, which formed a new focus for poetical, musical, and histrionic talent, and which has been distinguished by some of the greatest successes of the French stage. The original edifice which was called the "Boîte à l'esprit," or "box of wit" was destroyed by fire in 1836, and the theatre is now situated in the Place de la Bourse. The success of the Théâtre du Vaudeville called into existence a number of rival establishments, which are still to be found on the Boulevards and in the Palais Royal. It should be observed that none of the French theatres founded since the Opera Comique (except the very modern "Troisième Théâtre Lyrique" on the Boulevard du Temple) have maintained an essentially musical character. Many pieces of purely dramatic interest, which

can be played by a company without a single vocalist by profession, are nevertheless called "vaudevilles," and indeed have a right to that title, on account of those scraps of song with which they are interspersed, and which always appear so strange to an English audience, unaccustomed to the French stage; but it is unnecessary to explain that such pieces have not the remotest affinity with even the lightest kind of opera.



SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

This Division is intended to comprise all that is understood by the French word "Romance," which would have been selected in preference to the above title, did it not suggest such a totally different idea in the English language.

The subdivision which might be made of this large class of Lyrical Poems will be too plainly perceived from the specimens themselves, to need any introductory remark.





BALLAD.

KING FRANCIS I.—born 1494, died 1597.

As at my window—all alone—
  I stood about the break of day,
Upon my left Aurora shone,
  To guide Apollo on his way.
Upon my right I could behold
My love, who comb'd her locks of gold ;
I saw the lustre of her eyes,
  And, as a glance on me she cast ;
Cried, " Gods retire behind your skies,
  Your brightness is by hers surpass'd."

As gentle Phœbe, when at night
  She shines upon the earth below,
Pours forth such overwhelming light,
  All meaner orbs must faintly glow.
Thus did my lady, on that day,
Eclipse Apollo's brighter ray,
Whereat he was so sore distrest
  His face with clouds he overcast,
And I exclaim'd, "That course is best,
  Your brightness is by hers surpass'd."

Then happiness my bosom cheer'd;
  But soon Apollo shone once more,
And in my jealous rage I fear'd
  He loved the fair one I adore.
And was I wrong?—Nay, blame who can,—
When jealous of each mortal man;
The love of gods can I despise?
  I hope to conquer fear at last,
By crying, "Keep behind your skies
  Ye gods, your lustre is surpass'd."



ORIGINAL.*

Etant seulet, aupres d'une fenestre,
Par un matin, comme le jour poignoit,
Je regardai l'Aurore à main senestre,
Qui à Phœbus le chemin enseignoit,
Et d'autre part, ma mie qui peignoit
Son chef doré, et vis ses luisans yeux,
Dont me jetta un trait si gracieux,
Qu'à haute voix je fus contraint de dire:
Dieux immortels, entrez dedans vos cieux;
Car la beauté de ceste vous empire.

Comme Phœbé, quand ce bas lieu terrestre,
Par sa clarté, de nuit illuminoit,
Toute lueur demeuroit en sequestre:
Car sa splendeur toutes autres minoit.

* The peculiarity, that every stanza has the same terminations, should not be overlooked; though it has not been adopted in the translation.

Ainsi ma dame en son regard tenoit
Tout obscurci le soleil radieux,
Dont de dépit, lui triste et soucieux,
Sur les humains lors ne daigna plus luire ;
Par quoi, lui dis : Vous faites pour le mieux ;
Car la beauté de ceste vous empire.

O que de joie en mon cœur sentis naistre,
Quand j'apperçus que Phœbus retournoit !
Car je craignois qu' amoureux voulust estre
Du doux objet qui mon cœur détenoit.
Avois-je tort ? Non : car, s'il y venoit
Quelque mortel, j'en serois soucieux.
Devois-je pas doncques craindre les dieux,
Et despriser, pour fuir un tel martire,
En leur criant : Retournez dans vos cieux ;
Car la beauté de ceste vous empire.

SONG.

(PHILIS QUI ME VOIT LE TEINT BLÊME.)

François de Malherbes—born 1555, died 1628.

Phillis sees me pine away,
Sees my ravish'd senses stray,
Down my cheeks the tear-drops creeping.
When she seeks the cause of pain,
Of her charms she is so vain
That she thinks for her I'm weeping.

Sorry I should be, forsooth,
Did I vex her with the truth.
Yet it surely is permitted
Just to point out her mistakes,
When herself the cause she makes
Of a crime she ne'er committed.

'Twas a wondrous school, no doubt,
Where she found her beauty out,

Which, she thinks, can triumph o'er me ;
  So that, deeming her divine,
  I can languish, weep and pine,
With so plain a truth before me.

  Mine would be an easy case
  If a happy resting-place
In her den she could insure me ;
  Then for solace to my woe
  Far I should not have to go,—
E'en the vilest herbs might cure me.

  'Tis from Glycera proceeds
  Grief with which my bosom bleeds
Beyond solace or assistance.
  Glycera commands my fate,
  As she pleases to dictate
Death is near or at a distance.

  Sure of ice that heart is made
  Which no pity can invade,
Even for a single minute ;
  But whatever faults I see
  In my soul still bideth she,—
Room for thee is not within it.

ORIGINAL.

  PHILIS qui me voit le teint blême,
  Les sens ravis de moi-même,
Et les yeux trempés chaque jour,
  Cherchant la cause de ma peine,
  Se figure, tant elle est vaine,
Qu'elle m'a donné de l'amour.

  Je suis marri que la colère
  Me porte jusqu'à lui déplaire ;
Mais pourquoi ne m'est-il permis
  De lui dire qu'elle s'abuse,
  Puisqu'à ma honte elle s'accuse
De ce qu'elle n'a point commis ?

En quelle école nompareille
Auroit-elle appris la merveille
De si bien charmer ses appas,
Que je pusse la trouver belle,
Pâlir, transir, languir pour elle,
Et ne m'en appercevoir pas ?

Oh qu'il me seroit desirable
Que je ne fusse misérable
Que pour être dans sa prison !
Mon mal ne m'etonneroit guères,
Et les herbes les plus vulgaires
M'en donneroient la guérison.

C'est de Glycère que procèdent
Tous les ennuis qui me possèdent,
Sans remède et sans reconfort :
Glycère fait mes destinées ;
Et comme il lui plaît, mes années
Sont ou près ou loin de la mort.

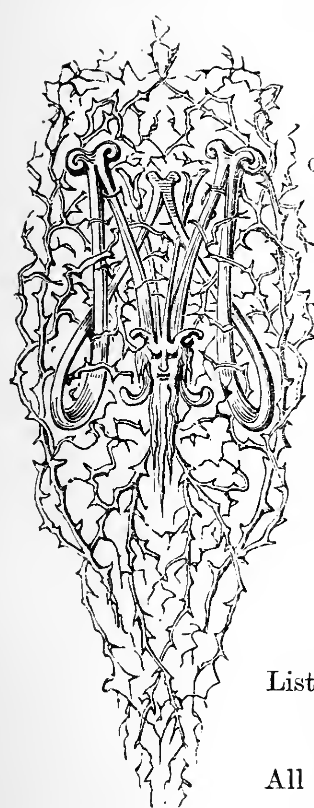
C'est bien un courage de glace,
Où la pitie n'a point de place,
Et que rien ne peut émouvoir ;
Mais, quelque défaut que j'y blâme,
Je ne puis l'ôter de mon ame,
Non plus que vous y recevoir.

François de Malherbes is regarded as the father of modern French poetry. Earlier writers are without the pale of classicality.



SONG.

Attributed to King Henry IV.



Morning bright
Rise to sight,
Glad am I thy face to see ;
One I love,
All above,
Has a ruddy cheek like thee.

Fainter far
Roses are,
Though with morning dew-drops bright,
Ne'er was fur
Soft like her—
Milk itself is not so white.

When she sings,
Soon she brings
List'ners out from ev'ry cot,
Pensive swains
Hush their strains,
All their sorrows are forgot.

She is fair,
Past compare,
One small hand her waist can span.
Eyes of light—
Stars, though bright,
Match those eyes you never can.

Hebe blest,
Once the best
Food of gods before her placed ;
When I sip
Her red lip
I can still the nectar taste.

ORIGINAL.

Viens, Aurore,
Je t'implore,
Je suis gai quand je te voi.
La bergère,
Qui m'est chère,
Est vermeille comme toi.

De rosée
Arrosée,
La rose a moins de fraîcheur ;
Une hermine
Est moins fine ;
Le lait a moins de blancheur.

Pour entendre
Sa voix tendre
On déserte le hameau,
Et Tityre,
Qui soupire,
Fait taire son chalumeau.

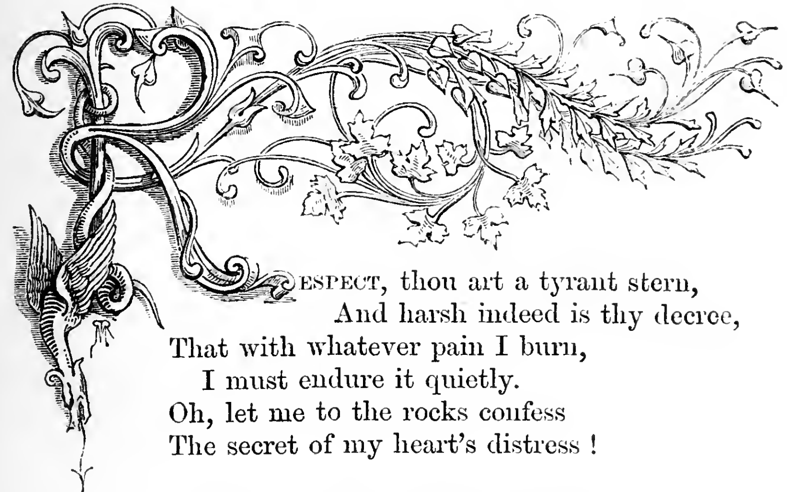
Elle est blonde,
Sans seconde ;
Elle a la taille à la main ;
Sa prunelle
Etincelle
Comme l'astre du matin.

D'ambroisie,
Bien choisie,
Hébé la nourrit à part ;
Et sa bouche,
Quand j' y touche,
Me parfume de nectar.

SONG.

(CRUEL TYRAN DE MES DESIRS.)

MARQUIS DE RACAN—born 1589, died 1670.



RESPECT, thou art a tyrant stern,
And harsh indeed is thy decree,
That with whatever pain I burn,
I must endure it quietly.
Oh, let me to the rocks confess
The secret of my heart's distress !

The silence of these woods is deep,
My secret they will never tell ;
Here constantly the echoes sleep,
And here repose will ever dwell.
The zephyrs only can confess
The secret of my heart's distress.

These shady boughs, so thickly spread,
Consoling to my grief appear ;
The bitter tear-drops that I shed
Seem to receive a welcome here.
Here, only here, I can confess
The secret of my heart's distress.

Though passion urges me to speak
Whene'er the lovely nymph is near,
She, who my heart can captive make,
Then makes my tongue her fetters wear.
To her I do not dare confess,
E'en by a sigh, my heart's distress.

Her eyes seem not of mortal birth,
  Nought rivals their celestial fires,
The Maker of the heavens and earth
  In them his master-piece admires ;
Her beauty—that, I will confess,
Is worthy of my heart's distress.

If kindly fortune will, at last,
  Show that I have not pray'd in vain,
If after many seasons past,
  My love its rich reward shall gain,—
Then to the rocks will I confess
How lovers taste true happiness.

Honorat de Bueil, Marquis de Racan, was one of the most celebrated poets of the seventeenth century, and one of the first members of the French Academy.

WISHES.

(LES SOUHAITS.)

The Abbé de Lattaignant—born 1690, died 1779.

Oh, my dearest !
Oh, my fairest !
For thy favour I implore.
I will be
True to thee,
I will love thee evermore.

If I had an hundred hearts
  Never should one stray from thee,
If I had an hundred hearts
Every one should feel thy darts.
  Oh, my dearest, &c.

If an hundred eyes were mine,
  Thee alone those eyes would see ;
If an hundred eyes were mine
Every one on thee would shine.
  Oh, my dearest, &c.

If an hundred tongues I had,
They should speak of nought but thee ;
If an hundred tongues I had,
All should talk of thee, like mad.
Oh, my dearest, &c.

If I were a potent god
Then immortal thou shouldst be,
If I were a potent god
All should worship at thy nod.
Oh, my dearest, &c.

If five hundred souls you were
You for her should rivals be,
If five hundred souls you were
All should love this beauty rare.
Oh, my dearest, &c.

Had you reach'd your hundredth year—
Young with her would Nestor be,—
Had you reach'd your hundredth year
Spring through her would re-appear.
Oh, my dearest, &c.

ORIGINAL.

Ma mie,
Ma douce amie,
Réponds à mes amours.
Fidèle
A cette belle,
Je l'aimerai toujours.

Si j'avais cent cœurs,
Ils ne seraient remplis que d'elle ;
Si j'avais cent cœurs,
Aucun d'eux n'aimerait ailleurs.
Ma mie, &c.

Si j'avais cent yeux,
Ils seraient tous fixés sur elle ;

Si j'avais cent yeux,
Ils ne verraient qu'elle en tous lieux.
Ma mie, &c.

Si j'avais cent voix,
Elles ne parleraient que d'elle ;
Si j'avais cent voix,
Toutes rediraient à la fois :
Ma mie, &c.

Si j'étais un dieu,
Je voudrais la rendre immortelle ;
Si j'etais un dieu
On l'adorerait en tout lieu.
Ma mie, &c.

Fussiez-vous cinq cents
Vous seriez tous rivaux près d'elle ;
Fussiez-vous cinq cents,
Vous voudriez en être amants.
Ma mie, &c.

Eussiez-vous cent ans,
Nestor rajeunirait pour elle ;
Eussiez-vous cent ans,
Vous retrouveriez le printemps.
Ma mie,
Ma douce amie,
Réponds à mes amours.
Fidèle
A cette belle,
Je l'aimerai toujours.

Few writers have attained greater celebrity in their day than the Abbé Lattaignant, whose facility in writing and singing songs made him the delight of the fashionable circles in Paris towards the middle of the last century. This true specimen of the *Abbé Galant* of former days turned devout in his old age, and died in a monastic establishment.





CHARMING GABRIELLE.

(CHARMANTE GABRIELLE.)

Attributed to King Henry IV.—born 1553, died 1610.

My charming Gabrielle,
  What arrows pierce my heart,
When, bidding thee farewell,
  For battle I depart.
The day of quitting thee
  Such anguish makes me prove ;
I wish I could be free
  From life or love.

Alas ! my life's own star,
   Whom glory makes me fly ;
In thinking thou art far—
   No, I'll return or die.
The day of, &c.

Oh ! share my royal crown,
   Which once Bellona gave ;
The part that is thine own,
   Thou from my heart shalt have.
The day of, &c.

My trumpets shall proclaim—
   The echos shall repeat—
The glories of thy name ;
   These words so sad and sweet.
The day of, &c.

ORIGINAL.

Charmante Gabrielle,
   Percé de mille dards,
Quand la gloire m'appelle,
   À la suite de Mars.
Cruelle départie !
   Malheureux jour !
Que ne suis-je sans vie
   Ou sans amour !

Bel astre que je quitte,
   Ah ! cruel souvenir !
Ma douleur s'en irrite.
   Vous revoir, ou mourir.
Cruelle départie !
   Malheureux jour !
C'est trop peu d'une vie
   Pour tant d'amour.

Partagez ma couronne,
   Le prix de ma valeur ;
Je la tiens de Bellone :
   Tenez-la de mon cœur.

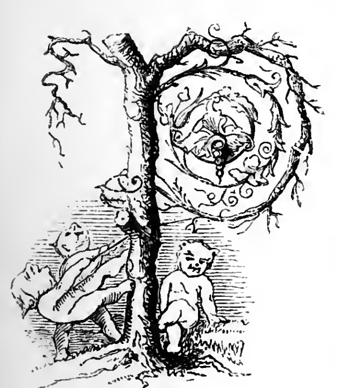
Cruelle départie !
  Malheureux jour !
C'est trop peu d'une vie
  Pour tant d'amour.

Je veux que mes trompettes,
  Mes fifres, les échos,
A tous moments répêtent,
  Ces doux et tristes mots :
Cruelle départie !
  Malheureux jour !
C'est trop peu d'une vie
  Pour tant d'amour.

THE AVARICIOUS SHEPHERDESS.

(L'AVARICIEUSE.)

DUFRESNY—born 1648, died 1724.



PHILLIS, somewhat hard by nature,
  Would not an advantage miss,
She ask'd Damon—greedy creature !
  Thirty sheep for one small kiss.

Lovely Phillis on the morrow
  Cannot her advantage keep,
She gives Damon, to her sorrow,
  Thirty kisses for one sheep.

On the morrow, grown more tender,
  Phillis, ah ! has come to this,
Thirty sheep she will surrender
  For a single loving kiss.

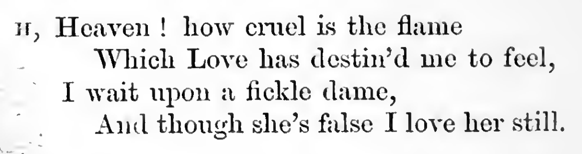
Now another day is over,
  Damon sheep and dog might get
For the kiss which he—the rover !
  Gave for nothing to Lizette.

Charles Rivière Dufresny was not only a poet, but also a musician and draughtsman, and an architect of some renown in the reign of Louis XIV. It was, however, as a poet he was most famous; and while he shone in light comedy, he is looked upon as the predecessor in many respects of the more celebrated Abbé Lattaignant.

SONG.

(AH DIEU! QUE LA FLAMME EST CRUELLE.)

JEAN DESMARETS—born 1595, died 1676.



H, Heaven ! how cruel is the flame
Which Love has destin'd me to feel,
I wait upon a fickle dame,
And though she's false I love her still.

More constant is the roving wind,
More constant is the rolling sea ;
Proteus was apt to change, we find,—
He never changed so oft as she.

On me she now bestows her grace,
Love's not enough, she will adore ;
Now lets another take my place,
And vows she ne'er saw me before.

The other, boasting of my fall,
Soon finds his exultation vain ;
His bark is shatter'd by the squall,
And I am safe in port again.*

I try all art's and nature's tricks,
And all a lover's brain can plot,
Hoping this quicksilver to fix,
Yet ne'er advance a single jot.

But whatsoever faults I see,
This is the grief I most deplore,—
I cannot set my spirit free,
In spite of all, I must adore.

With jealous rage her door I spurn,
And swear I never will go back ;
But still I find my feet return,
They will not leave the ancient track.

* Compare Horace's Ode, Lib. i. 5.

We quarrel now, and now forgive,
Mine is a wretched case, no doubt;
I plainly see I cannot live
Or with my tyrant or without.

Jean Desmarets occupies a conspicuous place in the annals of the court of Louis XIII., on account of his share in the tragedies attributed to Cardinal Richelieu.

OH! MAMMA.

(AH! VOUS DIRAI-JE MAMAN?)

Oh, mamma, how can I tell
In my heart what torments dwell?
Since I saw that handsome swain
Eyeing me, could I refrain
From this little wicked thought:—
Without loving—life is nought.

Me into a bow'r he took,
And with wreaths adorn'd my crook,
Which of choicest flow'rs he made.
Then, "My dear brunette," he said,
"Flora's charms are less than thine,
Ne'er was love to equal mine.

"Being form'd with charms like these,
You should love, and try to please;
Made for love, say teachers sage,
Is the spring-time of our age;
If a longer time we wait,
We regret, when 'tis too late."

Then I felt the blushes start,
Then a sigh betray'd my heart.
Damon train'd in Cupid's school
Show'd he was no simple fool;
I had fled, but he said "No"—
Ne'er was maiden puzzled so.

Then I feign'd to sink with dread,
Then I from his clutches fled.
But when I was safe at last,
Through my heart the question past,
Mingling hope with bitter pain :
Shall I see his face again ?

Shepherdesses mark my words,
Nothing love, beside your herds.
Of the shepherds, pray, beware,
If they look with tender air,
If they tender thoughts reveal,
Oh, what torment, you may feel !

ORIGINAL.

Ah ! vous dirai-je, maman,
Ce qui cause mon tourment ?
Depuis que j'ai vu Silvandre
Me regarder d'un air tendre,
Mon cœur dit à tout moment :
Peut-on vivre sans amant ?

L'autre jour dans un bosquet,
De fleurs il fit un bouquet,
Il en para ma houlette,
Me disant : "Belle brunette,
Flore est moins belle que toi,
L'amour moins tendre que moi.

"Etant aite pour charmer,
Il faut plaire, il faut aimer,
C'est au printemps de son age
Qu'il est dit que l'on s'engage ;
Si vous tardez plus longtemps,
On regrette ces moments."

Je rougis et, par malheur,
Un soupir trahit mon cœur ;
Silvandre, en amant, habile,
Ne joua pas l'imbécile :
Je veux fuir, il ne veut pas :
Jugez de mon embarras.

Je fis semblant d'avoir peur,
Je m'echappai par bonheur ;
J'eus recours à la retraite.
Mais quelle peine secrète
Se mêle dans mon espoir,
Si je ne puis le revoir.

Bergères de ce hameau,
N'aimez que votre troupeau,
Un berger, prenez-y garde,
S'il vous aime, vous regarde,
Et s'exprime tendrement,
Peut vous causer du tourment.

What young lady who has taken half-a-dozen lessons on the piano, is unacquainted with the air of "Ah vous dirai-je," which is by some attributed to Rameau? The words, which are anonymous, are less generally known.

I'LL NOT SHOW OVER-HASTE.

(JE NE VEUX PAS ME PRESSER.)

The DUKE DE NIVERNOIS.



LOVE'S a foolish thing, no doubt,
Mother says so every day ;
Love we cannot do without,
When we're handsome, young, and gay.
Good mamma, when at my age,
Youth's delights no doubt would taste ;
I shall be, too,—I'll engage,
When my time comes,—wondrous sage,
But I'll not show over-haste.

At the dance the other night
Colin on me cast an eye ;
I appear'd embarrass'd—quite,
Seem'd as though I wish'd to fly.

But my steps were very slow,
  Hurry would have been misplaced,
No disdain I wish'd to show.
When the men torment us so—
  We should fly, but not with haste.

Colin with his vows will come,
  When the light of morning breaks;
When at night our flocks go home,
  Colin still profession makes.
Most indiff'rent I appear,
  Though his words are to my taste,
And my tender heart, I fear,
I shall give it up, Oh, dear!
  But I'll not show over-haste.

I have seen how turtle-doves,
  Though a tenderness they feel
For their ardent feather'd loves,
  Show a firm resistance still.
For my pattern I will take
  Doves with so much prudence graced.
Such their lovers ne'er forsake,—
Binding vows I too will make,
  But I'll not show over-haste.

POOR JACQUES.

(PAUVRE JACQUES.)

MARCHIONESS DE TRAVANET.

POOR Jacques, when I was close to thee,
  No sense of want my fancy cross'd;
But now thou livest far from me,
  I feel that all on earth is lost.

When thou my humble toil would'st share,
  I felt my daily labours light;
Then ev'ry day appear'd so fair;
  But what can make the present bright?

I cannot bear the sun's bright ray,
  When on the furrow'd plain it falls ;
When through the shady wood I stray,
  All nature round my heart appals.

Poor Jacques, when I was close to thee,
  No sense of want my fancy cross'd ;
But now thou livest far from me,
  I feel that all on earth is lost.

ORIGINAL.

Pauvre Jacques, quand j'etais près de toi,
  Je ne sentais pas ma misère ;
Mais à présent que tu vis loin de moi,
  Je manque de tout sur la terre. (*bis.*)

Quand tu venais partager mes travaux,
  Je trouvais ma tâche légère,
T'en souvient-il ? tous les jours étaient beaux ;
  Qui me rendra ce temps prospère ? (*bis.*)

Quand le soleil brille sur nos guérets,
  Je ne puis souffrir la lumière :
Et quand je suis à l'ombre des forêts,
  J'accuse la nature entière. (*bis.*)

Pauvre Jaques, quand j'etais près de toi,
  Je ne sentais pas ma misère ;
Mais à présent que tu vis loin de moi,
  Je manque de tout sur la terre. (*bis.*)

This little song, which was quite the rage a few years before the first revolution, owed its origin to a circumstance which occurred while the "Petite Suisse," an artificial Swiss village, was constructed at the Little Trianon, for the amusement of Queen Marie Antoinette. A Swiss peasant-girl, who was brought from Switzerland with some cows to heighten the illusion, was observed to look melancholy, and the exclamation "Pauvre Jacques," showed that she was pining for a distant lover. The Queen was so touched by the girl's sorrow, that she sent for Jacques, and gave her a wedding portion ; while the Marchioness de Travanet was moved to write the song of "Pauvre Jacques," to which she also composed the music.



THE INFIDELITIES OF LISETTE.

(LES INFIDELITES DE LISETTE.)

BÉRANGER—born 1780.

LISETTE, who o'er my glass
Will, like a despot, reign,
Compelling me—alas!
To beg a drop in vain.
No chicken now am I,
Yet you my *quantum* fix;
When, dearest, did I try
To reckon up your tricks?
Lisette, oh my Lisette,
You're false—but let that pass—
A health to the *grisette*;
And to our love, Lisette,
I'll fill another glass.

Young Lindor swaggers so,
Your cunning he defies,

I own he whispers low,
  But then he loudly sighs.
Your kind regards for him,
  Already he has told,
So fill up to the brim,
  My dearest, lest I scold.
Lisette, oh my Lisette, &c.

Clitander—happy knave—
  With him I found you out :
The kisses that he gave,
  You took without a pout,
And then repaid him more :
  Base girl, remember this,
And let my glass run o'er,—
  A bumper for each kiss !
Lisette, oh my Lisette, &c.

Mondor, who ribbons brings,
  And knick-knacks which you prize,
Has ventur'd on strange things
  Before my very eyes ;
I've seen enough to make
  A modest person blush ;
Another glass I'll take
  These rogueries to hush.
Lisette, oh my Lisette, &c.

One evening to your door
  I came with noiseless tread,
A thief, who came before,
  From out your window fled.
I had, before that day,
  Made that same rascal flee.
Another bottle, pray,
  Lest I too plainly see.
Lisette, oh my Lisette, &c.

Upon them every-one
  Your bounties you will heap,
And those, with whom you've done,
  You know I'm forced to keep.

So drink with them I will,
You shall not balk my vein.
Pray be my mistress still,
Your friends shall still be mine.
Lisette, oh my Lisette, &c.

ORIGINAL.



Lisette, dont l' empire
S'étend jusqu' à mon vin,
J'éprouve la martyre
D'en demander en vain.
Pour souffrir qu'à mon âge
Les coups me soient comptés,
Ai-je compté, volage,
Tes infidelités ?
Lisette, ma Lisette,
Tu m'as trompé toujours ;
Mais vive la grisette !
Je veux, Lisette,
Boire à nos amours.

Lindor, par son audace,
Met ta ruse en défaut ;
Il te parle à voix basse,
Il soupire tout haut.
Du tendre espoir qu'il fonde
Il m'instruisit d'abord.
De peur que je n'en gronde,
Verse au moins jusqu' au bord.
Lisette, ma Lisette, &c.

Avec l'heureux Clitandre
Lorsque je te surpris,
Vous comptiez d'un air tendre
Les baisers qu'il t'a pris.
Ton humeur peu sévère
En comptant les doubla ;
Remplis encor mon verre
Pour tous ces baisers-là.
Lisette, ma Lisette, &c.



SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

Mondor, qui toujours donne
Et rubans et bijoux,
Devant moi te chiffonne
Sans te mettre en courroux.
J'ai vu sa main hardie
S'égarer sur ton sein ;
Verse jusqu' à la lie
Pour un si grand larcin.
Lisette, ma Lisette, &c.

Certain soir je pénètre
Dans ta chambre, et sans bruit,
Je vois par la fenêtre
Un voleur qui s'enfuit.
Je l'avais, dès la veille,
Fait fuir de ton boudoir.
Ah ! qu'une autre bouteille
M'empêche de tout voir !
Lisette, ma Lisette, &c.

Tous, comblés de tes graces,
Mes amis sont les tiens ;
Et ceux dont tu te lasses,
C'est moi qui les soutiens.
Qu'avec ceux-là, traîtresse,
La vin me soit permis :
Sois toujours ma maîtresse,
Et gardons nos amis.
Lisette, ma Lisette, &c.

Pierre Jean de Béranger was born at Paris in 1780, at the house of a tailor, his grandfather, who had the charge of his infancy. At the age of nine years he witnessed the taking of the Bastille, which made an indelible impression on his memory. Shortly afterwards he left Paris for Peronne, where he became apprentice in the printing establishment of M. Laisney, and the task of *composing* seems to have given him the first notions of literature. A primary school founded at Peronne, on the principles of Jean Jacques Rousseau, completed his youthful education; and when he returned to Paris, at the age of sixteen, he began to write epic, dramatic, and religious poems, inspired by studies of Molière and Chateaubriand. At the same time, however, while suffering the severest privations, he made several essays in that style of writing to which he owes his celebrity, and to this period of his life belong those lyrical expressions of a joyous poverty, of which *Roger Bontemps, Les Gueux,* and *Le Vieil Habit* may be cited as excellent specimens.

The poverty of Béranger proved at last too much for his patience, indomitable as this virtue appears in his effusions. In 1803, finding himself totally without resources, he sent a number of his poems to Lucien Bonaparte, brother of the first consul. Lucien was a patron of literature, and at once obtained for Béranger an allowance from the Institute. The fortunes of the poet now took a new turn, and in

1809 he obtained an appointment connected with the University, which he held for twelve years. His salary never exceeded 2,000 francs (£80), but as his habits were extremely simple this was all he required, and his natural love of independence prevented him from soliciting promotion.

In 1813 he gained admission to the *Caveau* on the strength of two of his most popular songs, *Les Gueux* and *Les Infidelités de Lisette,* and now distinguished himself above the rest of the members by those inimitable songs, in which hearty good-humour and a frank spirit of independence almost compensate for very lax morality. As yet his principal themes of song were the joys of the bottle, and the charms of the *Grisette;* though he gave signs of his future political tendency by two of his most popular songs, *Le Sénateur* and *Le Roi d'Yvetot.*

It was after the Restoration that he assumed that indignant tone, in which he endeavoured to stimulate the hatred of the masses against the Court, the aristocracy, and the foreigners who had brought back the Bourbons. Through the freedom of the songs which he now wrote, he not only lost his situation, but was subjected to a heavy fine and three months' imprisonment. This punishment only served to increase his audacity. When the term of his imprisonment had expired, he again shone forth as the democratic poet *par excellence,* and the profanity of one of his songs (*Le bon Dieu*) furnishing a pretext for prosecution, he was again sent to prison in December, 1828, his term of confinement on this occasion being nine months

The revolution of July not only put an end to the persecutions of the poet, but opened a path to fortune. However, that love of independence, which is his noblest characteristic, would not allow him to accept any place even under a friendly government. He still continued to publish his songs, and even, when after the revolution of 1848 he was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly, by more than 200,000 votes, he resigned his honours as speedily as possible.

As a happy appearance of spontaneity constitutes one of the principal charms of Béranger's poems, the following remarks by M. Destigny, who has written a tolerably elaborate article on the poet in the "Nouvelle Biographie Universelle," will probably surprise those who imagine that easy reading is an indication of easy writing:—

"Béranger produces nothing at the first impulse, or as the result of a happy inspiration. He broods over his thoughts, matures them, analyses them, and connects them before he casts them into the mould which is to give them their form. It is not until he has got the *ensemble* of his work, that he arranges the separate parts and polishes it with that scrupulous care and inimitable tact which were employed by Benvenuto Cellini in the carving of a crown. Even in his most trifling songs it is impossible to discover a single useless epithet or forced expression. His style is clear, precise, and pure to a degree which sets all criticism at defiance."

The above biography may appear disproportionately long; but it should be borne in mind that Béranger is the song-writer of France *par excellence,* while many authors named in this collection are men distinguished as authors in other branches of literature. Moreover, there will be found frequent occasions to refer to the periods at which the different songs of Béranger were written, for there is no poet whose words have a more intimate connection with his own worldly condition and the history of his country.



THE STORM.

(L'ORAGE.)

FABRE D'EGLANTINE—born 1755, guillotined 1794.

THE storm is gathering o'er thee,
The rain is falling fast,
Quick, drive thy flock before thee,
And to my cottage haste ;
I hear the rain-drops patter,
As on the leaves they light ;
Now comes the thunder's clatter—
Now come the flashes bright.

The thunder is awaking,
Its voice is drawing near ;
Thy lover's right arm taking,
Come hasten without fear.
Another step, another,—
There stands my cottage home,
My sister and my mother
To welcome us have come.

A welcome, mother, give me.
And thou, my sister, too ;
A bride I've brought, believe me,
To pass the night with you.
My love, the fire will cheer thee,
Thy clothes will soon be dry,
My sister will sit near thee,
And here thy sheep shall lie.

Sure never flock was fatter !
We'll give them all our care,
And choicest straw we'll scatter
For this thy lambkin fair.
'Tis done ; and now, my dearest,
We'll take our seats by thee ;
In stays how thou appearest !
My mother, only see.

Thy place for supper take, love,
Sit close beside me—so,
For thee the log shall make, love,
A bright and cheerful glow.
In vain the milk invites thee,
No appetite hast thou,
The thunder still affrights thee,
Or thou art weary now.

Is't so? thy couch is this, dear,
Where thou till dawn shalt rest;
But let one loving kiss, dear,
Upon thy lips be press'd.
And do not let thy cheek, love,
Be thus with blushes dyed;
At noon thy sire I'll seek, love,
And claim thee for my bride.

Few would recognise the sanguinary revolutionist Fabre d'Eglantine in the above simple pastoral. He was also celebrated as a dramatist, and his comedy "Le Philinte de Molière" is generally contained in collections of classical French plays.

LOVE.

(L'AMOUR.)

The Chevalier De Boufflers—born 1737, died 1815.

Young Love is a deceitful child,
My mother says to me,
Although his aspect is so mild,
A very snake is he.
But I am curious, after all,
To know how one who is so small
So terrible can be.

With pretty Chloe, yesterday,
A swain I chanced to see:
Such soft, sweet words I heard him say,
Sincere he sure must be.
A little god I heard him name,
And ah! it was the very same
My mother named to me.

Now just to find out what is meant,
 And solve the mystery,
Young Colin,—'tis my firm intent,—
 Shall seek for Love with me.
Though Love be ne'er so fierce and wild,
We two for such a tiny child
 A match will surely be.

Stanislas, Chevalier de Boufflers, was one of the stars of the age of Louis XV., being celebrated in fashionable circles as the idol of the fair sex, and as a writer of that light poetry which was so much esteemed in his day. In the latter capacity he was one of the members of the *Diners du Caveau.* He also did good service of a more serious kind, as Governor of Senegal.

CUPID, SENTINEL.

(L'AMOUR SENTINELLE.)

The Chevalier de Cubière.

Sporting gaily with each other
 Through the groves the Cupids stray'd,
And Cythera's queen, their mother,
 Fondly watch'd them as they play'd.
Suddenly they were united ;
 To one spot at once they flew,
Chloe's lovely face invited
 All the little sportive crew.

Some upon her forehead settled,
 Others in her eyes would rest,
Others, who were higher mettled,
 In her tresses found a nest.
Thus a picture was invented,
 Fitted to surprise and please,
Mighty Flora is presented
 Cover'd with a swarm of bees.

One young Cupid, who was perching,
 Just upon her open'd lip,
Falling off—audacious urchin—
 On her bosom chanced to slip.

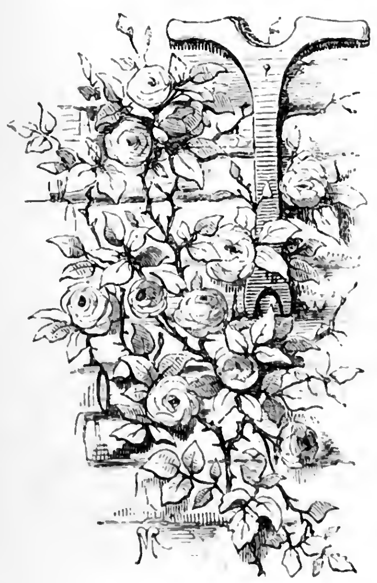
Then all thoughts of flight were over,
For he loved his place so well
That he ceased to be a rover,
And remained a sentinel.

This may be dated 1769.

THE ROSE.

(LA ROSE.)

Gentil Bernard—born 1710, died 1775.



TENDER offspring of Aurora,
Zephyr's fav'rite, lovely Rose,
Sov'reign of the realms of Flora,
Haste thy beauties to disclose.
Nay, alas !—what have I said ?—
Stay awhile,—the very day
That beholds thy charms display'd,
Also sees them fade away.

And a flower, newly blowing,
Is young Chloe, like to thee ;
Both are now with beauty glowing,
Short-lived both are doom'd to be.
From thy stalk at once come down,
Let her in thy hues be dress'd ;
Of all flow'rs thou art the crown,
Also be the happiest.

On young Chloe's breast expiring,
Let it be thy throne and tomb,
I no other lot desiring
Shall be jealous of thy doom.
Teach her to give up her arms
To the god whose power is known,
Singing thy expiring charms,
Let her learn to use her own.

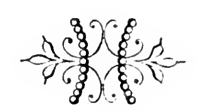
ORIGINAL.

TENDRE fruit des fleurs de l'aurore,
Objet des baisers du zéphyr,
Reine de l'empire de Flore,
Hâte-toi de t'epanouir.
Que dis-je, helas, diffère encore,
Diffère un moment à t'ouvrir,
Le jour qui doit te faire éclore
Est celui qui doit te flétrir. (*bis.*)

Palmire est une fleur nouvelle
Qui doit subir la même loi ;
Rose, tu dois briller comme elle,
Elle doit passer comme toi.
Descends de la tige épineuse,
Viens la parer de tes couleurs ;
Tu dois être la plus heureuse,
Comme la plus belle des fleurs. (*bis.*)

Va, meurs sur le sein de Palmire,
Qu'il soit ton trône et ton tombeau,
Jaloux de ton sort, je n'aspire
Qu' au bonheur d'un trépas si beau.
Qu' enfin elle rende les armes
Au dieu qui forma nos liens,
Et qu'en voyant périr tes charmes,
Elle apprenne à jouir des siens. (*bis.*)

Pierre Joseph Bernard, complimented by Voltaire with the appellation of "Gentil,' which has become a part of his name, gained an immense reputation by his light poetry in the reign of Louis XV., and was especially patronised by Mad. Pompadour. His long poem "L'Art d'aimer," which created a great sensation when read in the fashionable circles of the day, sank in public opinion as soon as it was printed.



THE LOVE OF ANNETTE FOR LUBIN.

(L'AMOUR D'ANNETTE POUR LUBIN.)

FAVART—born 1710, died 1792.

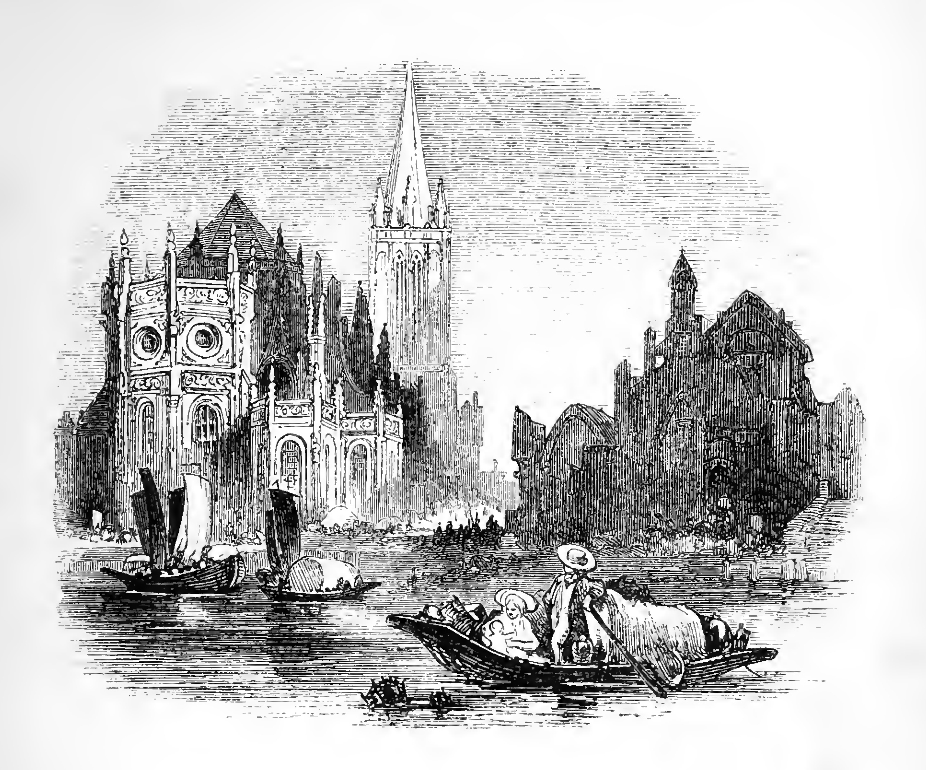


Though young, and yet untaught,
New feelings sway me now ;
This love, I never sought ;—
It came, I know not how.
Unknown its name has been
Until this fatal day ;—
When we to love begin,
To love are we a prey ?

Thine accents seem to touch
My soul, as with a charm.
Thy words I love so much,
They seem my heart to warm.
Apart from thee I feel
A blank through ev'ry day.
Will nought this anguish heal—
Nought drive this love away ?

The flow'rs thy dear hand gives
With fond delight I wear ;
At eve thou pluck'st their leaves
To make me perfumes rare.
Annette thou seek'st to please,
Thy care she would repay ;
But ah !—what pains are these,
And what can heal them, pray ?

Charles Simon Favart was one of the earliest poets of French Comic Opera, who still lives in the name given to the edifice of the Opera Comique at Paris. *Annette et Lubin*, an opera from which the above song is taken, was one of the most popular of his works.



MY NORMANDY.

When gloomy winter takes his flight,
When all begins to bloom anew,
And when the sun with softest light
Returns to deck our sky so blue;
And when the swallows we can see,
And when fresh green o'erspreads the earth,
I long for my own Normandy,
For that's the land that gave me birth.

Among the glaciers I have been,
Where from the vale the châlet peers,
The sky of Italy I've seen,
And Venice with her gondoliers.
And, leaving all, I've said: "To me
There is a land of greater worth;
Nought can excel my Normandy,
For that's the land that gave me birth.

The life of man a period knows
  When ev'ry youthful dream must cease,
When the tired soul desires repose,
  And in remembrance finds its peace.
When dull and cold my muse shall be,
  And end her songs of love and mirth,
Oh, then I'll seek my Normandy ;
  For that's the land that gave me birth.

ORIGINAL.

Quand tout renaît à l'espérance,
  Et que l'hiver fuit loin de nous,
Sous le beau ciel de notre France,
  Quand le soleil revient plus doux.
Quand la nature est reverdie,
  Quand l'hirondelle est de retour,
J'aime à revoir ma Normandie,
  C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.

J'ai vu les champs de l' Helvétie,
  Et ces châlets et ces glaciers.
J'ai vu le ciel de l' Italie,
  Et Venise et ses gondoliers.
En saluant chaque patrie,
  Je me disais : Aucun séjour
N'est plus beau que ma Normandie,
  C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.

Il est un âge dans la vie
  Où chaque rêve doit finir,
Un age où l'ame recueillie
  A besoin de se souvenir.
Lorsque ma muse refroidie
  Aura fini ses chants d'amour,
J'irai revoir ma Normandie,
  C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour.

The air to the above words, which a few years ago was almost as popular in England as in France, was composed by the author Frédéric Bérat.

THE PORTRAIT.

(LE PORTRAIT.)

DEAR portrait of a form that I adore,
Dear pledge, which love was happy to obtain,
What I have lost, Oh, bring to me again!
In seeing thee I feel I live once more.

Here is her look, her frank and winning air;
With her loved features so adorn'd thou art,
That I can gladly press thee to my heart,
And think it is herself I'm pressing there.

But no,—her living charms thou can'st not show,
Thou witness of my sorrows, mute and dead;
Recalling pleasures that, alas! have fled,
Thou mak'st my tears, thou cruel portrait, flow.

Nay, of my hasty language I repent,
Pardon the ravings of my heart's distress,
Dear portrait, though thou art not happiness,
Its image to my soul thou can'st present.

ORIGINAL.

PORTRAIT charmant, portrait de mon amie,
Gage d'amour, par l'amour obtenu,
Ah! viens m'offrir le bien que j'ai perdu,
Te voir encore me rapelle à la vie. (*bis.*)

Oui, les voilà ces traits, ces traits que j'aime;
Son doux regard, son maintien, sa candeur.
Lorsque ma main te presse sur mon cœur,
Je crois encore la presser elle-même.

Non, tu n'as pas pour moi les mêmes charmes,
Muet témoin de mes tendres soupirs:
En retraçant nos fugitifs plaisirs,
Cruel portrait, tu fais couler mes larmes.

Pardonne-moi cet injuste langage,
Pardonne aux cris de ma vive douleur :
Portrait charmant, tu n'es pas le bonheur,
Mais bien souvent tu m'en offres l'image. (*bis.*)

The air to these words, which are anonymous, and bear the date of 1814, was played a few years ago by every barrel-organ in the London streets.

ELVIRA'S CASTLE WALL.

(LE CHATEAU D'ELVIRE.)

Anonymous.

BENEATH Elvira's castle wall,
A troubadour, whose tuneful strings
Are moisten'd by the tears that fall,
Thus of his anguish sadly sings :
"When at the tourney thou didst reign,
A queen all rivals far above,
I felt indifference was vain,
And then I first began to love.

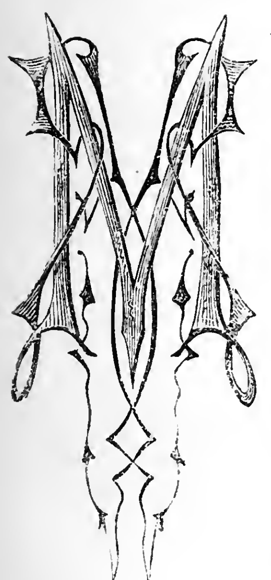
"A harmless wish inspired my heart,
I merely long'd thy form to see ;
Why wilt thou—cruel as thou art—
From my adoring glances flee ?
No law of thine I ever broke,
Let my respect thy pity move,
If once too heedlessly I spoke,
'Twas only once I told my love.

"The torch of life is flickering fast,
And soon methinks 'twill cease to burn ;
A glance upon my tomb thou'lt cast,
My poor remains thou wilt not spurn.
Thou'lt murmur in thy sweetest tone,
And echoes to soft answers move ;
The troubadour beneath this stone
Loved once, and only once could love." (bis.)

MY COAT.

(MON HABIT.)

BÉRANGER.



Y poor dear coat be faithful to the end,
We both grow old ; ten years have gone,
Through which my hand has brush'd thee, ancient friend ;
Not more could Socrates have done.
If weaken'd to a threadbare state,
Thou still must suffer many a blow ;
E'en like thy master brave the storms of fate,
My good old coat we'll never part—oh no !

I still can well remember the first day
I wore thee,—for my memory's strong ;
It was my birthday ; and my comrades gay
Chanted thy glories in a song.
Thy poverty might make me vain ;
The friends who loved me long ago,
Though thou art poor will drink to thee again ;
My good old coat we'll never part—oh no !

This fine-drawn rent—its cause I ne'er forget,—
It beams upon my memory still ;
I feign'd one night to fly from my Lisette,
And even now her grasp I feel.
She tore thee, but she made more fast
My fetters, while she wrong'd me so ;
Then two whole days in mending thee she past,
My good old coat we'll never part—oh no.

Ne'er drugg'd with musk and amber hast thou been,
Like coats by vapid coxcombs worn ;
Ne'er in an ante-chamber wert thou seen,
Insulted by the lordling's scorn.
How wistfully all France has eyed
The hand that ribbons can bestow,
The field-flower is thy button's only pride,—
My good old coat we'll never part—oh no !

We shall not have those foolish days again
  When our two destinies were one,
Those days so fraught with pleasure and with pain,
  Those days of mingled rain and sun.
I somehow think, my ancient friend,
  Unto a coatless realm I go ;
Yet wait awhile, together we will end,
  My good old coat—we'll never part—oh no !

This song belongs to the same period as *Les Infidelités de Lisette.*

EMMA'S TOMB.

(LE TOMBEAU D'EMMA.)

PARNY—born 1742, died 1814.

AWAKE, my verse, sole comfort of my woe,
And with my tears of sorrow freely flow.

My Emma's solitary tomb is here,
  Within this resting-place her virtues sleep,
Like light'ning, kindled but to disappear,
  Didst thou o'er earth, beloved Emma, sweep ?
I saw death fling its sombre, sudden shade
  Over the sunny morning of thy days :
  Thine eyes unwilling seeem'd to quench their rays,
And slowly could I see their lustre fade.

The youthful throng,—that vain and empty crowd,
  Who on her will like worshippers would hang,
And hymn her beauty forth in praises loud,
  Could see her die without a single pang.
When their dear benefactress they had lost,
  Not e'en the poor, to whom she was so kind,
  Within their hearts a single sigh could find,
With which to silence her complaining ghost.

Perfidious friendship, with its smiling face,
  Now laughs as loudly as it laugh'd before ;
The dying image it could soon efface,
  And for a passing hour its mourning wore.

Upon this earth thy mem'ry liveth not,
Thy tender constancy no more they prize,
But from thy tomb they coldly turn their eyes ;
Thy very name is by the world forgot.

Love, love alone is faithful to its grief,
Not even Time can teach it to forget ;
Within the shades of death it seeks relief,
And finds incessant sighs to mourn thee yet.
I come, ere morning breaks, my tears to shed,
My pain grows more intense in day's full light,
I weep amid the silence of the night,
And I am weeping still when night has fled.

Awake, my verse, sole comfort of my woe,
And with my tears of sorrow freely flow.

The Chevalier Evariste de Parny, though his name is rendered infamous by the authorship of the obscene and blasphemous poem *La Guerre de Dieux*, holds a high rank among the poets of Béranger's youthful period. Béranger has honoured his memory with a song, and the elegance of his classical compositions has obtained for him the name of the "French Tibullus."

MARIE'S DREAM.

(LE RÊVE DE MAIRE.)

G. LEMOINE.

"And you would quit, Marie,
Your mother dear,
And Paris you would see,
While she weeps here.
Yet stay awhile, oh stay,
You need not go till morning breaks,
Sleep here until the day
Within my arms my child awakes.
'Tis better, poor Marie,
To pause as yet ;
For all at Paris, they tell me,
Their God forget.
Perchance, you may, my poor Marie,
Your mother and your God forget."

The girl is sinking now
  In dreams of bliss,
Upon her mother's brow
  She prints a kiss.
But even while she sleeps,
  The watchful mother still she hears,
Who by her bedside weeps,
  And softly whispers through her tears—
"'Tis better, poor Marie, &c.—"

She leaves her native home
  With weeping eyes,
To Paris she has come,—
  Oh bright surprise!
There all appears to trace
  In lines of gold her future lot,
And dazzling dreams efface
  The image of her humble cot,
"'Tis better, poor Marie, &c."

Heaven, when two years have past,
  Bids her return,
To her Savoy at last
  She comes—to mourn.
"Thérèse,—oh happy day,—
  My brother too I see.—
And where's my mother, pray"—
  "She died through losing thee."—

At once the vision fled—
  She sleeps no more—
The watchful mother at her bed,
  Sits as before:
She cries: "No Paris now for me,"—
  Her eyes with tears of joy are wet;
"For then, perhaps, your poor Marie
  Her home and mother might forget."



REMINISCENCES.

(LES SOUVENIRS.)

CHATEAUBRIAND—born 1769, died 1848.

MY childhood's home—that pleasant spot
By me can never be forgot!
How happy, sister, then appear'd
Our country's lot,
Oh, France! to me be still endear'd,
Be still revered.

Our mother's form remember'st thou?
I see her by the chimney now,
Where oft she clasp'd us to her breast,
While on her brow
Our lips the white locks fondly press'd;
Then were we bless'd!

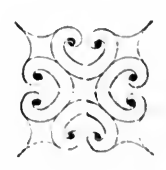
And, sister, thou remember'st yet
The castle, which the stream would wet;
And that strange Moorish tower, so old,
        Thou'lt not forget;
How from its bell the deep sound roll'd,
        And day foretold.

Remember'st thou the lake's calm blue?
The swallow brush'd it as he flew—
How with the reeds the breezes play'd;
        The evening hue
With which the waters bright were made
        In gold array'd.

One image more—of all the best—
The maid, whom to my heart I press'd,
As, youthful lovers we would stray,
        In moments blest,
About the wood for wild flowers gay—
        Past, past away!

Oh! give my Helen back to me,—
My mountain and my old oak tree;
I mourn their loss, I feel how drear
        My life must be;
But, France! to me thou wilt appear
        For ever dear.

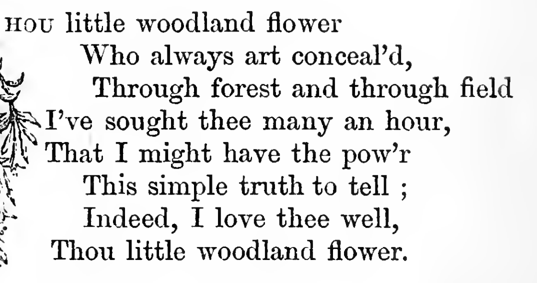
The name of François Auguste, Viscount de Chateaubriand, needs no comment. I is not on his songs that his celebrity depends, but *Les Souvenirs* deserves a place in every collection of French poetry.



THE WOODLAND FLOWER.

(PETITE FLEUR DES BOIS.)

EMILE BARATEAU.



Thou little woodland flower
Who always art conceal'd,
Through forest and through field
I've sought thee many an hour,
That I might have the pow'r
This simple truth to tell ;
Indeed, I love thee well,
Thou little woodland flower.

Thy simple loveliness
No gaudy colour shows,
But yet true pleasure glows
From thy white spotless dress.
My lip I would incline
Unto thy cup divine,
Knowing that nought is there
To cause a single tear.
Thou little woodland flower, &c.

Into a ray of flame
Our mutual love we bind,
Then in my soul I find
Our pleasures are the same.
I love the birds that sing,
The shade the branches fling,
The golden-winged fly,
As, pleased he springs on high.

Each fair one seems to bear
A name of pow'r divine,
And such a charm is thine
Thou mak'st me hold thee dear ;

For thee I fondly seek,
To thee my griefs I speak,
  And say, "Oh, come to me,
  And let me doat on thee."
Thou little woodland flower, &c.

M. Emile Barateau is one of the most prolific of modern song-writers, and *La petite fleur des Bois* is one of the most popular of his productions.

GOD PROTECT YOU!

(A LA GRACE DE DIEU.)

G. LEMOINE.



ow from our hills you must depart
  And wander through a world too wide,
Torn from your tender mother's heart,
  Who can no longer be your guide.
Parisians, you our children keep
  Bestow'd on you by heaven's hand,
We poor Savoyard mothers weep,
  But send them from their native land.
    Saying: Adieu, adieu,
   May God above watch over you!

Should I ne'er see your face again!—
  The hour has come, and you must go,
While your poor mother seeks in vain
  For strength her blessing to bestow.
Oh pray to God in foreign climes,
  And He will all your labours bless,
And on your mother think sometimes,—
  The thought will give you happiness.
    My child, Adieu, adieu,
   May God above watch over you!

Away the lowly exile went
  To toil beneath another sky,
The mother, on her form intent,
  Follow'd the wand'rer with her eye;

And when at last the form was gone,
Her grief through all its fetters broke,
She wept aloud,—the lonely one,—
While still her child departing spoke :
My mother dear, Adieu,
May God above watch over you !

The songs by M. Gustave Lemoine have about them a simple pathos which gives them a high rank among modern lyrical compositions. The sentiment they express is generally the regret felt by a rural inhabitant of the town for the pleasures of his native home. The regretted country is usually Bretagne; though in this poem, which is dated 1836, the subject is that emigration from Savoy, which is often a pathetic theme with French writers.

MY FATHER'S COT.

(L'HUMBLE TOIT DE MON PÈRE.)

Anonymous.

Of palaces, temples, and trophies they boast
Which lovely Italia lifts up to the skies,
The work of a fairy we deem them almost,
Their magical grandeur so dazzles the eyes ;
But oh in my heart they can ne'er rank above
My father's poor cot, where I learn'd how to love.

They talk of the gardens of Araby Blest,
O'er which the bright sun ever scatters his hues,
Where earth in spring's garment for ever is dress'd
And never its flowers and fruits can refuse ;
But oh in my heart it can ne'er rank above
My father's poor cot, where I learn'd how to love.

Those countries which beauties so glorious adorn,—
Those temples,—those flow'rs,—stir no envy in me.
Though cold is the country in which I was born,
We love there as well, and there life is more free.
So hail to the North—there is nought ranks above
My father's poor cot, where I learn'd how to love.

ALFRED'S TOMB.

(LE TOMBEAU D'ALFRED.)

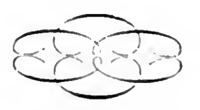
Anonymous.

NIGHT o'er the face of earth was spread,
But still Elvira sleepless lay ;
While in soft whispers near her led,
A voice complaining seem'd to say :
" It was thy coldness seal'd my doom,
But death from thee was surely sweet ;
Three days will pass, and in his tomb
Thy slighted Alfred thou wilt meet."

The morning now was bright and clear,
But though the phantom shunn'd the day,
Elvira fancied she could hear
The murmurs as they pass'd away.
She shrank from the impending doom,
And trembling she would oft repeat,—
" Three days will pass, and in his tomb
The slighted Alfred I shall meet."

A fever burning like a flame
Upon Elvira's vitals prey'd,
And then a fearful vision came,—
She thought it call'd her—and obey'd.
To hapless Alfred's tomb she went,
The clock struck twelve,—her tott'ring feet
Fail'd—she, the fair indifferent,
Has gone at last her love to meet.

This song is evidently a sequel to "Le Château Elvire" (see p. 58), and was written to the same air.





(L'HIRONDELLE ET LE PROSCRIT)

WHY, feather'd wanderer, why
this hasty flight?
Come, swallow, rest awhile and perch by me:
Why dost thou fly me thus when I invite?
Know'st not I am a foreigner like thee?

Perhaps, alas! from thy dear native home,
A cruel fate has driven thee like me.
Come, build thy nest beneath my window, come;
Know'st not I am a traveller like thee?

Both in this desert, Fate commands to dwell:
Dear swallow, do not fear to rest by me:
If thou complainest, I complain as well;
Know'st not I am an exile e'en like thee?

But when the spring returns with smile so sweet,
Then my asylum thou wilt quit, and me;
Then wilt thou go, the Zephyr's land to greet;
Alas, alas! I cannot fly like thee.

The country of thy birth thou then wilt find,
   The nest of thy first love ; but as for me,
The chains of destiny so firmly bind,—
   To me belongs compassion, not to thee.

ORIGINAL.

Pourquoi me fuir, passagère hirondelle,
Ah ! viens fixer ton vol auprès de moi.
Pourquoi me fuir lorsque ma voix t'appelle,
Ne suis-je pas étranger comme toi. (*bis.*)

Peut-être, hélas ! des lieux qui t'ont vu naître,
Un sort cruel te chasse ainsi que moi,
Viens déponer ton nid sous ma fenêtre,
Ne suis-je pas voyageur comme toi. (*bis.*)

Dans ce désert, le destin nous rassemble,
Va, ne crains pas de rester avec moi,
Si tu gémis, nous gémirons ensemble,
Ne suis-je pas exilé comme toi. (*bis.*)

Quand le printems reviendra te sourire,
Tu quitteras et mon asile et moi :
Tu voleras au pays du Zéphire ;
Ne puis-je, hélas ! y voler comme toi. (*bis.*)

Tu reverras ta première patrie,
Le premier nid de tes amours . . . et moi,
Un sort cruel confine ici ma vie ;
Ne suis-je pas plus à plaindre que toi ? (*bis.*)

This beautiful song, which is dated 1819, is published with the name of Fougas as its author. However, according to MM. Dumersan and Segur, this is merely a *nom de guerre*, under which a very celebrated poet is concealed.



THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

(LUCY, OÙ LA CHUTE DES FEUILLES.)

EMILE BARATEAU.

'TWAS at the time when summer flowers decay,
And leaves fall trembling from the trees,
That Lucy's mother, ill at ease,
Thus heard her daughter, fondly dreaming, say :
" Yes, dearest mother, I shall be his wife,
And to his happiness devote my life,—
And I am young, dear mother, you know well :"
But down, a-down, the sere leaves fell.

" Alas, how distant seems the wedding-day,
When I the ring of gold shall wear,
And joyfully enwreath my hair
With those white orange-flowers that brides array.
Then I, thy daughter, he, thy son will be
United in one tenderness for thee ;
Together in such happiness we'll dwell :"
But down, a-down, the sere leaves fell.

" Then in the winter, mother, at the ball,
'Is she not lovely ?' all will say :
My mother, do not weep, I pray ;
I'm well, quite well, why let those tear-drops fall ;
Yes, I am better—banish all thy fears,
Indeed, indeed, there is no cause for tears ;
With certain hope I feel my bosom swell :"
But down, a-down, the sere leaves fell.

A month had past, and Autumn now was gone,
I saw a new-erected tomb
Which on the valley cast a gloom,
And plainly read a name upon the stone—
'Twas Lucy's name. Think what her mother felt,
When bow'd by heavy grief in prayer she knelt,
When heaven-turn'd eyes her anguish told too well,—
Oh then no more the sere leaves fell.

LINES TO MY GOD-DAUGHTER, AGED THREE MONTHS.

(COUPLETS À MA FILLEULE.)

BÉRANGER.

A PRETTY god-father am I,
  You doubtless think 'tis all a blunder;
That such a choice should make you cry,
  Indeed, my child, I do not wonder.
A table spread with sweetmeats o'er
  Would much improve me, I dare say;—
Still, dearest god-child, weep no more,
  For I may make you laugh some day.

Your name in friendship I bestow,
  For friends this post in friendship give me;
I'm not a mighty lord—oh no!
  Yet I'm a honest man, believe me.
Before your eyes no glittering store
  Of costly gifts can I display;—
Still, dearest god-child, weep no more,
  For I may make you laugh some day.

Though even virtue is confined
  By Fate's stern laws, which sore oppress her,
God-ma and I will bear in mind
  Our god-child's happiness—God bless her!
While wandering on this rugged shore
  Good hearts should never feel dismay;
So, dearest god-child, weep no more,
  For I may make you laugh some day.

Years hence, upon your wedding-day,
  New store of songs you'll find me bringing,
Unless I am where good Collé
  And stout Panard have left off singing.
Yet 'twould be hard to die before
  A feast where all will be so gay;—
My dearest god-child weep no more,
  I'll make you laugh upon *that* day.

I MUST FORGET.

(FAUT L'OUBLIER.)

NAUDET.

"I MUST forget him," said Colette,
"No shepherd could more faithless be;
He leaves me for a vain coquette,
And vow'd he would love none but me.
Ye happy hours of love, adieu,
Ye false and cruel oaths, farewell,
That made me think his heart was true;
Now nought shall in my mem'ry dwell—
I must forget.

"I must forget him—yes, but how?
'Tis Colin speaks in all I see,
'Twas here he made his earliest vow
Beneath the branches of this tree.
'Twas here he saw me ev'ry morn,
And here sometimes with ribbons fine
He would my rustic crook adorn;
But now Colette alone must pine—
I must forget.

"I must forget, I must forget,"
With heavy sighs she still would say,
And to repeat it, poor Colette
Would rise before the break of day.
And through the day, with whisper soft,
The one sad thought she would reveal,
And when she slept at night, she oft
Amid her dreams would murmur still,
"I must forget."

This poem is dated 1816.

THE TURTLE DOVE.

(LA TOURTERELLE.)

EMILE VARIN.



Turtle dove,
Bird of love,
All thy efforts are in vain,
Here thou must remain.
Though thy wings thy prison beat,
Echo only will repeat
Thy sighs and mine ;
Here must I pine
E'en as thou, sweet turtle dove,
Without love.

My gentle fav'rite, my companion dear,
We want for nothing, and I tend thee well ;
We love each other, yet our love is drear—
What makes us thus a-weary, can'st thou tell ?
Spring with his smile so bright
We at our window see,
Our souls with new delight
Cry, " Joy, we wait for thee."
Turtle dove, &c.

The forest trees now put their foliage on,
The almond its new flower begins to wear ;
This genial sun could animate a stone,
When all is joyous—why do we despair ?
Two hearts that are a prey
To flames that nought can still,
When all around is gay,
Access of torment feel.
Turtle dove, &c.

Thou peck'st my finger with thy pretty beak ;
Soft is thy plumage, mild that eye of thine,

And graceful is thy many-colour'd neck,
   A thousand charms thou seemest to combine.
      Thou'rt vain, thou small coquette,
         With pride I see thee swell,
      Thou seemest glad, but yet
         A flight would please thee well.
      Turtle dove, &c.

To pity's warning shall I give no ear,—
   Or do I dread that scolded I shall be ?
Away, away, with such ignoble fear !
   But then I feel the pain of losing thee.
      If once I ope thy door,
         What pleasure wilt thou taste,
      How freely wilt thou soar,
         And to the greenwood haste !
      Turtle dove, &c.

Freedom !—its joys thou can'st anticipate,
   For thee, it is a life which love endears ;
To linger here alone, is *my* sad fate ;—
   Still be thou happy—leave me to my tears.
      What ! fly'st thou not beyond
         The vacant willow tree ?
      No ! but with murmur fond,
         Thou comest back to me.
      Turtle dove, &c.

Thanks ! thanks ! thou wilt remain—Oh happiness !
   With all my soul thy silken plumes I kiss,
Come give me fond caress for fond caress—
   To think that friendship can give joy like this !
      Thou patient turtle dove,
         I'll find for thee a mate,
      Whom thou may'st truly love,
         When I have—changed my state.
      Turtle dove, &c.

M. Emile Varin was one of the writers for the Théâtre du Vaudeville before it was burned down in 1836. The above song is dated 1844.



THE CASTLE.

(LE CASTEL.)

Anonymous.

Within a castle, old and gray,
Young Hermann's infancy was past,
While nature, with her gentle sway,
To fair Amelia bound him fast.
About the lonely spot they stray'd :
In peace was pass'd life's early morn ;
'Twas here their forefathers were laid,
'Twas here their youthful love was born.

The voice of glory Hermann hears,
No more at home he must remain ;
The fair Amelia, with her tears,
Attempts her hero to retain.

But vainly has she wept and pray'd—
From that old castle he is torn—
'Twas there his forefathers were laid,
'Twas there his early love was born.

Young Hermann lies upon the ground,
His valour's victim, soon he fell;
And from his lips escapes a sound—
The name of her he loves so well.
He thinks his pains would be allay'd,
He thinks his state were less forlorn
If carried where his sires were laid,
And where his youthful love was born.

Once more Amelia's form is near;
He tries to speak,—but vainly tries;
He fondly clasps that hand so dear,
He lays it on his heart,—he dies.
Amelia sees his bright eye fade,
She is not destined long to mourn;
They both are with their fathers laid,
And love expires where he was born.

ORIGINAL.

Un castel d'antique structure
Vit l'enfance du jeune Hermand :
Son cœur, guidé par la nature,
Aimait Adèle encore enfant ;
Tous deux, dans ces lieux solitaires,
Coulaient en paix leurs premiers jours ;
C'était le tombeau de ses pères,
Et le berceau de ses amours.

Mais bientôt la gloire cruelle
Appelle Hermand, il faut partir ;
Par ses larmes, la tendre Adèle
Espère encor le retenir ;
Inutiles pleurs et prières,
Hermand renonce à ses beaux jours ;
Il fuit le tombeau de ses pères,
Et le berceau de ses amours.

Aux combats, trahi par son zèle,
Le brave Hermand est terrassé ;
Dans un soupir, le nom d' Adèle
Echappe à son cœur oppressé.
Ses peines seront moins amères,
S'il peut seulement quelques jours
Revoir le tombeau de ses pères,
Et le berceau de ses amours.

Arrivé près de son amie,
Il veut parler, mais c'est en vain ;
Il veut presser sa main chérie,
Il la presse, hélas ! il s'eteint.
Adèle ferme ses paupières,
La douleur termine ses jours ;
Aussi le tombeau de leurs pères
Est le tombeau de leurs amours.

This song, without name and without date, seems to be universally known France.

YOU LEFT US ONCE.

(DE MON VILLAGE ON NE VOIT PLUS PARIS.)

E. Barateau.

You quitted us, now bitter tears you shed ;
Leaving a sad remembrance of the past,
Your joys, like rapid moments, all have fled—
The joys you fancied would for ever last.
Then come with me, sweet mourner, come,
Forgotten let thy sorrows be ;
Believe me,—from my village-home
This Paris we can never see.

And in your rustic gown once more appear,
That necklace for your cross of silver leave ;
Cease all these gaudy ornaments to wear,
They will reproach you still, though I forgive.
Then come with me, sweet mourner, come, &c.

Oh, hasten with me to that happy spot,
Where childhood's joys together we have known ;
Come see my meadow green, my pleasant cot,—
Come,—cottage, meadow, all shall be your own.
Then come with me, sweet mourner, come, &c.

This song is dated 1834.

HER NAME.

(SON NOM.)

G. Lemoine.

THE name of her whom I adore
Within my bosom I conceal,
I guard it as a precious store,
And ne'er my happiness reveal.

Sacred from curious eyes I must
Preserve that name, my heart's delight ;
With it no paper dare I trust,
That name on sand I may not write.
The breeze I trust not, that might bear
To other ears a name so sweet ;
No echo must my secret hear,
For echoes would the name repeat.
The name of her, &c.

My bosom with new thoughts it fires,
While whisp'ring in its softest tone ;
Though all my verses it inspires,
That name remains unsung alone.
But yet that name, which nought can tell
If she came near, Oh, sweet surprise !—
You soon, I fear, would read it well,
For 'twould be written in my eyes.
The name of her whom I adore,
Which such high rapture makes me feel,
Although I guard it more and more,
Will from its prison sometimes steal.

When some sweet flower to us is dear,
  We fear that it will perish soon ;
That sacred name I would not bear
  'Mid those who throng the light saloon.
The treasure for myself I keep,
  I breathe it at the break of day,
I breathe it when I sink to sleep,
  And feel it lull my soul away.
The name of her whom I adore
  I only to my heart reveal,
I guard it as a precious store,
  And ever will my joy conceal.

Dated 1836.

FAREWELL.

(IL FAUT QUITTER CE QUE J'ADORE.)

HOFFMANN.



BID farewell to all that's dear,
  With all my happiness I part ;
To-day I still can see thee near,
  To-morrow tears thee from my heart.
To-day my parting words receive,
  And let us heal all wounds to-day ;
But let our love, while yet we live,
  Ne'er from our memory pass away.

Oh ! do not all thine anguish show,
  Give not fresh food to my despair,
Thy tears unman me as they flow,
  E'en my own grief I scarce can bear.
But though our hearts forget to grieve,
  And think no more of this sad day,
Still let our love, while yet we live,
  Ne'er from our memory pass away.

Some day, upon a distant shore
  Of every hope and joy bereft,
The thought of her I now adore
  Will be the only solace left.

So, comfort I shall yet receive,
  While I repeat these words each day,
Our love, my dearest, while I live,
  Shall ne'er from memory pass away.

LOVE ME WELL.

(AIME MOI BIEN.)

E. GOLA.

OH, love me, love me, I implore,
  I have no faith but in thy heart ;
Thou hast the balm to heal the sore,
  In mercy, love, that balm impart.
One only stay on earth I feel,
  The hope which makes my bosom swell !
So, would'st thou see me living still,
  Oh, love me truly,—love me well.

Oh, love me, love me,—nought have I
  To cheer me in this world so drear ;
No tender mother's heart is nigh,
  No sister, with a pitying tear.
Friends, glory, prospects,—all are gone,
  A hapless exile here I dwell :
Nought have I, save thy love alone,
  Then love me truly,—love me well.

Oh, love me, love me,—to repay
  Thy love, my life I'll dedicate,
The thoughts of ev'ry passing day
  To thee alone I'll consecrate.
I'll guard thee with a parent's care,
  Thy name shall by my mother's dwell,
And with it rise in every prayer :
  Oh, love me truly,—love me well.

I'll love thee as the bee the flower
  In which the fragrant honey lies,
As nightingales the evening hour,
  And as the star adores the skies.

A guardian-angel, I'll watch o'er
Thy soul, and every harm repel;
But in return I still implore,
Oh, love me truly,—love me well.

Dated 1838.

THE MOTHER AT THE CRADLE.

(PRES D'UN BERCEAU.)

NETTEMENT.

THE fisherman, aroused by morning's ray,
Hastes to observe the aspect of the day;
Hoping that Heaven will grant him breezes mild,—
Thus of thy prospects do I dream, dear child.
What fate, sweet angel, is awarded thee?
Wilt thou a man of peace, or warrior be?
A holy priest,—the idol of a ball,—
A radiant poet,—statesman,—general?
But meanwhile, on thy mother's breast,
Thou blue-eyed angel, rest,—oh rest!

He's for a warrior born, his eyes proclaim,
And I shall take proud pleasure in his fame;
A simple soldier he will soon advance:
He's now a general,—Marshal, now, of France.
Where thickest is the fight he takes his place,
Through raining bullets shines his radiant face;
The foemen fly,—the victory is won,—
Sound, trumpets, for the victor is my son!
But meanwhile, on thy mother's breast,
Thou future general, rest,—oh rest!

But no! too much 'twould pain thy mother's heart
If in war's dreadful game thou took'st a part;
Oh, rather be the temple thy abode,
While calmly flow thy days before thy God.
Be thou the lamp, lit with the altar's light,—
The fragrant incense which the seraphs bright

With their loud hymns to the Eternal bear ;
Be thou the very perfumed breath of prayer.
    But meanwhile, on thy mother's breast,
    Thou holy Levite, rest,—oh rest !

Yet pardon, Lord, I err through Love's excess,
Slighting Thy wisdom in my tenderness ;
If I have sinn'd, oh, punish only me,—
'Tis I alone who wanted faith in Thee.
A prayer, and nothing further, wilt thou deem
Whate'er fond mothers at the cradle dream.
Choose Thou his calling,—Thou who reign'st above,
Thou art supreme in wisdom as in love.
    But meanwhile, on thy mother's breast,
    Rest peacefully, sweet angel, rest !

Dated 1843.

MY LOVE IS DEAD.

(MA BELLE AMIE EST MORTE.)

T. GAUTIER.

SHE'S gone, my lovely maid,
    And I am left to weep,
My heart and love are laid
    Within the grave so deep.

She came from Heaven above,
    She there returns to dwell ;
The angels took my love,
    But took not me as well.

The bird without a mate,
    Still mourns the absent one,
To weep too is my fate,
    For all I loved is gone.

My love, how fair thou wert,
    And oh !—I loved thee so,
That I am sure my heart
    No more such love will know.

She's gone, my lovely maid,
And I am left to weep,
My heart and love are laid
Within the grave so deep.

ORIGINAL.

Ma belle amie est morte,
Je pleurerai toujours :
Dans la tombe elle emporte
Mon âme (*bis*) et mes amours.

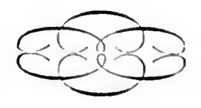
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,
Elle s'en retourna,
L'ange qui l'emmena
Ne voulut pas me prendre.
Ma belle, &c.

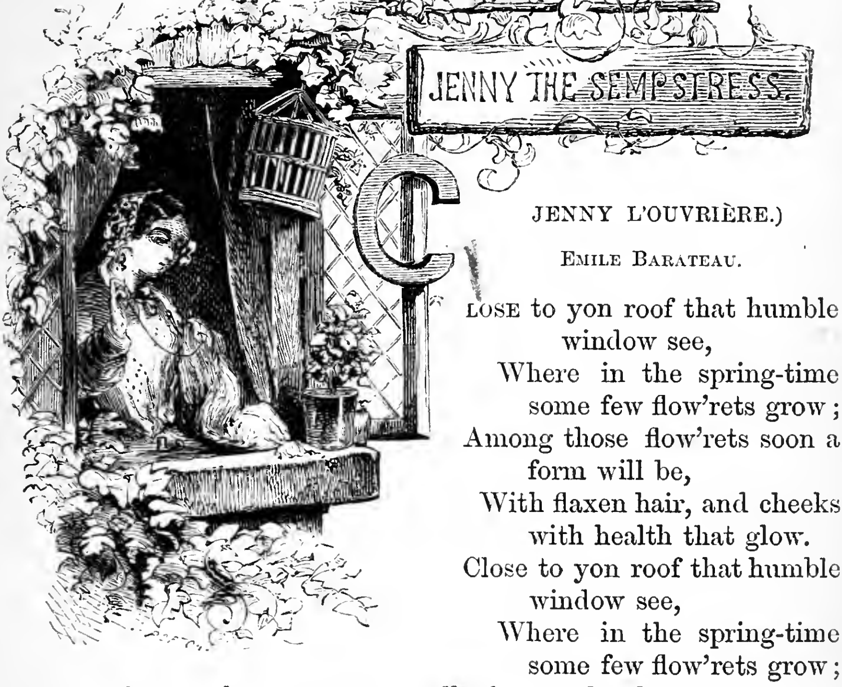
La colombe oubliée
Pleure et songe à l'absent.
Mon âme pleure et sent
Qu'elle est dépareillée.
Ma belle, &c.

Ah ! comme elle était belle,
Et comme je l'aimais ;
Je n'aimerai jamais
Une femme autant qu'elle.

Ma belle amie est morte,
Je pleurerai toujours :
Dans la tombe elle emporte
Mon âme (*bis*) et mes amours.

It is scarcely necessary to state that M. Théophile Gautier is one of the most celebrated poets and wittiest *feuilletonistes* of the present day.





JENNY L'OUVRIÈRE.)

EMILE BARATEAU.

LOSE to yon roof that humble
window see,
Where in the spring-time
some few flow'rets grow;
Among those flow'rets soon a
form will be,
With flaxen hair, and cheeks
with health that glow.
Close to yon roof that humble
window see,
Where in the spring-time
some few flow'rets grow;
Jenny, the sempstress, calls that garden hers,
Jenny, on humble means content to live;
Jenny, who might be wealthy, but prefers
What God is pleased to give.

A little bird within that garden sings,
Its notes among the leaves you plainly hear;
To her such pleasure that loved warbling brings,
It serves, in dullest hours, her heart to cheer.
A little bird within that garden sings,
Its notes among the leaves you plainly hear;
Jenny the sempstress calls that songster hers,
Jenny, on humble means content to live;
Jenny, who might be wealthy, but prefers
What God is pleased to give.

Upon the poor she often will bestow,
What she has hardly earn'd—a mite of food,

When mis'ry passes in the street below
  No hunger can she feel—she is so good.
Upon the poor she often will bestow
  What she has hardly earn'd—a mite of food ;
Jenny the sempstress calls this pleasure hers,
  Jenny, on humble means content to live,
Jenny, who might be wealthy, but prefers
  What God is pleased to give.

ORIGINAL.

Voyez là-haut cette pauvre fenêtre,
Oú du printemps se montrent quelques fleurs ;
Parmi ces fleurs vous verrez apparaître
Une enfant blonde aux plus fraîches couleurs . . .
Voyez là-haut cette pauvre fenêtre,
Où du printemps se montrent quelques fleurs . . . .
C'est le jardin de Jenny l'ouvrière,
  Au cœur content, content de peu . . .
Elle pourrait être riche et préfère
  Ce qui lui vient de Dieu ! (*bis.*)

Dans son jardin, sous la fleur parfumée,
Entendez-vous un oiseau familier ?
Quand elle est triste, oh ! cette voix aimée,
Par un doux chant suffit pour l'égayer ! . .
Dans son jardin, sous la fleur parfumée,
Entendez-vous un oiseau familier ?
C'est le chanteur de Jenny l'ouvrière,
  Au cœur content, content de peu . . .
Elle pourrait être riche et préfère
  Ce qui lui vient de Dieu.

Aux malheureux souvent elle abandonne
Ce qu'elle gagne, hélas ! un peu de pain !
Qu' un pauvre passe, et comme elle est si bonne,
En le voyait elle n' aura plus faim.
Aux malheureux souvent elle abandonne
Ce qu' elle gagne, helas ! un peu de pain !
C'est le bonheur de Jenny l'ouvrière !

Au cœur content, content de peu . . .
Elle pourrait être riche, et préfère.
Ce qui lui vient de Dieu,
Ce qui lui vient (*bis*) de Dieu !

"Jenny L'Ouvrière" is looked upon as a type of the industrious Parisian needlewoman. The song is dated 1847.

LEONORE.

(ELEONORE.)

Anonymous.

TRUE, I adored thee yesterday,
For then my eyes were bandaged fast ;
But now my love has past away,
False one, thou art unveil'd at last ;
Though, Leonore—though even yet
I feel thy beauty as before,
And past delights perhaps regret,
I love thee, traitress, now no more.

There is a lustre in thy smile,
Grace is thy nature, not a task ;
The coldest heart thou can'st beguile
Within thine influence to bask.
Could she who claims affection now
Combine the charms that I deplore,
With her own truth !—unmatch'd art thou,
And yet I love thee now no more.

Another soon will take my place,
And will thy chosen fav'rite be,
Lured by thy sparkling wit—thy grace ;
He too will be deceived like me.
Our love was a mistake, but still
I can be jealous, Leonore,
And envious of thy victims feel—
And yet I love thee now no more.

Perchance some day 'twill be our lot
In some secluded place to meet;
And 'twill be pleasant—will it not?—
To tell of joys to memory sweet.
And then perhaps new waked desire
Will give me back my Leonore,—
And then my soul will be on fire,—
But yet, I love thee now no more.

THE BALL.

(LE BAL.)

LOUIS FESTEAU.

AND he is married,—faithless one!
And he this icy note can write;
In such a cold, insulting tone,
Me to the ball he can invite!
I'll go, array'd in all my pride,
Although I feel my wound is deep,
And cheerfully salute his bride,—
Yet grant, O Heaven, I do not weep.

My carriage swiftly rolls along,
And I am trembling,—not with fear;
At yonder door the light is strong,
At last we stop,—then is it here?
How brilliant is the crowd,—how gay,—
Here pleasure bids all anguish sleep;
Yes, careless I will be, as they,—
Still grant, O Heaven, I do not weep.

Now I behold him in the dance,
Of happiness his features speak;
Now he approaches,—from his glance
Oh, let me hide my pallid cheek;
And who is she,—that girl so fair?—
Aye, I must pay her rev'rence deep;
For her my lips a smile shall wear,
So grant, O Heaven, I do not weep.

Then shall I join the dance ?—Oh, no !
My feet can scarce my will obey.
Yet I am fair,—he told me so,
And look'd so well with a bouquet.
Now he regards me with a sneer :
Madness I feel upon me creep ;
No longer let me linger here,
Far from the happy let me weep.

Few poets have produced a greater number of popular poems than M. Louis Festeau, who was one of the founders of the convivial society called *Le Gymnase Lyrique* in 1824.

AN AVOWAL.

(UN AVEU.)

BARALLI.



H, do not refuse me,—I love thee, Marie,
Than life thou'rt an hundred times dearer to me ;
My worship is that which we raise to the skies.
I love thy clear voice, and thy brow ever fair,
Thy modest apparel, thy light sunny hair,
And the blue of thine eyes.

Oh, give me that love, undivided and whole,
Which wakens with life, and expires with the soul ;
That true woman's love, and in turn I'll adore :
And when passing years write their trace on thy brow,
Those moments of joy, which enrapture us now,
To thy heart I'll restore.

And if thou'lt not love me, still let me, I pray,
Adore thy blue eye, and its pure, gentle ray ;
Those features, which never can fade from the sight :
And let me thy sweet eighteen summers combine
To one flow'ry wreath, and thy forehead entwine
With love and delight.


Dated 1840.

THE BLACKSMITH.

(LE FORGERON.)

G. Lemoine.

My anvil, my anvil, thy big lusty voice
Within my black dwelling can make me rejoice :
A fig for the strains in which lovers repine ;
They never can equal that loud song of thine."

Singing with incessant clamour
Bang, Bang, Bang—
Roger all day used his hammer,
Clang, Clang, Clang.
Nothing seem'd his heart to touch,
Round about they fear'd him much,
And would quake at every note
When they heard his brazen throat,
"My anvil, my anvil," &c.

Once the anvil sounded mildly,
Clang, Clang, Clang—
Roger's heart was beating wildly,
Bang, Bang, Bang—
He had seen young Rosa pass,—
Only fifteen was the lass ;
Woo'd her, won her, and next day
Thus was heard the blacksmith's lay :
"My anvil, my anvil, pray soften thy voice,
A sweet song of love should my Rosa rejoice ;
Within my black dwelling a star will she shine,
And thou must subdue that wild ditty of thine."

Very naughty once was Rose,
Bang, Bang, Bang,—
And the neighbours heard three blows,
Clang, Clang, Clang ;
Then there came a silence dread,
All thought Rosa must be dead,
Burst the door—the spouse unfeeling,
Lo ! before his wife was kneeling.

"Oh Rosa, dear Rosa, pray list to my voice,
A blow from thy hand makes my bosom rejoice;
Pray beat me all day, to this hard cheek of mine
No silk is so soft as that white hand of thine."

ORIGINAL.

ENCLUME chérie, ô mes seules amours,
Bien fort, bien fort retentis toujours;
Ta voix si jolie, en mon noir séjour,
Résonne mieux qu'un doux chant d'amour.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. (*quater*)

Chantant d'une voix sonore
En frappant pan ! pan ! pan,
Roger forgeait des l'aurore,
Martelant, pan ! pan ! pan.
Le forgeron, fort peu sensible,
Passait partout pour si terrible,
Qu'il faisait trembler le quartier,
Lorsqu'il chantait à plein gosier.
Enclume, chérie, &c.

Sa forge allait un dimanche,
Doucement, pan, pan, pan,
Son cœur battait en revanche,
Violemment, pan ! pan ! pan !
C'est qu'il avait vu passer Rose,
Fleur de quinze ans à peine éclose,
Il met des gants, offre sa main,
Et fredonne le lendemain :
Enclume chérie, au nom de l'amour,
Bien bas, bien bas, résonne le jour,
Rose si jolie, dans mon noir séjour,
Va faire entendre un doux chant d'amour.
La, la, la, &c.

Mais Rose un jour n'est pas bonne,
A l'instant, pan ! pan ! pan !
Trois fois un soufflet résonne,
On entend, pan ! pan ! pan !

Et puis silence ! on la croit morte ;
La garde vient, brise la porte,
Et trouve le féroce époux
Qui lui disait à deux genoux :
Rose, je t'en prie, au nom des amours,
Bats-moi, bats-moi, bats-moi tous les jours,
Ta main si jolie sera toujours
Plus douce que satin et velours.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. (*quater*)

JEALOUSY.

(JALOUSIES.)

P. J. CHARRIN.

Yes, I am jealous,—wrongly, I confess ;
Myself more wretched far than thee I make.
I have no cause to doubt thy tenderness,
But yet my rivals constant fear awake
When at thy feet they kneel,
And round thee with their adulation press,
Then horrors o'er me steal,
I doubt thy faith—'tis jealousy I feel.

Yes, I am jealous—worshipp'd ev'rywhere,
A host of eager suitors thou can'st charm ;
I fancy that my treasure they will tear
From my fond keeping, and I press thine arm,—
'Tis jealousy I feel :
My soul is eaten up with anxious care ;
Not e'en thy looks can heal
My wounded heart—'tis jealousy I feel.

Yes, I am jealous—all that charms my sight
Seems fashion'd merely to disturb my rest,
Caresses which relations claim as right,—
And friendship's harmless kisses rack my breast,
'Tis jealousy I feel.
Why should thy fondness other hearts delight,
And ever from me steal
What is mine own ?—'tis jealousy I feel.

Yes, I am jealous,—When thou art not near,
I count the dreary moments as they fly ;
The time has past,—deprived of all that's dear,
A prey to dreadful agonies am I.
'Tis jealousy I feel,
That thou art with some favour'd one, I fear.
Oh, if my senses reel,
Pray pardon me,—'tis jealousy I feel.

Yes, I am jealous,—Deeply I abhor :
The world, whose pleasures give me no delight,
I learn'd to hate, while learning to adore
It only charm'd me, whilst thou mad'st it bright.
'Tis jealousy I feel.
The world I would shut out for evermore,
And in a cell thee and myself conceal ;
'Tis jealousy I feel.

THE PARTING.

(LA SEPARATION.)

E. DUGAS.



NE morning, when the daylight broke,—
A sign of grief to poor Lisette,
To her own Alfred thus she spoke,
While with her tears her cheek was wet :
"Oh, sir, I trust when every link
That bound us fast is rent by you,
Of me in hate you will not think,—
Another kiss, and then adieu.

"Go seek your family once more ;
Let not my grief your heart distress,
When I was lowly born and poor,
Could I aspire to happiness ?
Some wealthy maid will be your bride,—
From pure affection I was true.
Love, and not interest was my guide,—
Another kiss, and then adieu.

"What tranquil pleasure did we feel,
When from the noisy town we fled,
And through the paths of Romainville,
Our wandering steps by love were led ;
A canopy the foliage made,
And o'er our joys a curtain threw :—
But now our woods have lost their shade ;—
Another kiss, and then adieu.

"This portrait which I saw you trace,
Oh, let it be my legacy ;
For when I look upon your face,
Revived the happy past will be.
When age its snow has o'er me cast,
Still our first meeting I'll renew,
Alfred—another kiss—the last—
Another kiss, and then adieu."

There is no doubt that the hero and heroine of the above romance are a pair of those great favourites of modern French authors and artists—a student and a *grisette.*

MADNESS.

(LA FOLLE.)

ABEL PORET DE MORVAN.

TRA la la la—tra la la la—What is that sweet air ?
Ah yes, I recollect,—the band begins to play,
The dance will soon commence,—those joyous notes would say.
How timid is his gait, as he approaches near,
A few soft tender words he whispers in my ear.
I think I must refuse—yet no reply I make,—
He takes my hand, alas !—I plainly feel it shake ;
Now trembles all my frame,—his piercing glances seem
To waken in my soul a wild and fev'rish dream.
Throughout the ball I thought of him—of him alone !—

Tra la la la—whence came those lively sounds ?
Oh yes, I recollect,—a fortnight now has past
Since through the bright saloon we whirl'd along so fast ;
Oh happiness supreme, oh joy above all joys,
"I love thee"—thus he says with softly murm'ring voice.

No longer I resist—what feebleness is this ?—
Upon my burning brow he plants a burning kiss.
Oh never did I know existence till this hour,—
The happiness of love,—the greatness of its pow'r ;
And then I ceased to live,—my life was his alone.

Tra la la la—I cannot bear that sound.
Oh yes, I recollect. It was a month—no more—
That I was happy,—yes—I ever since have wept.
That waltz—you hear it well ; 'twas when they play'd it once
While he was in the dance, his figured lips declared,
He loved me. Yet he never—never loved me,—no.
Oh at these words my brain began to turn—to reel,
A fearful sense of pain pervaded all my soul.
I love this life of joy—the costly garb—the dance !
Alas, what agony it gives to think of him !

ORIGINAL.

Tra la la la, tra la la la, quel est donc cet air ? (*bis*)
Ah ! oui, je me souviens, l'orchestre harmonieux
Préludait vivement par ses accords joyeux.
Il s'avança vers moi, sa voix timide et tendre
Murmura quelques mots que je ne pus entendre.
Je voulais refuser, et je ne pus parler,
Et lui saisit ma main, je la sentis trembler ;
Moi, je tremblais aussi, son long regard de flamme
En des pensers d'amour avait jeté mon âme,
Et pendant tout le bal je ne pensai qu'à lui ! (*bis*)

Tra la la (*bis*), d'où me viennent ces sons ? (*bis*)
Ah ! oui, je me souviens, quinze jours écoulés,
Le soir au bal brillant par la walse entraînés ;
O comble de bonheur, félicité suprême,
Sa bouche à mon oreille a murmuré : Je t'aime !
Et faible que j'étais, je ne pus resister,
Puis sur mon front brûlant je sentis un baiser :
Ah ! seulement alors, je connus l'existence,
L'amour et son bonheur, sa force et sa puissance !
Et je ne vivais plus, car j'étais toute en lui ! (*bis*)

Tra la la la (*bis*), que ces sons me font mal ! (*bis*)
Oh ! oui, je me souviens, je fus heureuse un mois,
Et depuis ce moment je soupire toujours.
Cette walse, écoutez, c'est pendant sa durée
Qu'il était à ses pieds, que sa bouche infidèle
Lui jurait qu'il l'aimait et ne m'aima jamais !
Je sentis à ces mots ma tête se briser ;
Un horrible tourment tortura tout mon être !
Que j'aime les plaisirs, la parure et la danse !
Que je souffre, ô mon dieu ! rien qu'en pensant à lui ! (*bis*)
Arthur ! Arthur ! Arthur ! Arthur !

Madness is not nearly so favourite a topic with the French as with the English lyrists, nor will the above, which is dated 1833, sustain a comparison with the vigorous expressions of insanity to be found in the "Illustrated Book of English Songs." One peculiarity which is followed in the English version is worth observing,—namely, the fact that the last stanza is without rhyme. So intimately is the notion of rhyme connected with that of poetry in French literature, that rhymeless metre serves as an indication of the last ravings of madness.



BACCHANALIAN SONGS.

THE number of songs inserted under this head, will be found comparatively small; but it must not be inferred that the French have fewer drinking songs than other nations. On the contrary, with very little research we could easily fill a goodly volume with songs devoted to the bottle alone; and the English toper, inured to heavy drinks, would wonder to see how much drunken poetry could be got out of so very weak a beverage as the ordinary wine of France. For it must not be supposed that inspiring champagne, or the best Bordeaux, is alone honoured in song; even "Vin à quatre sous" has received the glory of lyric celebration, and we may say that in most cases the riot seems to have been most in excess where the beverage must have been weakest.

There are two reasons why the Bachanalian Songs in this collection are so few in number. In the first place, there is a great deal of sameness in these songs, arising from the fact that they are most of them imbued with the spirit of that fictitious worship of Bacchus which has long ceased to awaken any sympathy. In the second place, following a French plan of division, we have adopted a head of "Epicurean Songs," which comprises many productions that would otherwise have been placed in this section.

APOLOGY FOR CIDER.

(APOLOGIE DU CIDRE.)

OLIVIER BASSELIN—died 1418 or 1419.

THOUGH Frenchmen at our drink may laugh,
And think their taste is wondrous fine,
The Norman cider, which we quaff,
Is quite the equal of his wine—
When down, down, down it freely goes,
And charms the palate as it flows.

Whene'er a potent draught I take,
How dost thou bid me drink again ?
Yet, pray, for my affection's sake,
Dear Cider, do not turn my brain.
Oh, down, down, down it freely goes,
And charms the palate as it flows.

I find I never lose my wits,
However freely I carouse,
And never try in angry fits
To raise a tempest in the house ;
Though down, down, down the cider goes,
And charms the palate as it flows.

To strive for riches is all stuff,
Just take the good the gods have sent ;
A man is sure to have enough
If with his own he is content ;
As down, down, down the cider goes,
And charms the palate as it flows.

In truth that was a hearty bout ;
Why, not a drop is left—not one ;
I feel I've put my thirst to rout ;
The stubborn foe at last is gone.
So down, down, down the cider goes,
And charms the palate as it flows.



ORIGINAL.

De nous se rit le François ;
Mais vrayement, quoy qu'il en die,
Le sidre de Normandie.
Vaut bien son vin quelquefois.
Coule à val, et loge, loge !
Il fait grand bien à la gorge.

Ta bonté, O sidre beau,
De te boire me convié ;
Mais pour le moins, je te prie,
Ne me trouble le cerveau,
Coule à val, et loge, loge !
Il fait grand bien à la gorge.

Je ne perds point la raison
Pourtant à force de boire,
Et ne vay point en cholere
Tempester à la maison,
Coule à val, et loge, loge !
Il fait grand bien à la gorge.

Voisin, ne songe en procez ;
Prends le bien qui se présente ;
Mais que l'homme se contente ;
Il en a tousjours assez.
Coule à val, et loge, loge !
Il fait grand bien à la gorge.

N'est pas cestuy—la loge ?
En est-il demeuré goutte ?
De la, soif, sans point de doute
Je me suis tres bien vengé.
Coule à val, et loge, loge !
Il fait grand bien à la gorge.

The above is one of the "Vaux-de-vires" of the famous old Norman poet, who, it will be observed, distinguishes the Norman from the Frenchman.

THE TRUE TOPER.

(LE VRAI BUVEUR.)

MAÎTRE ADAM—died 1662.

WHEN first the hills with morn are bright
I set about my daily task,
And, rising with the early light,
I pay a visit to my cask.
I take my goblet in my hand,
And thus I ask the glad sunshine :
"Pray have you seen in Moorish land
Such gems as on this nose of mine ?"

The greatest of all kings that reign,
When I have wine my heart to cheer,
With war would threaten me in vain ;
He would not rouse the slightest fear.
At table nought my soul can move,
And if above me, while I drink,
The thunders roar of mighty Jove,
He is afraid of me, I think.

If Death into his head should take,
When I am drunk, to stop my breath,
I would not wish again to wake ;
I could not have a sweeter death.
Down to Avernus I would go,
Alecto should with wine be fill'd,
On Pluto's large estate below
A handsome tavern I would build.

With this fine nectar I would bring
The demons underneath my sway ;
The fiend himself should humbly sing
Great Bacchus' praise, in many a lay.
Poor Tantalus' eternal thirst
With potent liquor I would quench,
And, crossing o'er the stream accurs'd,
The sad Ixion I would drench.

An hundred sots the vow have made,
  That when my fortieth year is gone,
They'll seek the spot where I am laid,
  And, glass in hand, come every one :
A glorious hecatomb they'll make ;
  Upon my sepulchre they'll pour,—
My past career to designate,—
  An hundred jugs of wine and more.

No porphyry or marble fine
  Above me for a tombstone put ;
I swear no coffin shall be mine
  Except the inside of a butt.
And on it paint my jovial phiz,
  And round it write a verse to say—
Below the greatest drunkard is
  That ever saw the light of day.

ORIGINAL.

Aussitôt que la lumière
A redoré nos coteaux,
Je commence ma carrière
Par visiter mes tonneaux.
Ravi de revoir l'aurore,
Le verre en main je lui dis :
Vois-tu sur la rive maure
Plus qu'à mon nez de rubis ?

Le plus grand roi de la terre,
Quand je suis dans un repas,
S'il me déclarait la guerre,
Ne m' épouvanterait pas.
A table rien ne m' étonne
Et je pense, quand je boi,
Si là-haut Jupiter tonne
Que c'est qu'il a peur de moi.

Si quelque jour, étant ivre,
La mort arrêtait mes pas,
Je ne voudrais pas revivre,
Pour changer ce doux trépas.

Je m' en irais dans l' Averne
Faire enivrer Alecton
Et bâtir une taverne
Dans le manoir de Pluton.

Par ce nectar délectable,
Les démons étant vaincus,
Je ferais chanter au diable
Les louanges de Bacchus.
J'apaiserais de Tantale
La grande altération,
Et, passant l'onde infernale,
Je ferais boire Ixion.

Au bout de ma quarantaine
Cent ivrognes m'ont promis
De venir, la tasse pleine
Au gîte où l'on m'aura mis.
Pour me faire une hécatombe
Qui signale mon destin,
Ils arroseront ma tombe
De plus de cent brocs de vin.

De marbre ni de porphyre
Qu'on ne fasse mon tombeau :
Pour cercueil je ne désire
Que le contour d'un tonneau ;
Je veux qu'on peigne ma trogne
Avec ce vers à l'entour :
Ci-gît le plus grand ivrogne
Qui jamais ait vu le jour.

The poetical joiner who wrote this ferocious drinking song, and whose real name was Adam Bellault, was much esteemed by all the celebrated persons of his day. He was pensioned by Richelieu, patronised by the "Great Condé," and praised by Pierre Corneille. He seems to have been a person of greater prudence than might be inferred from the above reckless effusion, never allowing his poetical inspirations to draw him from the pursuit of his trade, whence he derived the appellation of "Le Virgile au Rabut" (Virgil with a plane).



LIFE.

(LA VIE.)

RACAN.

PRITHEE, why this toil and pain?
Let us drink, new heart to gain,
Drink of this delicious draught;
  Charms it has, which far exceed
  All the cups of Ganymede,
Which the old Olympians quaff'd.

Years this liquor melts away,
Quickly as a single day;
This revives our youthful bloom,
  This from our remembrance flings
  All regret for bygone things,—
Checks the fear of ills to come.

Drink, Maynard, fill high your glass,
Human life will fleetly pass,
Death remains our final goal.
  Vain are prayers, and vain are tears,
  Like the rivers are our years,
For they never backwards roll.

Clad in garb of green, the spring
Follows winter, conquering,
And the ocean ebbs and flows;
  But when youth to age gives place,
  Nought the wrinkles can efface,
Time no restoration knows.

Death prepares one gen'ral fate
For the lowly and the great,
Humble cot and palace tall.*
  Equal laws the Sisters make,
  Kings' and peasants' threads they take,
And one weapon cuts them all.

* "Pallida Mors," &c.—HORACE.

With their reckless rigour, they,
Unrelenting, snatch away
All that here seems firm and strong,
To that other side in haste,
Where the waters we shall taste,
Which black Lethe rolls along !

ORIGINAL.

Pourquoi se donner tant de peine ?
Buvons plutôt a perdre haleine
De ce nectar delicieux,
Qui, pour l'excellence, précède
Celui même que Ganymède
Verse dans la coupe des dieux.

C'est lui qui fait que les anneés
Nous durent moins que les journées.
C'est lui qui nous fait rajeunir,
Et qui bannit de nos pensées,
Le regret des choses passeés
Et la crainte de l'avenir.

Buvons, Maynard, à pleine tasse,
L' age insensiblement se passe
Et nous méne à nos derniers jours ;
L'on a beau faire des prières,
Les ans, non plus que les rivières,
Jamais ne rebroussent leur cours.

Le printems, vêtu de verdure,
Chassera bientôt la froidure.
La mer a son flux et reflux ;
Mais, depuis que notre jeunesse
Quitte la place à la vieillese,
Le temps ne la ramène plus.

Les lois de la mort sont fatales
Aussi bien aux maisons royales
Qu' aux taudis couverts dé roseaux ;
Tous nos jours sont sujets aux Parques ;
Ceux des bergers et des monarques
Sont coupés des mêmes ciseaux.

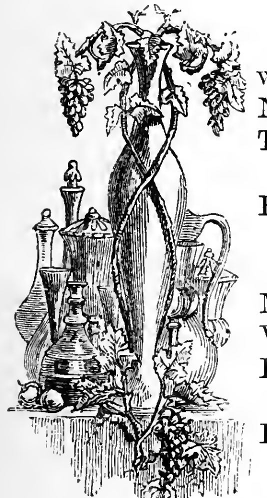
Leurs rigueurs, par qui tout s' efface,
Ravissent, en bien peu d' espace
Ce qu' on a de mieux établi,
  Et bientôt nous méneront boire,
  Au-delà de la rive noire
Dans les eaux du fleuve d'oubli !

This truly Horatian song, which was addressed by Racan to his friend Maynard, is esteemed one of the best of the seventeenth century.

THE EPICUREAN.

(L'EPICURÉEN.)

SAURIN.



WAS not born a prince or king,
No town have I, nor anything
That folks of high degree have got ;
  Yet in content none equal me,
For being just what they are not,
  I'm just what they desire to be.

My doctrine is with wisdom rife,—
Without it man may pass his life
In toiling to heap up and save ;
  Whereas, it cannot be denied,
If we desire just what we have
  Our wishes will be satisfied.

I'll have no check upon my glass,
No interference with my lass ;
I merely live for mine own sake,
  To Epicurus homage pay,
My temp'rament my law I make,
  And nought but nature I obey.

Saurin was a member of the *Diners du Caveau*, founded in 1733.

MY PHILOSOPHY.

(MA PHILOSOPHIE.)

DUFRESNY.



GOOD wine! good wine!
Though I own thy pow'r divine,
Still I see my life decline—
Yet, while moments quickly go,
Noble wine, unceasing flow;
Since uncertain life must be,
Let me, pray, make sure of thee.

Good sense! good sense!
Study is a vain pretence,
If we think thou comest thence.
Fools o'er lamps of oil grow pale,
Lamps of wine will never fail;
Sage physician, man of law,
From the glass your wisdom draw.

What's that?—Oh, oh,
I have left my wife below,
And a friend is with her—so
I'll just take another glass,
Bidding jealous passions pass.
Drunkenness is good for me,
Nought unpleasant can I see.

But now, alas!
I see a ghastly figure pass
And dip its finger in my glass.
'Tis the Fate who spins life's thread,
Still flow on, thou liquor red—
Till the last, last drop is gone
Will the Fate keep spinning on!

THE NEW EPIMENIDES.

(LE NOUVEL EPIMENÈDE.)

JACINTHE LECLÈRE.

When dinner's done,—an Epimenides,
I conjure up a world all bright and gay,
Hope guides me as I wander at my ease,
If 'tis a dream, oh, wake me not, I pray.

Of a vast kingdom, lo! I am the king,
Those flatterers who elsewhere thrive, alas!—
And to the wholesome air their poison bring,
Are not found there.—*In vino veritas!*

There do I choose a minister of state,
Such as the world has never seen before;
Who scatters blessings without empty prate,
Who loves his king, and treach'ry can abhor.

A songster, terror of the knave and fool,
I choose to be my keeper of the seals;
I arm him with the scourge of ridicule,
And well his lashes the transgressor feels.

A clerk who once was forced to write—write—write,
And hardly gain'd his miserable bread,
I place o'er my exchequer, happy wight!
Now 'tis his place to sign—sign—sign instead.

That jolly dog, that water-shunning sinner,
To sup'rintend my navy I will take,
I hear that he sees double after dinner,
And so his budget fasting he shall make.

For war, I'll take your *bon vivant*, I think,
War against water-drinkers he'll declare;
And if there's one who only sips his drink,
I'll let the foreign-office be his care.

Sex, whom both king and cabinet adore,
  A seat you'll always in my council find ;
Yours are the only chains we ever bore,—
  Soft chains of roses, which the heart can bind.

Lastly, for fear the chosen sons of Comus
  Should be disturb'd by folks of ill intent,
The president of this gay club of Momus*
  Shall also be my council's president.

When dinner's done—an Epimenides—
  I conjure up a world all bright and gay ;
Hope guides me, as I wander at my ease,
  If 'tis a dream, oh wake me not, I pray.

* Leclère was a member of the "Societé de Momus."

THE KING OF YVETOT.

(LE ROI D'YVETOT.)

BÉRANGER.

THERE was a King of Yvetot,
  Who, little famed in story,
Went soon to bed, to rise was slow,
  And slumbered without glory.
    'Twas Jenny crown'd this jolly chap
    With nothing but a cotton cap,
        May-hap.
    Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
    What a famous king was he, oh la !

Within his thatchéd palace, he
  Consumed his four meals daily ;
He rode about his realm to see
  Upon a donkey, gaily ;
Besides his dog, no guard he had,
He hoped for good when things were bad,—
    Ne'er sad.
Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
What a famous king was he, oh la !

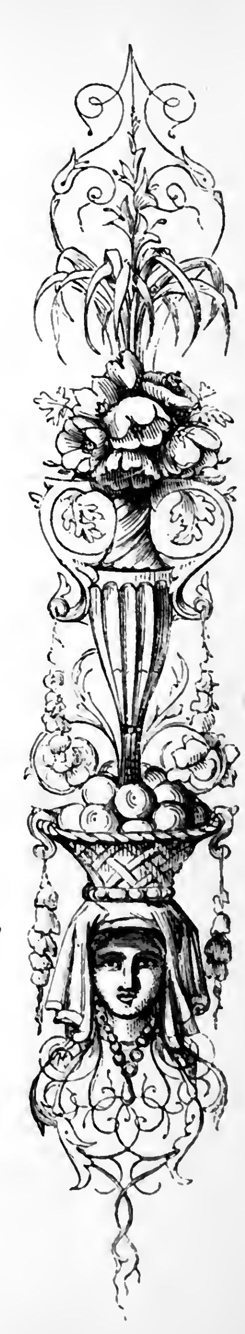
No costly tastes his soul possessed
 Except a taste for drinking,
And kings who make their subjects blest
 Should live well, to my thinking.
At table he his taxes got,
From every cask he took a pot
 I wot.
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha!
What a famous king was this, oh la!

With ladies too of high degree
 He was a fav'rite rather,
And of his subjects probably
 In every sense, a father.
He never levied troops; but when
He raised the target, calling then
 His men.
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha!
What a famous king was he, oh la!

He did not widen his estates
 Beyond their proper measure;
A model of all potentates,
 His only code was pleasure.
And 'twas not till the day he died
His faithful subjects ever sigh'd,
 Or cried.
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha!
What a famous king was he, oh la!

This wise and worthy monarch's face
 Is still in preservation,
And as a sign it serves to grace
 An inn of reputation.
On holidays, a joyous rout
Before it push their mugs about
 And shout.
Ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! ha!
What a famous king was he, oh la!

ORIGINAL.



Il était un roi d' Yvetot
  Peu connu dans l'histoire ;
Se levant tard, se couchant tôt,
  Dormant fort bien sans gloire,
Et couronné par Jeanneton
D'un simple bonnet de coton,
      Dit-on.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
      La, la.

Il faisait ses quatre repas
  Dans son palais de chaume.
Et sur un âne, pas à pas,
  Parcourait son royaume.
Joyeux, simple, et croyant le bien,
Pour tout garde il n'avait rien
      Qu'un chien.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
      La, la.

Il n'avait de goût onéreux,
  Qu'une soif un peu vive ;
Mais en rendant son peuple heureux,
  Il faut bien qu'un roi vive.
Lui-même, á table et sans suppôt,
Sur chaque muid levait un pot
      D'impôt.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
      La, la.

Aux filles de bonnes maisons
  Comme il avait su plaire,
Ses sujets avaient cent raisons
  De le nommer leur père :
D'ailleurs il ne levait de ban

Que pour tirer quatre fois l'an
Au blanc.
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
Quel bon petit roi c'était là !
La, la.

Il n'agrandit point ses états,
Fut un voisin commode,
Et modèle des potentats,
Prit la plaisir pour code.
C' n'est que lorsqu'il expira
Que la peuple qui l'enterra,
Pleura.
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
Quel bon petit roi c'était là !
La, la.

On conserve encor le portrait
De ce digne et bon prince ;
C'est l' enseigne d'un cabaret
Fameux dans la province.
Les jours de fête, bien souvent,
La foule s'écrie en buvant
Devant.
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
Quel bon petit roi c'était là !
La, la.

This exceedingly celebrated song, the title of which is that of an old tavern sign in the Norman town of Yvetot, was written in May, 1813, and is considered one of the earliest indications of a political tendency in Béranger.

THE HAPPY END.

(L'HEUREUSE FIN.)

LAUJON.

WITHOUT ceasing, drink and laugh ;
Lips to kiss and cups to quaff
Cheer our moments more than thinking ;
Be our heads with ivy crown'd,
At our festivals be found
None but friends of love and drinking.

Wine such rapture can inspire,
I can see without desire,
E'en the greatest monarch's treasure ;
Often in a happy hour
Drinking, kissing in some bow'r,
I have been o'erstocked with pleasure.

Whether he go slow or fast,
That dread land of shades at last
Ev'ry man to see is fated :
Be it then our constant care
Death shall only take us there,
When with love and wine elated.

Old Laujon, who was the perpetual president of the *Caveau Moderne*, and was regarded as a French Anacreon, was admitted as a member of the Academy after fifty years' solicitation for the honour. The above song is dated 1759.

THE GOOD SILENUS.

(LE BON SILÈNE.)

T. DAUPHIN.



His jolly face still red
With juice of grapes, Silenus woke
Upon his leafy bed,
Roused as the lovely morning broke.
And thus he gaily sang,
While echoes round him rang,—
"Ye Satyrs hasten to my call,
Coquettish Dryads, Fauns and all ;
No longer shall you sleep to-day,
My children, sing and drink away!"

Obedient to his voice,
The madcaps hasten'd from the wood,
Who in the grape rejoice,
To share their master's mood.

With tambourine the throng
Accompanied his song;
And while the wine inspired their brain,
They flung him back his jovial strain:—
"No longer shall you sleep to-day,
My children, sing and drink away!"

Silenus, quite elate,
Said,—"Hymns of glory loudly sing:
The story I'll relate,
Of him who o'er the gods is king.
But sorry work, I think,
Is singing without drink;
So let the burning liquor flow,
Your voices will more smoothly go:
No longer shall you sleep to-day,
My children, sing and drink away!

"When from the mount he came,
Where he was hidden by his sire,
His throat was in a flame,
His mother being killed by fire.
The glorious child of mirth
Lisp'd, even at his birth,—
'Come, wet my lips,—your own as well,
And this to my disciples tell:
No longer shall you sleep to-day,
My children, sing and drink away!'

"The precious little pet,—
To bring him up I had the luck:
And I was forced to get
A goat to give his godship suck.
The goat would freely browse,
The infant would carouse,
And say, the wicked jackanapes,
While munching up the fallen grapes,—
'No longer shall you sleep to-day,
My children, sing and drink away!'

"When he began to grow,
He was as bold as he was high;

His heart would proudly glow,
For foreign conquest he would sigh.
The gentle yoke he brought
Was by the natives sought;
They loved the scent his liquor gave,
And shouted with his army brave,—
'No longer shall you sleep to-day,
My children, sing and drink away!'

"To Indian soil he bore
Joy, merriment, and conqu'ring arms,
And soon he triumph'd o'er
A race submissive to his charms.
And, when he left, the flowers
Were dew'd by tears in showers:
While he, the drooping souls to cheer,
Cried,—'Never mind, the vine is here;
No longer shall you sleep to-day,
My children, sing and drink away!'

"He made a passage short,
Returning to the Grecian shore;
But on his way paid court
To one whose chains he gladly wore.
The lady, sad and proud,
To shun all love had vow'd;
But soon the wine subdued her pride,
And, far from Theseus, thus she cried,—
'No longer shall you sleep to-day,
My children, sing and drink away!'

"He reach'd our glorious land,
And ended thus his Eastern trip;
Then, at his sire's command,
To Heaven he went, the wine to sip.
And ever since that time,
In that abode sublime,
The golden vine he still protects,
And ne'er the ancient law neglects,—
'No longer shall you sleep to-day,
My children, sing and drink away!'"

An accident cut short
Silenus' story,—down he fell :
And all his merry court
Were tumbled on the ground pell-mell.
But still they gaily sung,
While echoes round them rung,—
"Ye Satyrs, hasten to my call,
Coquettish Fauns, and Dryads all ;
No longer shall you sleep to-day,
My children, sing and drink away !"

PRAISE OF WATER.

(L'ELOGE DE L'EAU.)

ARMAND GOUFFÉ—born 1773, died 1845.

AT last, at last it rains,
The vine which was athirst
Its strength once more regains,
By heavenly bounty nursed.
So let your glasses clink
To water,—gift divine :
'Tis water makes us drink
Good wine.

Through water, friends, 'tis true
The deluge once we had ;
But, thanks to Heaven, there grew
The good beside the bad.
Our grave historians think
The flood produced the vine :
'Tis water makes us drink
Good wine.

How great is my delight,
When, with their precious store,
The vessels are in sight,
Before my very door ;

And on the river's brink
Land juice from every vine :
'Tis water makes us drink
Good wine.

In weather fine and dry
The miller drinks his fill
Of water, with a sigh ;—
His mill is standing still.
When water flows, I think,
No longer he'll repine :
'Tis water makes him drink
Good wine.

Another instance, yet,
Good comrades I can show ;
See, into yon guinguette
The water-carrier go.
His eyes begin to blink,
His troubles to decline :
'Tis water makes him drink
Good wine.

Of water while I sing,
I'm thirsty with my task :
Be kind enough to bring
A bumper from the cask.
Your glasses bravely clink,
Repeat this strain of mine,—
'Tis water makes us drink
Good wine.

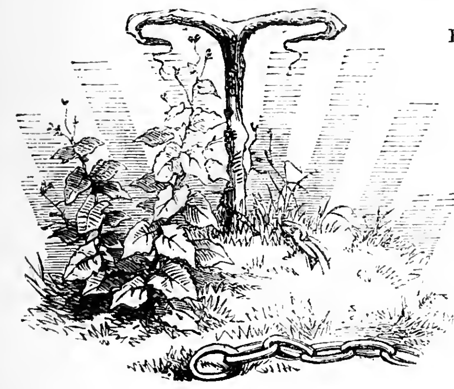
Armand Gouffé was a renowned member of the *Caveau Moderne* and the *Diners du Vaudeville*, as well as a writer of musical dramas. The above song is dated 1803.



MY VINE.

(MA VIGNE.)

PIERRE DUPONT.



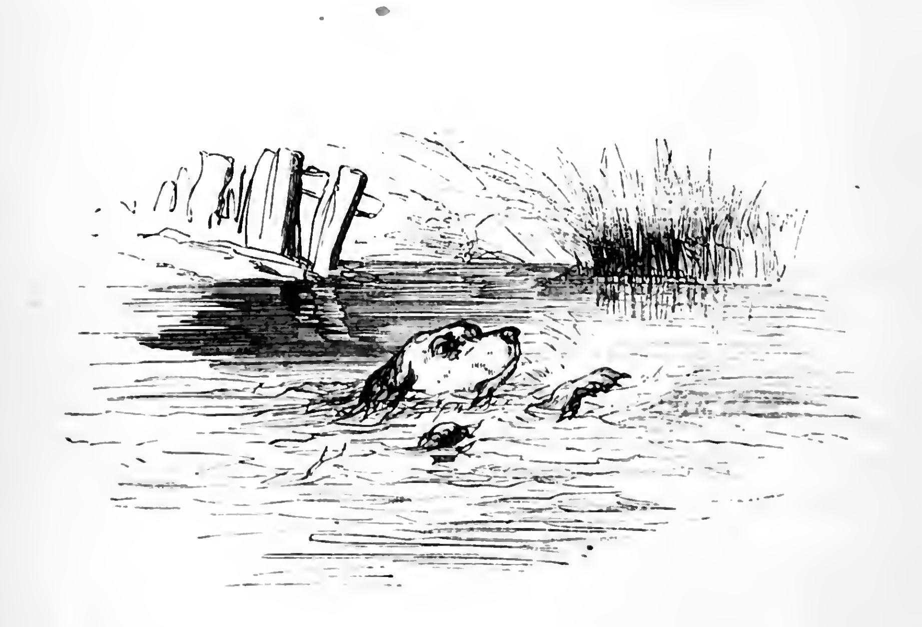
THIS rambling plant, which loves
to run
Like a green lizard in the sun,
The keen wind shunning,—
is my vine:
Upon a flinty soil it grows,
Which pays with sparks the
iron's blows;
And comes in the directest line
From that brave sprig which,
honour'd yet,
Old Noah in the young world set.
When in my goblet, brother mine,
I see the purple liquor glow,
I gladly thank the pow'rs divine
That nought like this the English know.

In spring my vine its blossom bears,
Which like a timid maid appears,
So pale with all its loveliness.
In summer 'tis a saucy bride,
In autumn puts forth all its pride,
Then comes the vintage and the press;
In winter its repose it takes,
But then its wine our sunshine makes.
When in my goblet, &c.

The cellar where my wine I stow
Has been a convent long ago;
'Tis vaulted like an ancient church.
Down, straight enough, my feet can trip,
But when my good old wine I sip,—
And sip again,—I make a lurch.
Yes, there's the wall,—the pillar's there,
But hang me if I find the stair.
When in my goblet, &c.

The vine must be a tree divine,
The vine is mother of our wine;
So honour to the ancient lass
Who after full five thousand years
Her family of children rears,
And suckles from a brimming glass.
The mother, too, of love is she,
So, dearest Jenny, drink with me.
When in my goblet, &c.

M. Pierre Dupont is probably the youngest of the poets whose names appear in the collection, and unquestionably the most popular song-writer now living. The "Chant des Ouvriers" and "Les Bœufs," to which he chiefly owes his fame, will be found under other heads. The entire works of Dupont are published in a collected form, with the music.



REVOLUTIONARY AND PATRIOTIC SONGS.

To avoid a multiplicity of heads, songs of a very different spirit are comprised in this division: some being animated by the sentiment of ancient chivalry, some expressing a fanatical hatred of monarchs, or even social distinction; some satirising the people in high places, some sympathising with the glories of the Imperial army. The subjects are at any rate so far alike, that they relate to man, not as a member of society, but as a citizen of the state, and express his feelings in that capacity either towards his rulers, or the enemies of his country. If our collection were more extensive, we should divide the whole mass of French national songs into two heads,—the chivalric and the revolutionary. In spite of republican ardour, the chivalric is still an important element in French lyric song, and neither the destroyers of the Bastille, nor the victors of the grand army, have entirely eclipsed the veneration for the ancient paladins.

As the interest of this division greatly depends on its historical importance, the literary merit of the songs has had less influence on the selection than in those divisions where reputed excellence and importance are convertible terms. Probably no song could be more detestable than the *Carmagnole*, but as it was one of the "great facts" of its day, it has its place here, among more meritorious productions.

Here, more than elsewhere, we feel that some of our readers may complain of omissions. But they will perhaps bear in mind that we are not writing a lyrical history of the French revolution, and also that there is a family likeness in many of the tyrant-imprecating strains that renders them insufferably tiresome when read in too large quantities.



THE MARSEILLAISE.

(LA MARSEILLAISE.)

ROUGET DE LISLE—born 1760, died 1836.

COME, children of your country, come,
New glory dawns upon the world,
Our tyrants, rushing to their doom,
Their bloody standard have unfurl'd ;
Already on our plains we hear
The murmurs of a savage horde ;
They threaten with the murderous sword
Your comrades and your children dear.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand ;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Those banded serfs—what would they have,
By tyrant kings together brought?
Whom are those fetters to enslave
Which long ago their hands have wrought?
You, Frenchmen, you, they would enchain:
Doth not the thought your bosoms fire?
The ancient bondage they desire
To force upon your necks again.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Those marshalled foreigners—shall they
Make laws to reach the Frenchman's hearth?
Shall hireling troops who fight for pay
Strike down our warriors to the earth?
God! shall we bow beneath the weight
Of hands, that slavish fetters wear?
Shall ruthless despots once more dare
To be the masters of our fate?
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Then tremble, tyrants,—traitors all,—
Ye, whom both friends and foes despise;
On you shall retribution fall,
Your crimes shall gain a worthy prize.
Each man opposes might to might;
And when our youthful heroes die
Our France can well their place supply;
We're soldiers all with you to fight.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Yet, generous warriors, still forbear
To deal on all your vengeful blows;
The train of hapless victims spare,
Against their will they are our foes.
But oh, those despots stain'd with blood,
Those traitors leagued with base Bouillé,
Who make their native land their prey:—
Death to the savage tiger-brood!
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

And when our glorious sires are dead,
Their virtues we shall surely find
When on the self-same path we tread,
And track the fame they leave behind.
Less to survive them we desire
Than to partake their noble grave ;
The proud ambition we shall have
To live for vengence or expire.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand ;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

Come, love of country, guide us now,
Endow our vengeful arms with might,
And, dearest liberty, do thou
Aid thy defenders in the fight.
Unto our flags let victory,
Called by thy stirring accents, haste ;
And may thy dying foes at last
Thy triumph and our glory see.
Then up, and form your ranks, the hireling foe withstand ;
March on,—his craven blood must fertilise the land.

ORIGINAL.

Allons, enfants de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé ;
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé. (*bis*)
Entendez-vous dans ces campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats ?
Ils viennent, jusque dans nos bras,
Egorger vos fils, vos compagnes !
Aux armes ! citoyens, formez vos batallons ;
Marchons (*bis*), qu'un sang impur abrieuve nos sillons.

Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
De traitres, de rois conjurés ?
Pour qui ces ignobles entraves,
Ces fers dès longtemps préparés ? . . . (*bis*)
Français, pour nous, ah ! quel outrage,
Quel transports il doit exciter !

C'est nous qu'on ose mediter
De rendre à l'antique esclavage ?
Aux armes ! citoyens, formez vos bataillons ;
Marchons (*bis*), qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

Quoi ! ces cohortes étrangères
Feraient la loi dans nos foyers ?
Quoi ! ces phalanges mercenaires
Terrasseraient nos fiers guerriers ? (*bis*)
Grand Dieu ! par des mains enchaînées
Nos fronts sous le joug se ploieraient !
De vils despotes deviendraient
Les maîtres de nos destinées !
Aux armes ! citoyens, formez vos bataillons ;
Marchons (*bis*), qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

Tremblez, tyrans, et vous perfides !
L' opprobre de tous les partis !
Tremblez ! vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix ! (*bis*)
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre.
S'ils tombent nos jeunes héros,
La France en produit de nouveaux,
Contre vous tout prêts à se battre.
Aux armes ! citoyens, formez vos bataillons ;
Marchons (*bis*), qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

Français, en guerriers magnanimes,
Portez ou retenez vos coups ;
Epargnez ces tristes victimes
A regret s'armant contre nous. (*bis*)
Mais ces despotes sanguinaires,
Mais les complices de Bouillé,
Tous ces tigres qui, sans pitié,
Déchirent le sein de leur mère ! . . .
Aux armes ! citoyens, formez vos bataillons ;
Marchons (*bis*), qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

Nous entrerons dans la carrière
Quand nos aînés ne seront plus ;
Nous y trouverons leur vertus. (*bis*)
Bien moins jaloux de leur survivre
Que de partager leur cercueil,

Nous aurons la sublime orgueil
De les venger ou de les suivre.
Aux armes ! citoyens, formez vos bataillons ;
Marchons (*bis*), qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutien nos bras vengeurs ;
Liberté, liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes defenseurs ! (*bis.*)
Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
Accoure á tes mâles accens !
Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.
Aux armes ! citoyens, formez vos bataillons ;
Marchons (*bis*), qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons.

On the 30th July, 1792, the Marseillaises arrived at Paris, whither they had been invited by Barbaroux at the instance of Madame Roland. "The secret motive of their march," says M. de Lamartine, "was to intimidate the National Guard of Paris; to revive the energy of the Fauxbourgs; and to be in the advanced guard of that camp of 20,000 men, which the Girondins had made the Assembly vote, to overrule the Feuillants, the Jacobins, the King, and the Assembly itself, with an army of the Departments composed entirely of their own creatures." The Marseillaises entered Paris by the Faubourg St. Antoine, and, singing the song which bears their name, proceeded to the Champs-Elysées, where a banquet was prepared for them.

The origin of the words and music of this famous song is thus described by M. de Lamartine :—"There was at this time a young officer of artillery in garrison at Strasburg. His name was Rouget de Lisle. He was born at Lons-le-Saulnier in the Jura, a country of reveries and energy, as mountainous regions always are. This young man loved war as a soldier; the revolution as a thinker. By his verses and his music he lightened the tediousness of the garrison. Generally sought on account of his double talent as a musician and a poet, he became a familiar visitor at the house of an Alsatian patriot, Dietrich, Mayor of Strasburg. The wife and daughters of Dietrich shared his enthusiasm for patriotism and the revolution. They loved the young officer. They inspired his heart, his poetry, and his music; and trusting to the early lispings of his genius, they were the first to execute his scarcely expressed thoughts.

"It was the winter of 1792, famine reigned at Strasburg, the Dietrich family were poor, and their table was frugal, but it was always hospitable to Rouget. One day, when there was nothing on the board but some ammunition-bread and a few slices of ham, Dietrich, looking at De Lisle with melancholy calmness, said to him, "Abundance is wanting at our banquet—but what matters that when neither enthusiasm is wanting at our civic feasts, nor courage in the hearts of our soldiers? I have still a bottle of wine left in my cellar: let it be brought up, and let us drink to liberty and to our country. There will soon be a patriotic celebration at Strasburg; may these last drops inspire De Lisle with one of those hymns which convey to the soul of the people the intoxication from whence they proceed. The young girls applauded; brought in the wine, and filled the glasses of their aged father and the young officer until the liquor was exhausted. It was midnight. The night was cold. De Lisle was in a dreamy state; his heart was touched; his head was heated. The cold overpowered him, and he tottered into his lonely room slowly seeking inspiration, now in his patriotic soul, now in his harpsichord; sometimes composing the air before the words, sometimes the words before the air, and so combining them in his thoughts that he himself did not know whether the notes or the verses came first, and that it was impossible to separate the

poetry from the music, or the sentiment from the expression. He sang all, and set down nothing.

"Overpowered with this sublime inspiration, De Lisle went to sleep on the harpsichord, and did not wake until day. He recalled the song of the previous night with a difficulty like that with which we recall the impressions of a dream. He now set down the words and music, and ran with them to Dietrich, whom he found at work in the garden. The wife and daughters of the old patriot had not yet risen; Dietrich awakened them, and invited some friends who were as passionately fond of music as himself, and were capable of executing De Lisle's composition. His eldest daughter played the accompaniment, while Rouget sung. At the first stanza, all faces turned pale; at the second, tears ran down every cheek; and at the last, all the madness of enthusiasm broke forth. Dietrich, his wife, his daughters, and the young officer, fell weeping into each other's arms: the hymn of the country was found. It was destined, alas! to be also the hymn of terror. A few months afterwards the unfortunate Dietrich went to the scaffold to the sound of the very notes which had their origin on his own hearth, in the heart of his friend, and in the voices of his children.

"The new song executed some days afterwards at Strasburg flew from city to city, being played by all the public orchestras. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the beginning and close of every session of its clubs. The Marseillaises spread it through France, singing it on their route, whence it acquired the name of 'The Marseillaise.' The old mother of De Lisle, who was a pious royalist, was horrified at hearing the echo of her son's voice, and wrote to him, 'What is this revolutionary hymn which is sung about France by a horde of robbers, and with which our name is connected? De Lisle himself, afterwards proscribed as a royalist, heard with a shudder his own song as he fled through a pass in the Upper Alps. 'What is the name of that hymn?' he asked his guide. 'The Marseillaise,' was the peasant's reply. It was then that he learnt the name of his own work. He was pursued by the enthusiasm which he had scattered behind him, and escaped death with difficulty. The weapon recoiled against the hand which had forged it; the revolution in its madness no longer recognised its own voice."

To explain the concluding part of the above extract, it should be stated that Rouget de Lisle was imprisoned during the Reign of Terror, and liberated by the revolution of the Thermidor.

Although the Marseillaise was the usual accompaniment of the numerous executions which took place during the terrible epoch of its composition, it is less sanguinary in its tone than the other revolutionary songs.

"ÇA IRA!"

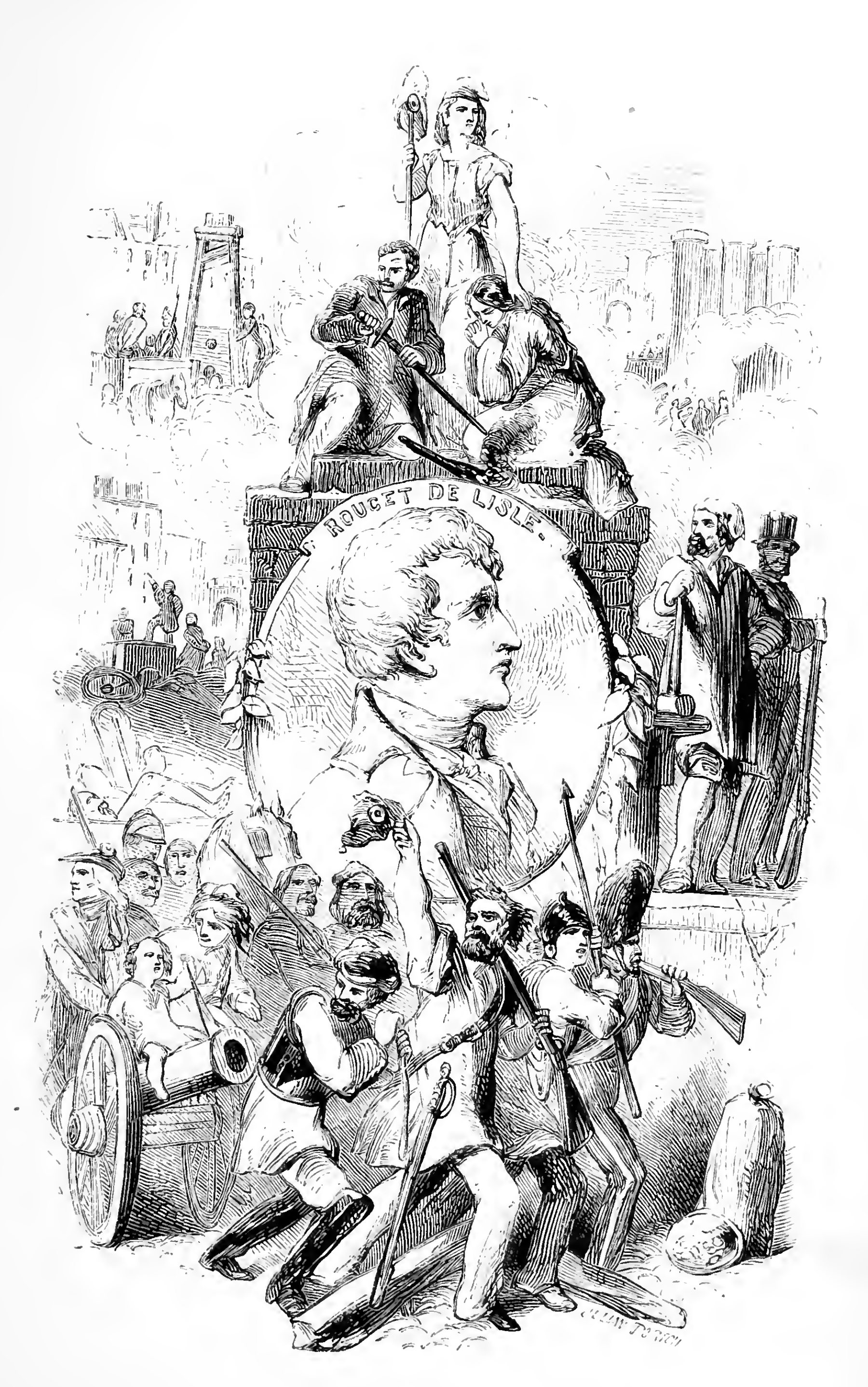
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
All will succeed, though malignants are strong;
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
Thus says the people by day and by night.

Dismal will soon be our enemies' plight
While *Jubilate* we sing with delight.
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right;
  Singing aloud a joyous song,
  We will shout with all our might;
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
All will succeed, &c.

What Boileau said once the clergy to spite,
Prov'd him a truly prophetical wight.
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
Taking the old gospel-truth for their text—
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
Our legislators will work it out quite ;
Bringing the proud from their insolent height,
Making the lot of the lowly men bright ;
Truth ev'ry soul shall illume with her light,
Till superstition shall quickly take flight.
Frenchmen ne'er will be perplex'd
Wholesome laws to keep in sight.
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
All will succeed, &c.

All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
Pierrot and Margot sing at the *guinguette :*
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
Good times approach, and rejoicings invite.
Right was once only the nobleman's might,
As for the people he screw'd them down tight.
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right ;
Now all the clergy are weeping for spite,
For we have rescued the prey from the kite.
The sagacious Lafayette
Every wrong will put to flight :
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
All will succeed, &c.

All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
While the Assembly sheds lustre so clear :
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
We'll stand on guard by the ray of their light.
Falsehood no longer can dazzle our sight,
For the good cause we are ready to fight :
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
All the *aristos* are bursting with spite,
We of the people are laughing outright.
We their struggles do not fear,
Right will triumph over might.
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
All will succeed, &c.



PATRIOTIC SONGS.

All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
Little and great the same feelings inspire.—
None will prove false in so glorious a fight;
Views may be crooked, but words will have might.
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
" Hither, who will," we hear Freedom invite;
And to her call we reply with delight.
  Fearing neither sword nor fire,
  France will keep her glory bright.
All will go right,—will go right,—will go right,
All will succeed, &c.—



ORIGINAL.

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète;
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Malgré les mutins, tout reussira.

Nos énnemis confus en restent lá,
Et nous allons chanter *alleluia*.
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
  En chantant une chansonnette,
  Avec plaisir on dira:
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète:
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Malgré les mutins, tout reussira.

Quand Boileau, jadis, du clergé parla,
Comme un prophéte il prèdit cela.
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Suivant les maximes de l'Evangile;
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Du legislateur tout s'accomplira;
Celui qui s'élève, on l'abaissera;
Et qui s'abaisse, on l'èlèvera.
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète,
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Malgré les mutins, tout reussira.

Le vrai catèchisme nous instruira
Et l'affreux fanatisme s'eteindra ;
   Pour être á la loi docile,
   Tout Français s'exercera.
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète :
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Malgré les mutins, tout réussira.

Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira ;
Pierrot et Margot chantent á la guinguette,
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira.
Rèjouissons-nous, le bon temps reviendra.
Le peuple Français jadis á *quia*.
L'aristocrate dit : *Mea culpa.*
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le clergè regrette le bien qu'il a,
Par justice la nation l'aura ;
   Par le prudent Lafayette,
   Tout trouble s'apaisera.
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira, &c.

Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Par les flambeaux de l'auguste assemblée,
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le peuple armé toujours se gardera.
Le vrai d'avec le faux l'on connaitra,
Le citoyen pour le bien soutiendra.
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Quand l'aristocrate protestera,
Le bon citoyen au nez lui rira ;
   Sans avoir l'ame troublée,
   Toujours le plus fort sera.
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Malgré les mutins, tout réussira.

Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Petits comme grands sont soldats dans l'âme.
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Pendant la guerre, aucun ne trahira.
Avec cœur tout bon Français combattra ;
S'il voit du louche, hardiment parlera.

Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
La libertè dit : Vienne qui voudra,
Le patriotisme lui répondra,
Sans craindre ni feu ni flammes,
Le Français toujours vaincra !
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète ;
Ah ! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Malgré les mutins, tout reussira.

It is needless to say that this song was one of the most popular of the revolutionary period. It was also one of the earliest, being composed in 1789, on the Champ de Mars, while preparations were made for the Fête de la Féderation. The time of its origin was a time of hope, for the crimes of the revolution had not yet been committed, and hence though a tone of flippant disrespect towards old institutions prevails throughout the song, it is totally free from any expression of ferocity. The original name of the tune to which the words were written, is "Le Carillon National," and it is a remarkable circumstance that it was a great favourite with the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, who used to play it on the harpsichord. It is hoped that the difficulty of rendering this song will be considered, before a judgment is passed on the English version.

THE SAFETY OF FRANCE.

(LA SALUT DE LA FRANCE.)

ADOLPHE S. BOY.

OH guard the Empire, slumber not,
Let freedom be our sole desire ;
Though despots may against us plot,
Against their thrones can we conspire.
Fair liberty ! may all pay homage unto thee :
Tremble ye tyrants, now the vengeful day is near.
"Death, rather death than slavery,"
This is the motto Frenchmen bear.

Let all combine our France to save,
For France alone the world sustains ;
If once our country they enslave
All nations will be cast in chains.

Fair liberty ! may all pay homage unto thee :
Tremble, ye tyrants, now the vengeful day is near.
"Death, rather death than slavery,"
This is the motto Frenchmen bear.

Thou, whom the love of freedom warms,
Come from the south of Europe, come ;
Our brother thou shalt be in arms
Though tyranny pollutes thy home.
Fair liberty ! may all assemble at thy name :
Death to our tyrants, now thy vengeful day is near.
All countries we would call the same,
All French, who hold their freedom dear.

With ev'ry people, near and far,
We own eternal brotherhood ;
Against all kings, unceasing war,
Till tyranny is drown'd in blood.
Fair liberty ! may all assemble at thy name :
Death to our tyrants,—now the vengeful day is near.
France views all nations as the same
To whom their liberty is dear.

ORIGINAL.

Veillons au salut de l'Empire,
Veillons au maintien de nos droits !
Si le despotisme conspire,
Conspirons la perte des rois !
Liberté (*bis*) que tout mortel te rende hommage.
Tremblez, tyrans, vous allez expier vos forfaits !
Plûtot la mort que l'esclavage !
C'est la devise des Français.

Du salut de notre patrie
Dépend celui de l'univers ;
Si jamais elle est asservie,
Tous les peuples sont dans les fers.
Liberté (*bis*) que tout mortel te rende hommage.
Tremblez, tyrans, vous allez expier vos forfaits !
Plûtot la mort que l'esclavage !
C'est la devise des Français.

Ennemis de la tyrannie,
Paraissez tous, armez vos bras,
Du fond de l'Europe avilie
Marchez avec nous aux combats.
Liberté (*bis*) que ce nom sacré nous rallie ;
Poursuivons les tyrans, punissons leurs forfaits !
Nous servons la même patrie :
Les hommes libres sont Français.

Jurons union eternelle
Avec tous les peuples divers ;
Jurons une guerre mortelle
A tous les rois de l'univers.
Liberté (*bis*) que ce nom sacré nous rallie.
Poursuivons les tyrans, punissons leurs forfaits !
On ne voit plus qu'une patrie
Quand on a l'âme d'un Francais.

This song has the honour of being one of the earliest of the revolutionary period. The word "Empire" contrasts ludicrously enough with the date of the production, 1791; but it has been sagaciously observed, that the seeming anachronism has merely arisen from the necessity of finding a rhyme to "conspire;" so that "Empire" must be taken to mean state in general. Though there is nothing striking in the words, this song was not only one of the earliest, but also one of the most popular of the revolutionary epoch; and the music, by Dalayrac, which was appropriated to it, though originally composed for an amatory ballad, entitled "Vous, qui d'amoureuse aventure," became a favourite military march.





LA CARMAGNOLE.

GREAT Madam Veto * swore one day
The folks of Paris she would slay :
  Our cannoniers so stout,
  Soon put my lady out.
We'll dance the Carmagnole :
  Brothers rejoice,—brothers rejoice.
We'll dance the Carmagnole ;
  Hail to the cannon's voice.

Great Monsieur Veto swore one day
His country he would ne'er betray ;
  His promise he forgot,
  So he shall go to pot.
We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

* The nickname of Monsieur Veto was popularly given to Louis XVI. on account of his refusal to sanction the decree against the non-juring priests.

The people, Marie Antoinette
Thought on their nether ends to set ;
  She made a sad mistake,
  And chanced her nose to break.
We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

Her husband thought he was in luck,—
He had not learn'd a Frenchman's pluck ;
  So, lusty Louis, so,
  You'll to the Temple go.
We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

The Swiss, too, had a great desire
Upon our brotherhood to fire ;
  But by the men of France
  They soon were taught to dance.
We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

When Madam saw the tower, no doubt,
She gladly would have faced about ;
  It turn'd her stomach proud
  To find herself so cow'd.
We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

When Louis, who was once so big,
Before him saw the workmen dig,
  He said,—how hard his case
  To be in such a place.
We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

All honest folks throughout the land
Will by the patriot surely stand,
  As brethren firmly bound,
  While loud the cannons sound.
We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

All royalists throughout the land
Will by the base Aristos stand :
  And they'll keep up the war,
  Like cowards as they are.
We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

The gens-d'armes swear they'll firmly stand
As guardians of their native land ;
   They heard the cannon's sound,
   And backward were not found.
We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

Come, friends, united we will be,
Then we shall fear no enemy ;
   If any foes attack,
   We'll gaily beat them back.
We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

A gallant *sans culotte* am I,
The friends of Louis I defy ;
   Long live the Marseillois,
   The Bretons and the laws.
We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

The Faubourgs' valiant *sans culotte*,—
Oh, never be his name forgot :
   But jovially fill up
   To him the other cup.
We'll dance the Carmagnole, &c.

ORIGINAL.

Madam Veto avait promis (*bis*)
De faire égorger tout Paris ; (*bis*)
   Mais son coup a manqué,
   Grâce à nos cannonié.
Dansons la Carmagnole,
   Vive le son ! vive le son !
Dansons la Carmagnole,
   Vive le son du canon !

Monsieur Veto avait promis (*bis*)
D'être fidèle à sa patrie ; (*bis*)
   Mais il y a manqué,
   Ne faisons plus cartié.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

Antoinette avait résolu (*bis*)
De nous faire tomber sur * * * (*bis*)
  Mais son coup a manqué,
  Elle a le nez cassé.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

Son mari, se croyant vainqueur, (*bis*)
Connaissait peu notre valeur. (*bis*)
  Va, Louis, gros paour,
  Du temple dans la tour.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

Les Suisses avaient tous promis (*bis*)
Qu'ils feraient feu sur nos amis ; (*bis*)
  Mais comme ils ont sauté,
  Comme ils ont tous dansé !
Chantons notre victoire, &c.

Quande Antoinette vit la tour, (*bis*)
Elle voulut fair' demi-tour ; (*bis*)
  Elle avait mal au cœur
  De se voir sans honneur.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

Lorsque Louis vit fossoyer, (*bis*)
A ceux qu'il voyait travailler, (*bis*)
  Il disait que pour peu
  Il était dans ce lieu.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

Le patriote a pour amis (*bis*)
Tous les bonnes gens du pays ; (*bis*)
  Mais ils se soutiendront
  Tous au son du canon.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

L'aristocrate a pour amis (*bis*)
Lous les royalist's à Paris ; (*bis*)
  Il vous les soutiendront
  Tout comm'des vrais poltrons.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

La gendarm'rie avait promis (*bis*)
Qu'elle soutiendrait la patrie ; (*bis*)
Mais ils n'ont pas manqué
Au son du canonnié.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

Amis, restons toujours unis, (*bis*)
Ne craignons pas nos ennemis ; (*bis*)
S'ils viennent attaquer,
Nous les ferons sauter.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

Oui, je suis sans culotte, moi, (*bis*)
En dépit des amis du roi, (*bis*)
Vivent les Marsellois,
Les Brétons et nos lois.
Dansons la Carmagnole, &c.

Oui, nôus nous souviendrons toujours (*bis*)
Des sans culottes des faubourgs. (*bis*)
A leur santé, buvons.
Vivent ces bons lurons !
Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son ! vive le son !
Dansons la Carmagnole,
Vive le son du canon !

We should not have inserted this detestable insult offered by a licentious mob to fallen greatness, if it were less often mentioned in connection with the events of the revolution. It was composed in August, 1792, on the occasion of the incarceration of the royal family in the Temple, and became the usual accompaniment of massacres and orgies. Carmagnole is a fortified town in Piedmont, and it is not impossible that the air, and the dance which belongs to it, were brought from that country.

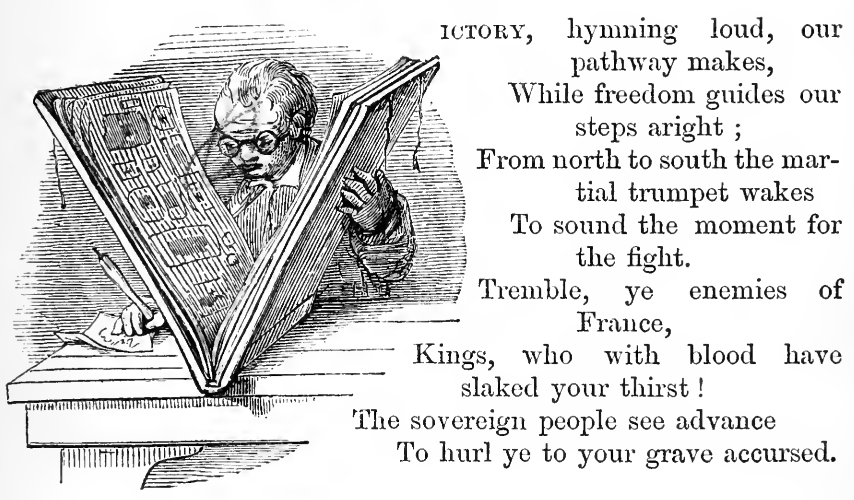
As an instance of the length to which sanguinary jesting was carried on in the terrible days of the revolution, we may here opportunely quote a stanza from a song composed about two years after the Carmagnole :

"La guillotine est un bijou
Qui devient des plus à la mode,
J'en veux une en bois d'acajou
Que je mettrai sur ma commode.
Je l'essaierai soir et matin
Pour ne pas paraître novice,
Si par malheur le lendemain
A mon tour j'étais de service.

THE SONG OF DEPARTURE.

(LE CHANT DU DÉPART.)

J. M. CHÉNIER—born 1764, died 1811.



ICTORY, hymning loud, our pathway makes,
While freedom guides our steps aright;
From north to south the martial trumpet wakes
To sound the moment for the fight.
Tremble, ye enemies of France,
Kings, who with blood have slaked your thirst!
The sovereign people see advance
To hurl ye to your grave accursed.

Come, brethren, the republic calls;
For her our hearts and lives we give;
For her a Frenchman gladly falls,
For her alone he seeks to live.

A MOTHER.

See, from your mother's eyes no tear-drops flow,
Far from our hearts we banish fears;
We triumph when in freedom's cause ye go,
Only for tyrants' eyes are tears.
Warriors, we gave you life, 'tis true,
But yours no more the gift can be;
Your lives are now your country's due,
She is your mother more than we.
Come, brethren, the republic calls, &c.

TWO OLD MEN.

The old paternal sword becomes the brave,
Remember us 'mid battle's rage;

And let the blood of tyrant and of slave
  Honour the weapon blessed by age.
Then to our humble cottage come,
  With wounds and glory as your prize:
When tyrants have received their doom,
  Then, children, come to close our eyes.
Come, brethren, the republic calls, &c.

A CHILD.

We envy Viala's and Barra's lot,
  Victors were they, though doom'd to bleed;
Weigh'd down by years, the coward liveth not;
  Who dies for freedom lives indeed.
With you we would all dangers brave,
  Lead us against our tyrants then;
None is a child except the slave,
  While all republicans are men.
Come, brethren, the republic calls, &c.

A WIFE.

Husbands, rejoicing, seek the plain of death,
  As patterns for all warriors shine;
Flowers will we pluck to make the victor's wreath,
  Our hands the laurel-crown will twine.
When, your blest Manes to receive,
  Fame shall her portals open fling;
Still in our songs your names shall live,
  From us shall your avengers spring.
Come, brethren, the republic calls, &c.

A YOUNG GIRL.

We, who know nought of Hymen's gentle fire,
  But sisters of your heroes are;
We bid you, citizens, if you desire
  With us our destiny to share,
Radiant with liberty to come,
  And glory purchased with your blood,
The joyful record bringing home
  Of universal brotherhood.
Come, brethren, the republic calls, &c.

THREE WARRIORS.

Here, before God, upon our swords we swear
To all who crown this life with joy,
To mothers, sisters, wives and children dear,
The foul oppressor to destroy.
Into the black abyss of night
Hurl'd every guilty king shall be ;
France o'er the world shall spread the light
Of endless peace and liberty.
Come, brethren, the republic calls, &c.

ORIGINAL.

La victoire en chantant nous ouvre la barrière
La liberté guide nos pas,
Et du Nord au Midi la trompette guerrière
A sonné l'heure des combats.
Tremblez, ennemis de la France
Rois ivres de sang et d'orgueil !
Le peuple souverain s'avance :
Tyrans, descendez au cercueil !

La république nous appelle,
Sachons vaincre ou sachons périr :
Un Français doit vivre pour elle,
Pour elle un Français doit mourir !

UNE MÈRE DE FAMILLE.

De nos yeux maternels ne craignez pas les larmes ;
Loin de nous de lâches douleurs !
Nous devons triompher quand vous prenez les armes
C'est aux rois à verser des pleurs !
Nous vous avons donné la vie,
Guerriers ! elle n'est plus a vous ;
Tous vos jours sont à la patrie :
Elle est votre mère avant nous !
La république nous appelle, &c.

DEUX VIELLARDS.

Que le fer paternel arme la main des braves !
Songez à nous, au champ de Mars ;
Consacrez dans le sang des rois et des esclaves
Le fer béni par vos viellards ;
Et rapportant sous la chaumière
Des blessures et des vertus,
Venez fermer notre paupière
Quand les tyrans ne seront plus !
La république nous appelle, &c.

UN ENFANT.

De Barra, de Viala, le sort nous fait envie :
Ils sont mort, mais ils ont vaincu.
Le lâche accablé d'ans n'a point connu la vie ;
Qui meurt pour le peuple a vécu.
Vous êtes vaillants, nous le sommes :
Guidez-nous contre les tyrans ;
Les républicains sont des hommes,
Les esclaves sont des enfants !
La république nous appelle, &c.

UNE EPOUSE.

Partez, vaillants époux : les combats sont vos fêtes ;
Partez, modèles des guerriers.
Nous cueillerons des fleurs pour enceindre vos têtes.
Nos mains tresseront des lauriers ;
Et, si le temple de mémoire
S'ouvrait à vos mânes vainqueurs,
Nos voix chanteront votre gloire,
Et nos flancs portent vos vengeurs.
La république nous appelle, &c.

UNE JEUNE FILLE.

Et nous, sœurs des héros, nous qui de l'hyménée
Ignorons les aimables nœuds,

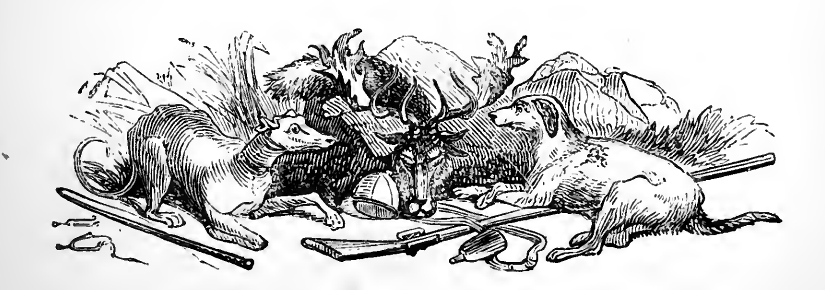
Si pour s'unir un jour à notre destinée,
Les citoyens forment des vœux,
Qu'ils reviennent dans nos murailles,
Beaux de gloire et de liberté
Et que leur sang, dans les battailles,
Ait coulé pour l' égalité.
La république nous appelle, &c.

TROIS GUERRIERS.

Sur le fer, devant Dieu, nous jurons à nos pères,
A nos épouses, a nos sœurs,
A nos représentants, à nos fils, à nos mères ;
D'anéantir les oppresseurs :
En tous lieux, dans la nuit profonde,
Plongeant l'infâme royauté,
Les Français donneront au monde
Et la paix et la liberté !
La république nous appelle, &c.

Marie Joseph de Chénier was born in 1765, at Constantinople, where his father, a man of considerable literary celebrity, was Consul General. He came at an early age to Paris, and produced several tragedies, which owed their success, in a great measure, to the pains which the author took to suit the revolutionary taste of the people. He was also one of the most celebrated writers of patriotic songs. In his latter days he devoted himself to the more sober employment of writing a history of French literature, and died in 1811.

After the Marseillaise hymn the *Chant du Depart* was the most celebrated song of the French revolution. It was written to be sung at a public festival, held on the 11th of June, 1794, to celebrate the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile. The music, which is by Méhul, was composed, it is said, on the spur of the moment, amid the noise and bustle of a crowded saloon.



LE VENGEUR.



SILENCE no longer should we keep,
When she, who was our navy's pride,
Has freely sunk into the deep,
And England's cannonades defied.
Muse, cast thy mourning-veil away,—
Let new-pluck'd laurels deck thy brow,
Our losses are our glories now,—
With exultation we can say.

Gladly for freedom to expire,
And never to her foes to yield;
Such was our country's high desire,
And proudly has it been fulfilled.
To Roman annals, as the fount
Of grandest virtue, do not go;
One Decius only can they show,
While ours by hundreds we can count.

Our sailors with the blood of slaves
The ocean have already dyed;
And now our vessels, o'er the waves,
Laden with prizes gaily ride.
The *Vengeur*, torn by many a wound,
Close to the others cannot keep;
But far behind is forced to creep:
The English squadron hems her round.

"Yield, cursed patriots that ye be,"
Thus the assassins loudly cry;
"Yield to a despot's blood-hounds! we
Republicans would rather die.

No, no, we are prepared to teach
That 'tis your office to retire ;"
The foe would parley, but our fire
Bursts forth and interrupts his speech.

The English chiefs are madden'd all,
That such resistance we can make ;
And long upon their sailors call,
Their thirst for dread revenge to slake.
But yet, in spite of all their ire,
Their lips confess the fatal truth,—
"These French are made of flint, forsooth !
And answer every touch with fire."

The cannonade begins anew,
The English masts are overthrown,
And widely o'er the waters strown,
The foe it seems we shall subdue.
No ; to their rage is food supplied,
For ample powder still is left :
The *Vengeur* is of all bereft,
Except her glory and her pride.

Nought guards us from the leopard's jaws,
Our ammunition is run out ;
After a moment's anxious pause,
Arises honour's parting shout.
All,—dying,—wounded,—take their place
Upon the deck, with hearts elate,
No man of France will hesitate
Between destruction and disgrace.

Within each bosom valour dwells,
Though every one his danger knows ;
The shatter'd flag with anger swells,
And the three-colour proudly shows.
Now sparkles every eye again ;
A hero is each dying man,
The notes of the expiring swan,
They imitate in martial strain.

Of hope, it were in vain to think,
But none their destiny deplore ;

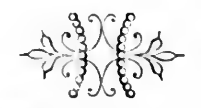
The more they feel the vessel sink,
  Their valour seems to rise the more.
Still the Republic fills their souls ;
  Amid the waves they shout her name,
  Which, wafted by a sea of flame,
To Britain's court triumphant rolls.

A golden branch, for ever young,—
  In ancient fable we are told,—
Pluck'd by the guilty, newly sprung
  Still brighter glories to unfold.
We'll show the haughty British race,
  The Frenchman can such honour boast,—
  That when one *Vengeur* we have lost,
Another hastes to take her place.

What is this vessel, that appears
  Impatient on the stocks to stay ;
Proud of the glorious name she bears,—
  Her heritage,—she darts away ?
No adverse lot our hearts can tame,
  Ye Britons, ye can plainly see ;
  For, though the vessel new may be,
The crew that mans her is the same.

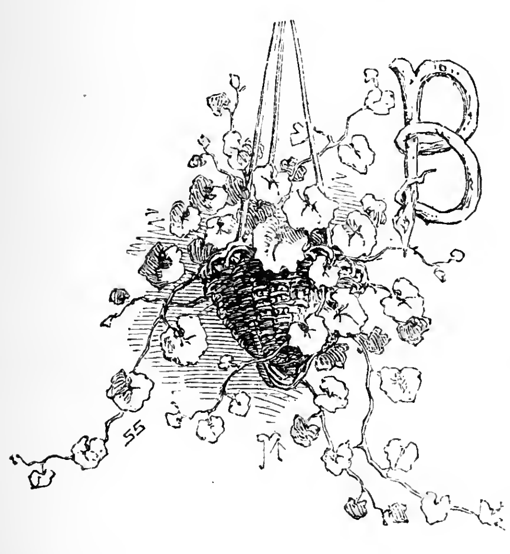
There were few events during the period of the French Revolution which had a greater effect in kindling the enthusiasm of the people, or in inspiring the lyric poets of the period, than the self-sacrifice of the crew of the Vengeur. On the 1st June, 1794, well known in English naval history as the "Glorious 1st of June," Lord Howe, it is unnecessary to say, who commanded the Channel fleet, gained a decisive victory over the French. Six of the French ships were taken, but Le Vengeur, although reduced to a mere hulk, refused to surrender, in spite of numerous solicitations ; and, discharging a last broadside at the English, sank in the waves while the crew shouted 'Vive la République.' The National Convention, who received intelligence of this event on the 9th June, ordered that a model of Le Vengeur should be suspended in the vault of the Pantheon, and that the names of the crew should be inscribed on a column. At the same time a medal was struck, with the inscription "Le triomphe du Vengeur."

The song, of which the above is a version, is by no means remarkable for poetical merit; but it is too characteristic of the period to be omitted. It appears in the collection of MM. Demersan and Ségur, without an author's name.



LA PARISIENNE.

CASIMIR DELAVIGNE.



EHOLD ! thou nation of the brave,
How Freedom's arms are open'd wide.
They sought the people to enslave.
"To arms ! to arms !" the people cried ;
Once more has our own Paris found,
The battle-cry of old renown'd.
Haste the foe to meet.
Think not of retreat,
Let not steel or fire a patriot defeat.

A compact mass, that nought can shake,
Close each to each all firmly stand ;
Let ev'ry man his cartridge make
An off'ring to his native land.
Oh, days ! with glory to be crown'd,
Paris her ancient cry has found.
Haste the foe to meet, &c.

Beneath their fire though many fall,
Fresh warriors spring before our eyes,
Beneath the constant shower of ball
Vet'rans of twenty years arise.
Oh, days ! with glory to be crown'd ;
Paris her ancient heart has found.
Haste the foe to meet, &c.

Who as our leader now appears ?
Who guides our banners—nobly red ?

The Freedom of two hemispheres ;
'Tis Lafayette, with snowy head !
Oh, days ! with glory to be crown'd ;
Paris her ancient cry has found.
Haste the foe to meet, &c.

The tricolor is raised on high ;
With holy rapture we can see,
Shining against a cloudy sky,
The rainbow of our liberty.
Oh, days ! with glory to be crown'd ;
Paris her ancient cry has found.
Haste the foe to meet, &c.

Thou soldier of the tricolor—
Orleans—who bore it long ago,
Thy heart's blood thou would'st freely pour
With that we see already flow.
Oh, days ! with glory to be crown'd ;
Paris her battle-cry has found.
Haste the foe to meet, &c,

Ye drums, roll forth the sound of death,
Proclaim our brethren's early doom
And let us cast the laurel-wreath
Upon their honourable tomb.
Temple with bays and cypress crown'd,
Receive them in thy vaults profound.
March with noiseless feet,
Bare your heads to greet,
That pantheon, which their glory makes complete.

ORIGINAL.

Peuple Français, peuple de braves,
La liberté rouvre ses bras ;
On nous disait : Soyez esclaves !
Nous avons dit : Soyons soldats !
Soudain Paris dans sa mémoire,
A retrouvé son cri de gloire.

En avant, marchons,
Contre leurs canons,
A travers le fer, le feu des battaillons,
Courons à la victoire ! (*bis*)



Serrez vos rangs ! qu'on se soutienne !
Marchons ! chaque enfant de Paris
De sa cartouche citoyenne
Fait une offrande à son pays.
O jours d'éternelle mémoire !
Paris n'a plus qu'un cri de gloire :
En avant, marchons, &c.

La mitraille en vain nous dévore :
Elle enfant des combattants.
Sans les boulets voyez éclore
Ces vieux généraux de vingt ans.
O jours d'éternelle mémoire !
Paris n'a plus qu'un cri de gloire :
En avant, marchons, &c.

Pour briser les masses profondes,
Qui conduit nos drapeaux sanglants ?
C'est la liberté des deux mondes,
C'est Lafayette en cheveux blancs.
O jours d'éternelle mémoire !
Paris n'a plus qu'un cri de gloire :
En avant, marchons, &c.

Les trois couleurs sont revenues,
Et la colonne avec fierté
Fait briller à travers les nues,
L'arc-en-ciel de la liberté.
O jours d'éternelle mémoire !
Paris n'a plus qu'un cri de gloire :
En avant, marchons, &c.

Soldat du drapeau tricolore,
D'Orleans, toi qui l'as porté,
Ton sang se mêlerait encore
A celui qu'il nous a coûté,
Comme aux beaux jours de notre histoire,
Tu rediras ce cri de gloire :
En avant, marchons, &c.

Tambours, du convoi de nos frères
Roulez le funèbre signal.
Et nous de lauriers populaires
Chargeons leur cercueil triomphal.
O temple de deuil et de gloire :
Panthéon, reçois leur mémoire !
Portons-les, marchons,
Decouvrons nos fronts,
Soyez immortels vous tous que nous pleurons
Martyrs de la victoire ! (*bis*)

This celebrated song of Casimir Delavigne might almost be called the Marseillaise of 1830—the year of its composition.

THE AWAKENING OF THE PEOPLE.

(LE REVEIL DU PEUPLE.)

J. M. SOURIGUÈRES.



ATION of brethren, Frenchmen brave !
Feel you no horror at the sight,
When treason dares her flag to wave,
Awaking carnage and affright ?
What ! shall a sanguinary band
Of robbers and assassins dare
To trample on your native land,
And with their breath pollute the air ?

What guilty torpor binds you fast ?
Wake, sov'reign people, quick awake !
To hellish fiends the wretches cast,
Who long with blood their thirst to slake !
War to the death !—should be your cry—
War to all partners in their guilt :
If you could only hate as I,
The blood of all were quickly spilt.

Yea, let them perish—do not spare
Those monsters who would flesh devour,
Who in their craven bosoms bear
The worship of a tyrant's power.
Manes of innocence, who wail
For retribution in your tombs,
Rest, rest ! your murd'rers now grow pale,
At last the day of vengeance comes.

Mark how their limbs with terror shake ;—
They dare not fly,—too well they know
Escape is vain,—each path they take
The blood they vomit forth will show.
Ye shades ! upon your tombs we swear,
By the misfortunes of our land,
That we a hecatomb will rear,
Of that foul man-devouring band.

Ye legislators, good and just,
Chosen to guard the people's right,
Who, with your countenance august,
Our enemies with fear can smite,
Follow your glorious path ;—each name
Dear to humanity will be,
And wafted to the Hall of Fame,
Will dwell with Immortality !

ORIGINAL.

Peuple Français, peuple de frères !
Peux-tu voir, sans frémir d'horreur,
Le crime arborer les bannières
Du carnage et de la terreur.
Tu souffres qu'une horde atroce
Et d'assassins et de brigands,
Souille de son souffle féroce,
Le territoire des vivants !

Quelle est cette lenteur barbare?
Hâte-toi, peuple souverain,
De rendre aux monstres de Ténare
Tous ces buveurs du sang humain !

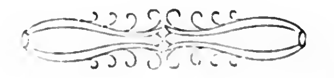
Guerre à tous les agents du crime !
Poursuivons-les jusqu'au trépas ;
Partage l'horreur qui m'anime ;
Ils ne nous échapperont pas !

Ah ! qu'il périssent ces infâmes
Et ces égorgeurs dévorants
Qui portent au fond de leurs âmes,
Le crime et l'amour des tyrans.
Mânes plaintifs de l'innocence,
Apaisez-vous dans vos tombeaux :
Le jour tardif de la vengeance
Fait enfin pâlir vos bourreaux !

Voyez déjà comme ils frémissent !
Ils n'osent fuir, les scélérats !
Les traces de sang qu'ils vomissent
Bientôt décéleraient leurs pas.
Oui, nous jurons sur votre tombe,
Par notre pays malheureux,
De ne faire qu'une hécatombe
De ces cannibales affreux.

Représentants d'un peuple juste,
O, vous legislateurs humains !
De qui la contenance auguste
Fait trembler nos vils assassins,
Suivez le cours de votre gloire ;
Vos noms, chers à l'humanité,
Volent au temple de mémoire,
Au sein de l'immortalité.

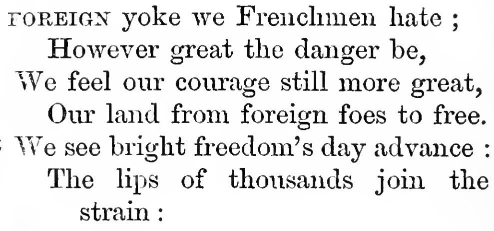
This sanguinary piece of bombast, which represents the worst feelings of the revolution, was prohibited by order of the Directory in 1795, which ordered the performance of *Le Marseillaise*, *Veillons au salut de l'Empire*, *Ça ira*, and the *Chant du Départ*. The pagan allusions with which the song is filled give it an unpopular appearance; but it must be remembered, that during the fever of the revolution, an affectation of the antique style had become almost a second nature.



A FOREIGN FOE WE FRENCHMEN HATE.

(LA FRANCE A L'HORREUR DU SERVAGE.)

CASIMIR and GERMAIN DELAVIGNE.



A FOREIGN yoke we Frenchmen hate ;
  However great the danger be,
We feel our courage still more great,
  Our land from foreign foes to free.
We see bright freedom's day advance :
  The lips of thousands join the strain :
War,—war to tyrants ; in our France
  The haughty English ne'er shall reign.

France—cast aside thy lethargy :
  They think thee dead,—from sleep arise.
A day can see an army die,
  But, oh, a people never dies.
Frenchmen,—with Freedom's cry advance,
  Vict'ry will echo back the strain :
War,—war to tyrants ; in our France
  The haughty English ne'er shall reign.

Though England now may lift her head,
  English our France shall ne'er be made ;
Though Britons o'er our soil are spread,
  O'er them our soil will soon be laid.
So quick with Freedom's songs advance,
  Vict'ry will echo back the strain ;
War,—war to tyrants ; in our France
  The haughty English ne'er shall reign.

ORIGINAL.

LA France a l'horreur du servage,
  Et si grand qui soit le danger,
Plus grand encor est son courage

Quand il faut chasser l'étranger.
Quand il faut chasser, chasser l'étranger.
Vienne le jour de delivrance,
Des cœurs ce vieux cri sortira : (*bis*)

Guerre aux tyrans ! jamais, jamais en France, (*bis*)
Jamais l'Anglais ne régnera. (*bis*)
Non, non, non, jamais, non,
Jamais, en France,
Jamais l' Anglais ne régnera,
Non !

Réveille-toi, France opprimée !
On te crut morte—et tu dormais.
Un jour voit mourir une armée,
Mais un peuple ne meurt jamais. (*bis*)
Jette le cri de délivrance
Et la victoire y répondra :
Guerre aux tyrans, &c.

En France jamais l'Angleterre
N'aura vaincu pour conquérir ;
Les soldats y couvrent la terre,
La terre doit les y couvrir. (*bis*)
Jetons le cri de délivrance
Et la victoire y répondra :

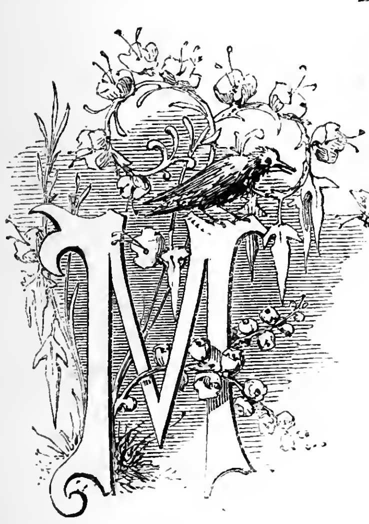
Guerre aux tyrans ! jamais, jamais en France, (*bis*)
Jamais l'Anglais ne regnera, (*bis*)
Non, non, non, jamais, non !
Jamais en France,
Jamais l'Anglais ne régnera,
Non !

This song occurs in *Charles VI.*, an opera by Halévy, produced in 1843. The opera, we believe, attained no permanent reputation, but the song is inserted here on account of the great excitement which it caused during the agitation of the Syrian question.



CHARLES VII.

BÉRANGER.



Y Agnes bids,—I seek the fight,
Adieu to pleasure's bed of down ;
God, heroes, love,—all, all unite,
And aid me to avenge my crown.
Ye English, tremble at the name
Of her I always shall adore ;
Through her I lost all wish for fame,
Through her to honour wake once more.

Of all nobility bereft,
A Frenchman and a king I lay
Enchanted, and my land I left
To English swords an easy prey.
One word she spake,—and, lo ! with shame
My burning cheek was mantled o'er.
Through her I lost all wish for fame,
Through her to honour wake once more.

If for my France my blood must flow,
Each life-drop I will gladly spill ;
But, Agnes, 'tis not order'd so,—
Thy Charles will live, and conquer still.
Wearing her colours and her name,
To certain victory I soar ;
Through her I lost all wish for fame,
Through her to honour wake once more.

Saintrailles, Trémouille, Dunois the brave,—
Oh, that will be a glorious day,
When from the battle-field I have
New wreaths, my mistress to array.

Ye Frenchmen, long revere the name
Of her who could your land restore ;
Through her I lost all wish for fame,
Through her to honour wake once more.

All Béranger's more serious songs have a practical object. Charles VII. and his mistress Agnes Sorel are merely revived to arouse the national spirit of the French against foreigners.

THE GODDESS.

(LA DÉESSE.)

BÉRANGEE.



ND is it you, who once appeared so fair,
Whom a whole people follow'd to adore,
And, thronging after your triumphant chair,
Call'd you by *her* great name, whose flag you bore ?
Flush'd with the acclamations of the crowd,
Conscious of beauty (you were fair to see !)
With your new glory you were justly proud,
Goddess of Liberty !

Over the Gothic ruins as you past,
Your train of brave defenders swept along,
And on your pathway flow'ry wreaths were cast,
While virgins' hymns mix'd with the battle-song.
I, a poor orphan, in misfortune bred,—
For fate her bitterest cup allotted me,—
Cried : " Be a parent, in my mother's stead,
Goddess of Liberty !"

Foul deeds were done that glorious time to shame,
But that—a simple child—I did not know ;
I felt delight to spell my country's name,
And thought with horror of the foreign foe.

All arm'd against the enemy's attack ;
We were so poor, but yet we were so free ;
Give me those happy days of childhood back,
Goddess of Liberty !

Like a volcano, which its ashes flings
Until its fire is smother'd by their fall,
The people sleeps ; the foe his balance brings,
And says, "We'll weigh thy treasure, upstart Gaul."
When to high Heaven our drunken vows we paid,
And worship e'en to beauty dared decree,—
You were our dream,—the shadow of a shade,—
Goddess of Liberty !

Again I see you,—time has fled too fast,—
Your eyes are lustreless and loveless now ;
And when I speak about the glorious past,
A blush of shame o'erspreads your wrinkled brow.
Still be consoled ; you did not fall alone,
Though lost thy youth, car, altar, flowers, may be,
Virtue and glory, too, are with thee gone,
Goddess of Liberty !

Béranger, in this song, written some time after the Restoration, looks back in melancholy mood on the hopeful dreams of the French populace, when the so-called "Goddess of Reason" was paraded through the streets in Dec., 1793, at which date the poet was 13 years of age. He is supposed to address the female who personified Reason on the occasion, and it is impossible not to perceive that something like contempt for the excesses of the revolution is mingled with the regrets of the Republican.

M. de Lamartine thus describes the procession to which Béranger alludes : "On the 20th of December, the day fixed for the installation of the new worship (of Reason), the communes, the convention, and the authorities of Paris proceeded in a body to the cathedral. Chaumette, assisted by Laïs, an actor of the Opera, had arranged the plan of the *fête*. Madlle. Malliard, an actress, brilliant with youth and talent, lately a favourite of the Queen, and always admired by the public, had been compelled, by the menaces of Chaumette, to play the part of the popular divinity. She entered, borne in a palanquin, the canopy of which was formed of branches of oak. Women, dressed in white, and adorned with tri-coloured sashes, preceded her. The popular societies, the fraternal societies of women, the revolutionary committees, the sections, besides, groups of singers and dancers from the opera, surrounded the throne. Attired with the theatrical buskins on her feet, with the Phrygian cap on her head, and with a blue chlamys over an almost transparent white tunic, the priestess was borne to the foot of the altar, to the sound of musical instruments, and took her seat in the most sacred place. Behind her burned an immense torch, symbolising the flame of philosophy, which was henceforth to be the only light of the churches. The actress lighted the torch, and Chaumette taking the censer from the hands of two acolytes, fell on his knees and offered up incense. Dances and hymns enchanted the senses of the spectators."

THE MARQUIS DE CARABAS.

BÉRANGER.

ON proud old Marquis see,
A conquer'd race, he thinks, are we.
His steed has brought him home,
Once more amongst us has he come.
To his old Château,
Only see him go :
How the noble lord
Wears his bloodless sword !
Chapeau bas ! chapeau bas !
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas !

"Hear me, ye vassals all,
Castellans, villeins, great and small ;
Through me, through me alone,
The king was set upon his throne.
If he should neglect,
All the deep respect
Which I claim, to pay,
Then the deuce I'll play.
Chapeau bas ! chapeau bas !
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas.

"Though to calumniate
My name, they of a miller prate ;
My lineage I trace
To one of Little Pepin's race ;
By my arms I know,
There is none can show
Such a pedigree,—
Not his Majesty.
Chapeau bas ! chapeau bas !
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas !

"Who can resist me, pray?
My lady has the *tabouret*,*
My younger son is sure,
At Court, a mitre to procure;
Then my noble heir,
Who a cross would wear,
Three at least shall have,
Though not over brave.
Chapeau bas! chapeau bas!
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas!

"In peace I mean to live,
Let none a hint of taxes give;
A gentleman, we know,
Can nothing to his country owe.
Snug in my castle, I
Shall all the world defy;
The prefect soon will find,
That I can speak my mind.
Chapeau bas! chapeau bas!
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas!

"Your battle, priests, we fought.
And so in equity we ought
Your tithes with you to share:
The burden let the people bear.
To us belongs the chace,
The vile plebeian race
For nothing else is fit
But simply to submit.†
Chapeau bas! chapeau bas!
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas!

"Your duty do, *curé*,
To me with incense homage pay;
Ye lackeys do your best,
And see the rabble's jackets dress'd.
My great forefathers gave
The privilege I have,

* The right of sitting in the presence of the queen.
† The vagueness of the translation here need not be explained.

And e'en my latest heirs,
Shall boast that it is theirs.
Chapeau bas! chapeau bas!
Hail to the Marquis of Carabas!



ORIGINAL.

Voyez ce vieux marquis
Nous traiter en peuple conquis;
Son coursier décharné
De loin chez nous l'a ramené.
Vers son vieux castel
Ce noble mortel
Marche en brandissant
Un sabre innocent.
Chapeau bas! Chapeau bas!
Gloire au Marquis de Carabas!

Aumoniers, châtelains,
Vassaux, vavassaux, et vilains,
C'est moi, dit-il, c'est moi,
Qui seul ai rétabli mon roi.
Mais s'il ne me rend
Les droits de mon rang,
Avec moi, corbleu!
Il verra beau jeu.
Chapeau bas, &c.

Pour me calomnier,
Bien qu'on ait parlé d'un meunier.
Ma famille eut pour chef
Un des fils de Pépin-le-Bref.
D'après mon blason
Je crois ma maison
Plus noble, ma foi,
Que celle du roi.
Chapeau bas, &c.

Qui me résisterait?
La marquise a le tabouret,
Pour être évêque un jour
Mon dernier fils suivra la cour.

Mon fils le baron,
Quoiqu'un peu poltron,
Veut avoir des croix,
Il en aura trois ;
Chapeau bas, &c.

Vivons donc en repos,
Mais l'on m'ose parler d'impôts !
A l'État, pour son bien,
Un gentilhomme ne doit rien.
Grâce à mes crénaux,
A mes arsenaux,
Je puis au préfet
Dire un peu son fait.
Chapeau bas, &c.

Prêtres que nous vengeons,
Levez la dîme et partageons ;
Et toi, peuple animal,
Porte encor le bât féodal.
Seul nous chasserons,
Et tous vos tendrons
Subiront l'honneur
Du droit du seigneur.
Chapeau bas, &c.

Curé, fais ton devoir,
Remplis pour moi ton encensoir ;
Vous, pages et varlets,
Guerre aux vilains, et rossez-les !
Que de mes aïeux
Ces droits glorieux
Passent tout entiers
A mes héritiers.
Chapeau bas, &c.

This song, which is dated 1816, is one of the many in which Béranger satirised the attempts of the old nobility to assume their former position after the Restoration.

THE OLD CORPORAL.

(LE VIEUX CAPORAL.)

BÉRANGER.

OME, gallant comrades, move apace,
With shoulder'd musket march away ;
I've got my pipe and your embrace.
So quickly give me my *congé.*
Too old I in the service grew,
But rather useful I could be,
As father of the drill to you.
March merrily :
And do not weep,
Or sadly creep,
But, comrades, march on merrily.

An officer,—an upstart *swell,*—
Insulted me,—I broke his head ;
I'm sentenced,—he is getting well :
Your corporal will die instead.
My wrath and brandy fired me so,
I cared for nought, and then, d'ye see,
I served the great man long ago,—
March merrily,
And do not weep, &c.

Young conscripts—you, I'm sure, will not
Lose arms or legs, a cross to get ;
The cross you see me wear I got
In wars, where kings were overset.
You willingly would stand the drink,
Old battle-tales to hear from me ;
Still, glory's something, I must think,—
March merrily,
And do not weep, &c.

You, Robert, who were born and bred
  In mine own village,—mind your sheep;
Soon April will its beauties shed,
  The garden-trees cast shadows deep.
At dawn of day I've sought the wood,
  And, oh, what pleasures fell to me;
My mother lives,—well, Heaven is good!
      March merrily,
    And do not weep, &c.

Who is it that stands blubb'ring there?
  Is that the drummer's widow, pray?
In Russia, through the frosty air,
  Her son I carried, night and day;
Else, like the father, in the snows,
  They both had died,—her child and she:
She's praying for me, I suppose,—
      March merrily,
    And do not weep, &c.

Morbleu, my pipe has just gone out;
  No, no, I'm merry,—so ne'er mind.
This is our journey's end, no doubt:
  My eyes, an' please you, do not bind.
Be careful, friends,—don't fire too low:
  I grieve so troublesome to be;
Good bye,—to Heaven I hope you'll go,—
      March merrily:
    And do not weep,
    Or sadly creep,
But, comrades, march on merrily.

This regretful reminiscence of the grand army in the person of an old corporal, about to be shot for insubordination during the rule of a dynasty he detests, is dated 1829.



THE WHITE COCKADE.

(LA COCARDE BLANCHE.)

BÉRANGER.

GREAT day of peace and happiness,
By which the vanquish'd free are made ;
Great day that dawn'd our France to bless
With honour and the white cockade.

The theme for ladies' ears is meet,
Sing the success of monarchs brave ;
How rebel Frenchmen they could beat,
And all the pious Frenchmen save.
Great day of, &c.

Sing how the foreign hordes could pour
Into our land, and how with ease
They open'd every yielding door,—
When we had given up the keys.
Great day of, &c.

Had it not been for this bless'd day,
What dire misfortunes now might lour ;
The tricolor might,—who can say ?
Float over London's ancient tower.
Great day of, &c.

Our future hist'ry will record,
How to the Cossacks of the Don,
Kneeling, we pardon once implored
For Frenchmen slain and glory gone.
Great day of, &c.

Then to the foreigners drink we,
At this most national repast,
Who brought back our nobility,
After so many dangers past.
Great day of, &c.

Another toast,—and then we've done,—
  A cup to Henry's name is due,
Who took, by his own arm alone,
  The throne of France and Paris too.
    Great day of, &c.

This is one of the many songs in which Béranger expresses his indignation at the entrance of the allies into Paris. It is dated March, 1816, and the poet satirically remarks that it is to be sung at a dinner given by the Royalists to celebrate that event.

THE SENATOR.

(LE SENATEUR.)

BÉRANGER.

ROSE my wife I must adore,
  She has eyes that sparkle so ;
My good friend the senator
  To my Rose alone I owe.
First upon my wedding-day,
He a visit came to pay ;
    How I bless
    My happiness.
Yes, great senator, oh yes,
I'm your servant, I confess.

His good deeds,—I note them all,—
  Are unequall'd, I aver ;
He took Rosa to a ball
  Given by the minister.
He shakes hands whene'er we meet,
Though 'tis in the open street.
    How I bless, &c.

Near my Rose he's always gay,
  Nought of foolish pride has he ;
When my wife is sick, he'll play
  Quietly at cards with me.
Me on New-year's day he greets,
Me at Midsummer he treats.
    How I bless, &c.

If, perchance, it rains so hard
I am forced to stay at home ;
Then he shows his kind regard,
"Come," he says, "good fellow, come,
Take your ride, you surely know
That my carriage waits below."
How I bless, &c.

Once, when at his country-house,
With champagne he turn'd my head,
I got tipsy, and my spouse
Slumber'd in a sep'rate bed.
Still my bed, in any case,
Was the best in all the place.
How I bless, &c.

Heav'n has blest me with a boy,
For his sponsor stands my friend,
Who sheds o'er him tears of joy,
Giving kisses without end ;
And my darling son, I feel,
Has a corner in his will.
How I bless, &c.

Jokes his noble soul divert,
Though too far I sometimes go ;
Once I told him at dessert,—
"'Tis a fact, sir, as I know,
People say,—indeed 'tis true,—
Rose is far too fond of you."
How I bless, &c.

ORIGINAL.

Mon épouse fait ma gloire :
Rose a de si jolis yeux !
Je lui dois, l'on peut m'en croire,
Un ami bien précieux.
Le jour où j'obtins sa foi,
Un sénateur vint chez moi !

Quel honneur !
Quel bonheur !
Ah ! monsieur le sénateur
Je suis votre humble serviteur.

De ses faits je tiens registre,
C'est un homme sans égal,
L'autre hiver, chez un ministre
Il mena ma femme au bal.
S'il me trouve en son chemin,
Il me frappe dans la main.
Quel honneur, &c.

Près de Rose il n'est point fade,
Et n'a rien de freluquet.
Lorsque ma femme est malade,
Il fait mon cent de piquet.
Il m'embrasse au jour de l'an ;
Il me fête à la Saint-Jean :
Quel honneur, &c.

Chez moi qu'un temps effroyable
Me retienne après diner,
Il me dit, d'un air aimable :
"Allez donc vous proméner ;
Mon cher, ne vous gênez" pas,
Mon équipage est la-bas.
Quel honneur, &c.

Certain soir, à sa campagne
Il nous mena par hasard.
Il m'enivra de Champagne ;
Et Rose fit lit à part.
Mais de la maison, ma foi,
Le plus beau lit fut pour moi.
Quel honneur, &c.

A l'infant que Dieu m'envoie,
Pour parrain je l'ai donné.
C'est presqu'en pleurant de joie
Qu'il baise le nouveau-né ;
Et mon fils, dès ce moment,
Est mis sur son testament.
Quel honneur, &c.

A table il aime qu'on rie ;
  Mais parfois j'y suis trop vert.
J'ai poussé la raillerie
  Jusqu' à lui dire au dessert :
On croit, j'en suis couvaincu,
Que vous me faites c . . .
    Quel honneur !
    Quel bonheur !
Ah ! monsieur le sénateur,
Je suis votre humble serviteur.

This song, which is dated 1813, and appeared about the same time as the "Roi d'Yvetot," is associated with the latter, by the circumstance, that they both represent the first inclination of Béranger to come before the world as a political poet.

LOW-BORN.

(LE VILAIN.)

BÉRANGER.

I FIND they're taking me to task
  For writing "de" before my name ;
"Are you of noble line," they ask ;
  No—Heav'n be lauded for the same :
No patent sign'd by royal hand
  On stately vellum can I show,
I only love my native land,—
  Oh I am low-born—very low.

No "de" my ancestors could give,
  Their story in my blood I trace,
Beneath a tyrant forced to live ;
  They cursed the despot of their race.
But he for privilege was born,
  And soon, alas ! he let them know,
He was the mill-stone,—they the corn :
  Oh I am low-born—very low.

Ne'er did my fathers, I can say,
  Live on their peasants' sweat and blood,
Or seek the trav'ller to waylay,
  While toiling through the darksome wood.

Not one his native village spurn'd,
  Or by some wizard at a blow
Was to a royal lackey turn'd,—
  Oh I am low-born—very low.

My brave forefathers never thought
  To take a part in civil broils;
And ne'er the English leopard brought
  To feed upon their country's spoils;
And when the church, through base intrigue
  Brought all to ruin, sure though slow,
Not one of them would sign the league:
  Oh I am low-born—very low.

Seek not my humour to control,
  I grasp the banner which you spurn;
Ye nobles of the button-hole,
  To rising-suns your incense burn.
A common race is dear to me;
  Though gay, I feel my neighbour's woe:
I only flatter poverty,—
  Oh I am low-born—very low.

JACQUES.

BÉRANGER.

JACQUES, wake from slumber if you can,
  For here's an usher tall and stout
  Who through the village sniffs about:
He's coming for your tax, poor man.
    So out of bed, Jacques, quickly spring,
    Here comes the usher of the king.

The sun is up,—why thus delay!
  You never were so hard to waken,
  Old Remi's furniture they've taken
For sale, before the break of day,
    So out of bed, &c.

Without a sou! oh, wretched fate!
  Those dogs would seize your very soul.
  Just ask a month to pay the whole,
Perhaps the king will kindly wait.
    So out of bed, &c.

By these hard taxes, poor as rats,
  Unhappy wretches we are made:
  My distaff only and your spade,
Keep us, our father, and our brats.
    So out of bed, &c.

Our land with this small hovel makes
  A quarter acre, they are sure;
  The poor man's tears are its manure,
And usury the harvest takes.
    So out of bed, &c.

Our work is hard, our gain is small;
  We ne'er shall taste a pig I fear,
  For food has grown so very dear,
With everything, the salt and all.
    So out of bed, &c.

A draught of wine new heart might bring;
  But then the wine is tax'd as well;
  Still never mind, love, go and sell
To buy a cup, my wedding-ring.
    So out of bed, &c.

Dream you of wealth, of some good change,
  That fate, at last, its grip relaxes?
  What to the wealthy are the taxes?
Mere mice that nibble in the grange.
    So out of bed, &c.

He comes! oh Heav'ns, what must I fear?
  Your cheek is pale, no word you say,
  You spoke of suff'ring yesterday,
You, who so much in silence bear.
    So out of bed, &c.

She calls in vain,—extinct is life,
For those, whom labour has worn out,
An easy end is death, no doubt :
Pray, all good people, for his wife.
Thou, out of bed, &c.

This deeply pathetic song, intended to set forth the miseries of the rural poor, belongs to a somewhat late period of the life of Béranger.

THE GIRONDINS.



When with the cannon's mighty voice,
Her many children France invites,
The soldier feels his heart rejoice,
And for his mother proudly fights.
Sublime is death indeed,
When for our native land — for liberty we bleed.

We die, from battle-fields remote,
Yet not ignoble is our doom !
To France and freedom we devote
Our heads, and gladly seek the tomb.
Sublime is death indeed,
When for our native land — for liberty we bleed.

Brethren, we die a martyr's death,
A noble creed we all profess ;
No word of sorrow let us breathe ;
Our France one day our name will bless.
Sublime is death indeed,
When for our native land—for liberty we bleed.

Then unto God your voices lift
In gratitude,—a single sigh
Would ill repay Him for his gift—
It is for liberty we die.
Sublime is death indeed,
When for our native land—for liberty we bleed.

ORIGINAL.

Par la voix du canon d'alarme,
La France appelle ses enfans :
Allons, dit le soldat : Aux armes !
C'est ma mère, je la défends.
Mourir pour la patrie ! (*bis*)
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie. (*bis*)

Nous, amis, que loin des batailles,
Succombons dans l'obscurité,
Vouons, du moins, nos funérailles
A la France ! à la liberté !
Mourir pour la patrie !
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie. (*bis*)

Frères, pour une cause sainte,
Quand chacun de nous est martyr,
Ne proférons pas une plainte,
La France un jour doit nous bénir.
Mourir pour la patrie ! (*bis*)
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie. (*bis*)

Du créateur de la nature,
Bénissons encore la bonté,
Nous plaindre serait une injure,
Nous mourons pour la liberté.
Mourir pour la patrie ! (*bis*)
C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie.

This song, which MM. Alexander Dumas and Maquet wrote for the drama *Le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge*, is intimately connected with the history of the revolution oi 1840. M. de Lamartine's famous history of the Girondins had just appeared, and had made the public familiar with the fate of those illustrious martyrs, when the excitement was further increased by the drama above mentioned, in which was introduced the last banquet of the Girondins, who were represented singing "Mourir pour la patrie" in chorus. *Le Chevalier de la Maison Rouge* was produced in 1847 at the Théâtre Historique, and in February, 1848, this was a popular song among the republican combatants.



THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

(LA CHAMP DE BATAILLE.)

EMILE DEBREAUX.—died 1831.

ARD by the spot, where once two nations sought,
To win a universe by war's rough play,
The warrior rests, and oft bestows a thought,
On toils and sufferings that have past away.
At length the brazen fiend has ceased to spoil,
Benignant Providence! the world's fair face;
Now, blood of heroes, fertilise the soil,
Let roses spring to hide the battle's trace.

Gaze on the plain before thine eyes displayed,
Where corn, and grapes, and flowers abundant grow;
Tell me, if God so fair a land has made,
Only that blood and tears may through it flow.
No! Beauty sees it with her sunny smile,
And pleased, selects it for her dwelling-place;
Oh, blood of heroes, fertilise the soil,
Let roses spring to hide the battle's trace.

With tall plumes proudly waving in the air,
The sons of Nemours and of Great Condé,
Too long with their moustache have tried to scare
All love and ev'ry gentle sport away.
Mars, cease at length thy sanguinary toil,
Let Venus' boy our slaughter'd sons replace;
Oh, blood of heroes, fertilise the soil,
Let roses spring to hide the battle's trace.

A thousand villages are now no more,
A hundred thousand corpses gash'd and torn,
The streams have poison'd of a distant shore ;
And now,—what fruit has all this carnage borne ?
The foeman came, and took his golden spoil,
The guerdon of our valour was disgrace ;
Oh, blood of heroes, fertilise the soil,
Let roses spring to hide the battle's trace.

But, lo ! before my feet an eagle gleams,
A relic half devour'd by time and rust,
And in my heart awaken bitter dreams
Of tow'ring glory humbled to the dust.
Thou sought'st to grasp the thunder as thy spoil,
But Mars soon hurl'd thee from thy haughty place ;
Oh, blood of heroes, fertilise the soil,
Let roses spring to hide the battle's trace.

Was it not here, a remnant of our brave—
The only remnant—shed their glorious blood,
Proud to escape the fetters of the slave,
And to the last the leopard's fang withstood ?
And Frenchmen, sold to England, could meanwhile,
Survey the slaughter with unblushing face.
Oh, blood of heroes, fertilise the soil ;
Let roses spring to hide the battle's trace.

When, while a thousand flowers beneath them spring,
Our joyous youth shall sport upon this plain,
And tender damsels songs of love shall sing,
Some martial shade will listen to the strain :
Or, marking love's soft battles with a smile,
Will whisper from his dark abiding-place,
"Oh, blood of heroes, fertilise the soil,
Let roses spring to hide the battle's trace."



THE CORONATION OF CHARLES THE SIMPLE.

(LE SACRE DE CHARLES LE SIMPLE.)

BÉRANGER.

YE Frenchmen, who at Rheims are met,
"Montjoie and St. Denis" repeat.
The ampoule we have got once more,
The sparrows in a merry flock
Are all set loose, as heretofore.
And seem the state of man to mock.
About the church each flutt'rer flies,
The monarch smiles their sport to see ;
The people cries : Dear birds, take warning and be wise,
Birds, mind you keep your liberty.

As now we're on the ancient track,
To Charles the Third will I go back,
That worthy grandson of Charlemagne—
Whom folks the "Simple" aptly call,
So famous by the great campaign,
In which he did just nought at all.
But to his crowning here we go
While birds and flatterers sing with glee ;
The people cries : No foolish gladness show,
Birds, mind you keep your liberty.

This king, bedeck'd with tinsel fine
Who on fat taxes loves to dine,
Is marching with a faithful throng
Of subjects, who in wicked times,
With rebel banners tramp'd along,
And aided an usurper's crimes.—
Now cash has set all right again,
Good faith should well rewarded be,
The people cries : We dearly buy our chain ;—
Birds, mind you keep your liberty.

Charles kneels embroidered priests before,
And mumbles his "Confiteor,"

Then he's anointed, kiss'd, and dress'd,
  And while the hymns salute his ear
His hand upon the book is press'd,
  And his confessor whispers :—Swear !
Rome, who cares most about the clause,
  The faithful from an oath can free ;
The people cries :—Thus do they wield our laws,
  Birds, mind you keep your liberty.

The royal wight has scarcely felt,
About his waist old Charles's belt,
Than in the dust he humbly lies.
  A soldier shouts "King, do not crouch,"
"Keep where you are," a bishop cries,
  "And mind you fill the church's pouch.
I crown you, and a gift from heav'n,
  The gift of priests must surely be."
The people cries :—Lo, Kings to Kings are given !
  Birds, mind you keep your liberty.

Ye birds, this king we prize so much
Can cure the evil with his touch :
Fly, birds, although you are in fact
  The only gay ones in the church.
You might commit more impious act,
  If on the altar you should perch.
The sanguinary tools of kings
  Placed, as the altar's guard we see ;
The people cries :—We envy you your wings ;
  Birds, mind you guard your liberty.—

This is one of the songs which led to the persecution of Béranger in 1828. The poet in a note gives the following information respecting "Charles the Simple," with the evident intention of establishing a parallel between that ancient king and Charles X., the real object of the satire. "Charles the Simple, one of the successors of Charlemagne, was driven from his throne by Eudes, Count of Paris. He took refuge in England, then in Germany, but on the death of Eudes in 898, the lords and bishops of France, who were attached to Charles, restored to him the crown, which he afterwards lost. Betrayed by Hébert, Count de Vermandois, he was imprisoned at Peronne, where he died in 924.

The ancient French custom of letting loose a number of birds on the occasion of a king's coronation, was revived when Charles X. was crowned at Rheims in 1815. The "clause" referred to in the fourth stanza is the article in the Charte, relating to religious liberty.

OH, IF MY LADY NOW WERE BY!

(AH, SI MA DAME ME VOYAIT.)

Anonymous.



H, if my lady now were by!"
The brave Fleurange with rapture cried,
As every peril he defied,
And fearless scaled the fortress high.
He proudly bore the flag of France,
And, guarding it with flashing eye,
Cried, every time he smote his lance,
"Oh, if my lady now were by!"

They feasted well the gallant knight,
And games and tournaments there were,
And likewise many ladies fair,
Whose eyes with looks of love were bright.
A piercing glance, a winning smile,
His constancy would often try;
But he would say—and sigh the while—
"Oh, if my lady now were by!"

Our chevalier was hurt at last
While guarding well the flag of France;
And, smitten by the foeman's lance,
Was from his saddle rudely cast.
He thought the fatal hour was near,
And said: "Alas! 'tis hard to die,
So far away from all that's dear,—
"Oh, if my lady now were by!"

Descendants of those knights of old,
Oh, may ye, for your country's sake,

Your fathers for example take,—
Their noble words,—their actions bold.
And Fleurange, may thy motto be
A charm to make all hearts beat high,
That all may proudly cry, like thee,
"Oh, if my lady now were by!"

ORIGINAL.

Ah! si ma dame me voyait!
S'écriait le brave Fleurange,
Se trouvant en péril étrange,
Sous un fort qu'il escaladait.
Portant l'étendard de la France
En héros il le défendait,
Disant à chaque coup de lance,
"Ah, si ma dame me voyait!"

On fêta le preux chevalier,
Dans maints tournois et cour plénière,
Plus d'une beauté printanière
Là, d'amour s'en vint le prier.
Emu d'un regard, d'un sourire
Quelque fois son cœur chancelait;
Puis à regret il semblait dire:
"Ah, si ma dame me voyait!"

Fut blessé le preux chevalier,
Défendant l'honneur de la France,
Et par un coup mortel de lance
Renversé de son destrier.
Se croyant à sa dernière heure,
En soupirant, il répétait;
Loin d'elle faut-il que je meure,
"Ah, si ma dame me voyait!"

O vous! l'espoir de mon pays
Descendant de ces preux fidèles.
Ah! prenez toujours pour modèles,—
Leurs hauts faits et leurs nobles dits.

Fleurange, puisse ta devise
Rendre tout chevalier parfait ;
Et comme toi, que chacun dise :
"Ah, si ma dame me voyait !"

This song, which is anonymous, is a specimen of the same class as *Le Vaillant Troubadour* which follows.

THE GALLANT TROUBADOUR.

(LE VAILLANT TROUBADOUR.)

Anonymous.



HE gallant troubadour—a foe to care—
To battle hastens ; and a tribute flings
Of deep devotion to his lady fair,
As flying from her arms he gaily sings :
"To France my arm is due,
My heart to thee is true ;
Death has no terror in the minstrel's eyes,
For love and glory willingly he dies."

Oft in the camp his lady he regrets,
And in a pensive mood he sweeps the strings,
For still there is a strain he ne'er forgets,
And thus with helmet on his brow, he sings :
"To France my arm is due," &c.

The minstrel dauntless in the field is found,
And many foemen to the ground he brings ;
But even now while carnage reigns around,
Through the rude noise of battle thus he sings :
"To France my arm is due," &c.

Too soon, alas! his valour gains its prize,
And death o'ertakes him with his rapid wings;
Struck by a lance, the minstrel falls and dies,
But with his parting breath, he gaily sings:
"To France my arm is due," &c.

ORIGINAL.

Brûlant d'amour et partant pour la guerre,
Un troubadour, enemi du chagrin,
Dans son délire, à sa jeune bergère,
En la quittant répétait ce refrain:
Mon bras à mon patrie,
Mon cœur à mon amie,
Mourir gaiment pour la gloire et l'amour,
C'est le devoir d'un vaillant troubadour.

Dans le bivouac le troubadour fidèle,
Le casque au front, la guitare à la main,
Toujours pensif, et regrettant sa belle,
Allait partout en chantant ce refrain:
Mon bras, &c.

Dans les combats déployant son courage,
Des ennemis terminant le destin,
Le troubadour, au milieu du carnage,
Faisait encore entendre ce refrain,
Mon bras, &c.

Ce brave, hélas! pour prix de sa vaillance,
Trouva bientôt le trépas en chemin;
Il expira sous le fer d'une lance,
Nommant sa belle et chantant son refrain:
Mon bras à ma patrie,
Mon cœur à mon amie,
Mourir gaîment pour la gloire et l'amour,
C'est le devoir d'un vaillant troubadour.

This song, once to be found in every music-book, is a perfect specimen of the old-fashioned chivalric song of France. The author is anonymous.



THE DEPARTURE FOR SYRIA.

(LE DÉPART POUR LA SYRIE.)

To Syria young Dunois will go,
That gallant, handsome knight,
And prays the Virgin to bestow
Her blessing on the fight.
"Oh! thou who reign'st in Heaven above,"
He prayed, "grant this to me—
The fairest maiden let me love,
The bravest warrior be."

He pledges then his knightly word,
His vow writes on the stone,
And following the Count, his lord,
To battle he has gone.

To keep his oath he ever strove,
  And sang aloud with glee:
"The fairest maid shall have my love,
  And honour mine shall be."

Then said the Count, "To thee we owe
  Our victory, I confess;
Glory on me thou didst bestow,
  I give thee happiness:
My daughter, whom I fondly love,
  I gladly give to thee;
She, who is fair all maids above,
  Should valour's guerdon be."

They kneel at Mary's altar both,
  The maid and gallant knight;
And there with happy hearts their troth
  Right solemnly they plight.
It was a sight all souls to move,
  And all cried joyously,
"Give honour to the brave, and love
  Shall beauty's guerdon be."

ORIGINAL.

PARTANT pour la Syrie,
  Le jeune et beau Dunois
Venait prier Marie
  De bénir ses exploits:
"Faites, reine immortelle,"
  Lui, dit-il, en partant,
"Que j'aime la plus belle,
  Et sois le plus vaillant."

Il trace sur la pierre
  Le serment de l'honneur,
Et va suivre à la guerre
  Le comte, son seigneur.
Au noble vœu fidèle,
  Il dit en combattant:
"Amour à la plus belle,
  Honneur au plus vaillant."

"On lui doit la victoire
  Vraiment," dit le seigneur ;
"Puisque tu fais ma gloire
  Je ferai ton bonheur.
De ma fille Isabelle
  Sois l' époux à l'instant ;
Car elle est la plus belle,
  Et toi le plus vaillant."

A l' autel de Marie
  Ils contractent tous deux,
Cette union chérie
  Qui seule rend heureux.
Chacun dans la chapelle
  Disait en les voyant :
"Amour à la plus belle,
  Honneur au plus vaillant."

The music of this song, which was composed by Queen Hortense, mother of the present Emperor Louis Napoleon, is now the national air of the French Empire. The words are attributed to M. de Laborde. The date is 1809.

THE SABRE.

(LE SABRE.)

EMILE DEBREAUX.

BACK to the cottage he had left, when young,
  The vet'ran soldier came, when peace was made :
Against the wall his trusty sword he hung
  Beneath his gen'ral's portrait, and he said :
"At last, old sword, our stormy days must cease ;
  No more will victory reward thy blows,
Thy ancient glory terminates in peace,—
  Repose, but do not rust in thy repose.

"One day, I sat before my humble cot,—
  Then fifteen summers I could scarcely tell,—
I saw my country's banners proudly float,
  With love of glory felt my bosom swell.

I swore that I would rival those whose name
  Immortal honour on our France bestows,
Alas! but transient was my dream of fame,—
  Repose, but do not rust in thy repose.

"Upon the desert, now with ashes strown
  Of fallen heroes—whom we all regret—
The weight of the French sabre hast thou shown,—
  That weight the Cossack never will forget.
On the Loire's margin thou wast idly laid,
  But neither angry winds nor Russian snows,
Have dimm'd my glory, or thy lustrous blade;
  Repose, but do not rust in thy repose.

"Thou hast work'd bravely for our native land,
  With thee I would defy the knife of Spain;
When I had grasp'd thee firmly in my hand,
  The Roman his stiletto drew in vain;
On thee has England's sword dealt many a stroke,
  But thou hast prov'd a match for all her blows;
The Turkish cimitar thou oft hast broke;—
  Repose, but do not rust in thy repose.

"I used thee in the cause of right, old friend,
  The sight of thee no dark remembrance brings;
My good right arm and thee, I ne'er would lend
  To foreign foemen or oppressive kings.
Free from dishonour thou hast e'er remain'd,—
  Heed not the taunts that spiteful envy throws,—
With blood of France thou never hast been stain'd:
  Repose, but do not rust in thy repose.

Béranger, in a note to a song, which he introduced as a poetical prospectus to the works of Emile Debreaux, gives the following short biography. "Emile Debreaux died at the commencement of 1831, aged thirty-three years. Few song-writers could boast of a popularity equal his, which was, moreover, well deserved. Nevertheless, his existence was always obscure; he never knew the art of making his way or of asking a favour. During the period of the Restoration he allowed himself to be prosecuted, judged, condemned, and imprisoned, without uttering a single word of complaint, and I am not aware that one of the public papers offered him a single word of consolation. He was often reduced to the task of copying theatrical parts, for the support of his wife and three children."

The songs that are peculiarly typical of Debreaux, such as *Fanfan, la Tulipe*, and *P'tit Mimile*, could scarcely be rendered into English. In the song given above, and in the one given at p. 171, he is in a graver mood than ordinary.

MARLBROOK.



MARLBROOK has gone to battle,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine,—
Marlbrook has gone to battle,
But when will he return?

He will return at Easter,
Mironton, &c.
He will return at Easter,
Or else at Trinity.

But Trinity is over,—
Mironton, &c.
But Trinity is over
And yet he is not here.

Madame gets up her castle,—
Mironton, &c.
Madame gets up her castle,
As high as she can go.

And there she sees her page-a,—
Mironton, &c.
And there she sees her page-a,
In suit of black he's clad.

My page, my page, so handsome,—
Mironton, &c.
My page, my page, so handsome,
What tidings dost thou bring?

Ah! lady, at my tidings,—
Mironton, &c.
Ah! lady, at my tidings,
Your lovely eyes will weep.

N

Put off your gay pink garment,—
Mironton, &c.
Put off your gay pink garment
And likewise your brocade.

Monsieur Marlbrook is dead,—
Mironton, &c.
Monsieur Marlbrook is dead,
He's dead and buried too !

Four officers, I saw them,—
Mironton, &c.
Four officers, I saw them,
Have put him under ground.

The first one bore his cuirass,—
Mironton, &c.
The first one bore his cuirass,
The second one his sword.

The third bore his big sabre,—
Mironton, &c.
The third bore his big sabre,
The fourth bore nought at all.

His tomb they have surrounded,—
Mironton, &c.
His tomb they have surrounded
With plants of rose-maree.

The nightingale was singing,—
Mironton, &c.
The nightingale was singing
Upon the topmost branch.

And swiftly through the laurels,
Mironton, &c.
And swiftly through the laurels,
We saw his great soul fly.

Then every one was prostrate,—
Mironton, &c.
Then every one was prostrate,
Till he got up again.



To sing about the battles,—
  Mironton, &c.
To sing about the battles
  Which great Marlbrook had won.

And when the pomp was ended,—
  Mironton, &c.
And when the pomp was ended,
  They all retired to rest.

ORIGINAL.

  MALBROUGH s'en va-t-en guerre,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
  Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
  Ne sait quand reviendra.

  Il reviendra z'à Paques,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
  Il reviendra z'à Paques,
  Ou à la Trinité. (*ter*)

  La Trinité se passe,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
  La Trinité se passe,
  Marlbrough ne revient pas. (*ter*)

  Madame à sa tour monte,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
  Madame à sa tour monte,
  Si haut qu'ell' peut monter. (*ter*)

  Elle aperçoit son page,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
  Elle aperçoit son page,
  Toute de noir habillé. (*ter*)

  Beau page, ah ! mon beau page,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
  Beau page, ah ! mon beau page,
  Quell' nouvelle apportez ? (*ter*)

Aux nouvell's que j'apporte,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
Aux nouvell's que j'apporte,
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer. (*ter*)

Quittez vos habits rosés,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
Quittez vos habits rosés,
Et vos satins brochés.

Monsieur d'Malbrough est mort,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
Monsieur d'Malbrough est mort,
Est mort et enterré ! . . . (*ter*)

J'l'ai vu porter en terre,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
J'l'ai vu porter en terre,
Par quatre z'officiers. (*ter*)

L'un portait sa cuirasse,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
L'un portait sa cuirasse,
L'autre son bouclier. (*ter*)

L'un portait son grand sabre,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
L'un portait son grand sabre,
L'autre ne portait rien. (*ter*)

A l'entour de sa tombe,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
A l'entour de sa tombe,
Romarins l'on planta. (*ter*)

Sur la plus haute branche,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
Sur la plus haute branche,
Le rossignol chanta. (*ter*)

On vit voler son âme,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
On vit voler son âme,
Au travers des lauriers. (*ter*)

Chacun mit ventre à terre,
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
Chacun mit ventre à terre,
Et puis se releva. (*ter*)

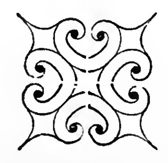
Pour chanter les victoires,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
Pour chanter les victoires,
Que Malbrough remporta. (*ter*)

La cérémonie faite,—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine ;
La cérémonie faite,
Chacun s'en fait coucher. (*ter*)

The following note is attached by MM. Dumersan and Ségur to this song, the tune of which is familiar to many an Englishman who has never heard or read a line of the words:

"The famous Duke of Marlborough had been dead sixty years, when in 1781 the nurse of the Dauphin son of Louis XVI. sang, as she rocked her royal charge, this ballad, the *naif* and pleasing air of which made a considerable sensation. M. de Chateaubriand, who heard the air sung in the East, was of opinion that it was carried thither in the time of the crusades. The burlesque words were probably spread about various provinces after the battle of Malplaquet by some of the soldiers of Villars and Boufflers. As early as 1706, verses were composed on Marlborough, which were to be found in the manuscript collection of historical songs (in 44 volumes), made by M. Maurepas, and deposited in the Royal Library. The nurse's song became all the rage at Versailles, whence it reached Paris, and was soon spread over the whole of France. For four or five years nothing was heard but the burthen Mironton, Mirontaine. The song was printed upon fans and screens, with an engraving representing the funeral procession of Marlborough, the lady on her tower, the page dressed in black, and so on. This engraving was imitated in all shapes and sizes. It circulated through the streets and villages, and gave the Duke of Marlborough a more popular celebrity than all his victories. Whenever Napoleon mounted his horse to go to battle, he hummed the air *Marlbrough s'en va-t-en guerre.* And at St. Helena, shortly before his death, when in the course of a conversation with M. de Las Cases, he praised the Duke of Marlborough, the song occurred to his mind, and he said with a smile, which he could not repress, 'What a thing ridicule is, it fastens upon everything, even victory.' He then hummed the air."

It is a fact worth recording, that the song of the page in Beaumarchais' comedy, *Le Mariage de Figaro,* was written for this air. The dramatic situation in which it occurs has since been illustrated by the music of Mozart.



THE WORKMEN'S SONG.

(LE CHANT DES OUVRIERS.)

PIERRE DUPONT.

WE, whose dim lamp, the dawning day,
Is lit, when cocks begin to crow,
We, who for our uncertain pay,
Must early to our anvils go;
We, who with hand, and foot, and arm,
With want a war incessant wage,
And nought can ever gain to warm
The dreary winter of old age,—

We'll still be friends, and when we can
We'll meet to push the wine about:
Let guns be still or make a rout,
We'll shout
Our toast: the liberty of man.

From jealous waves, from niggard soils
Our arms for ever toiling, tear
A mighty store of hidden spoils,
Aye, all that man can eat or wear:
From plains their corn, from hills their fruit,
Their metals, pearls, and jewels fine;
Alas! poor sheep, a costly suit,
Is woven from that wool of thine.
We'll still be, &c.

What from the labour do we get,
For which our backs thus bent must be?
And whither flow our floods of sweat?—
Machines, and nothing more are we.

Our Babel-tow'rs the skies invade,
  The earth with marvels we array ;
But when, at last, the honey's made,
  The master drives the bees away.
    We'll still, &c.

Our wives nutritious milk bestow
  On scions of a puny race,
Who think, when they to manhood grow,
  To sit beside them were disgrace.
The *Droit du Seigneur* we know well,
  It presses on us like a vice ;
Our daughters must their honour sell,
  At ev'ry counter-jumper's price.
    We'll still, &c.

In darksome holes,—in garrets foul,—
  In ruin'd shells, with rags bedight,
We live,—the comrades of the owl
  And thieves, the constant friends of night.
Still the red torrents wildly run
  Though all our art'ries bounding fast ;
And we could love the glorious sun,
  And love the shade the oak-trees cast.
    We still, &c.

But ev'ry time our good red blood
  Is on the earth like water poured,
The fruit that's nurtur'd by the flood
  Serves but to feed some tyrant lord.
Let not the stream so rashly flow,—
  War doth not equal love in worth,—
But wait till kinder breezes blow
  From heaven—or e'en perchance from earth.
    We still, &c.

ORIGINAL.

Nous dont la lampe, le matin,
Au clairon du coq se rallume,
Nous tous qu'un salaire incertain
Ramène avant l'aube à l'enclume :

Nous qui des bras, des pieds, des mains,
De tout le corps luttons sans cesse,
Sans abriter nos lendemains,
Contre le froid de la veillesse.

Aimons-nous, et quand nous pouvons
Nous unir pour boire à la ronde,
Que le canon se taise ou gronde,
Buvons (*ter*)
A l'indépendance du monde !

Nos bras, sans relâche tendus
Au flots jaloux, au sol avare,
Ravissent leurs tresors perdus,
Ce qui nourrit et ce qui pare :
Perles, diamants et métaux,
Fruit du coteau, grain de la plaine ;
Pauvre moutons, quels bons manteaux
Il se tisse avec votre laine !
Aimons-nous, &c.

Quel fruit tirons-nous des labeurs,
Qui courbent nos maigres échines !
Où vont les flots de nos sueurs ?
Nous ne sommes que des machines.
Nos Babels montent jusqu'au ciel,
La terre nous doit ses merveilles ;
Des qu'elles ont fini le miel,
Le maître chasse les abeilles.
Aimons-nous, &c.

Au fils chétif d'un etranger
Nos femmes tendent leurs mamelles,
Et lui, plus tard, croit déroger
En daignant s'asseoir auprès d'elles.
De nos jours, le droit du seigneur
Pèse sur nous plus despotique :
Nos filles vendent leur honneur
Aux derniers courtauds de boutique.
Aimons-nous, &c.

Mal vêtus, logés dans des trous,
Sous les combles, dans les décombres,

Nous vivons avec les hiboux
Et les larrons, amis des ombres ;
Cependant notre sang vermeil
Coule impétueux dans nos veines ;
Nous nous plairions au grand soleil,
Et sous les rameaux verts des chênes.
Aimons-nous, &c.

À chaque fois que par torrents,
Notre sang coule sur le monde,
C'est toujours pour quelques tyrans
Que cette rosée est féconde ;
Ménageons-le dorénavant,
L'amour est plus fort que la guerre ;
En attendant qu'un meilleur vent
Souffle du ciel, ou de la terre.
Aimons-nous, et quand nous pouvons
Nous unir pour boire à la ronde,
Que le canon se taise ou gronde,
Buvons (*ter*)
A l'independance du monde !

This remarkable song is the perfect expression of that state of discontent in the working-class, which is the natural incentive to communism. It was written some time before the revolution of 1848, but it represents the "red republicanism" of that year."

BAYARD.

Anonymous.



Y reckless courage borne along,
Bayard—his country's hope and pride—
Has fall'n amid the hostile throng,
And for his king has nobly died.
Ye timid maids, your gallant knight is gone,
Your hapless fate I must deplore ;
The fair one's shield, the guardian of the throne,
The brave Bayard is now no more.

Tender in love, brave in the field,
In every sense a perfect knight;
All to his lady he would yield,
To him all yielded in the fight.
Ye timid maids, &c.

True chevalier and trusty friend,
A stranger to reproach and fear;
When shouts of war the air would rend,
Still pity's voice his heart would hear.
Ye timid maids, &c.

ORIGINAL.

Emporté par trop de vaillance
Au milieu des rangs ennemis,
Le héros, l'espoir de la France
Vient de mourir pour son pays.

Preux chevalier, timides pastourelles
Que jé gémis sur votre sort!
L'appui des rois, le défenseur des belles,
Bayard est mort! Bayard est mort!

Honneur de la chevalerie,
Tendre amant, courageux soldat,
Il cédait tout à son amie,
Et tout lui cédait au combát.
Preux chevalier, &c.

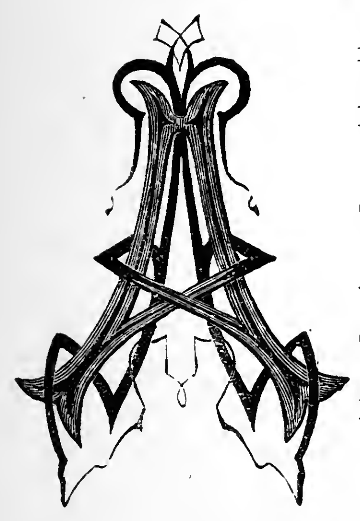
Bon chevalier, ami sincère,
Toujours sans reproche et sans peur,
Au milieu des cris de la guerre
La pitié parlait à son cœur,
Preux chevalier, timides pastourelles
Que je gémis sur votre sort!
L'appui des rois, le defenseur des belles,
Bayard est mort! Bayard est mort!

Another anonymous song of the chivalric kind, in which love and loyalty held the place elsewhere occupied by republican fanaticism.

MARY STUART'S FAREWELL.

(ADIEUX DE MARIE STUART.)

BÉRANGER.



DIEU, beloved France, adieu,
Thou ever wilt be dear to me,
Land which my happy childhood knew,
I feel I die, in quitting thee.

Thou wert the country of my choice,
I leave thee, loving thee alone ;
Ah ! hear the exile's parting voice,
And think of her when she is gone.
The breeze about the vessel plays,
We leave the coast—I weep in vain,
For God the billows will not raise,
To cast me on thy shore again.
Adieu, beloved France, &c.

When on my brow the lilies bright
Before admiring throngs I wore,
'Twas not my state that charm'd their sight,
They loved my youthful beauty more.
Although the Scot with sombre mien,
Gives me a crown, I still repine.
I only wish'd to be a queen,
Ye sons of France, to call you mine.
Adieu, beloved France, &c.

Love, glory, genius crowded round,
My youthful spirit to elate ;
On Caledonia's rugged ground,
Ah ! changed indeed will be my fate.
E'en now terrific omens seem
To threaten ill,—my heart is scared ;
I see, as in a hideous dream,
A scaffold for my death prepared.
Adieu, beloved France, &c.

France, from amid the countless fears,
  The Stuart's hapless child may feel,
E'en as she now looks through her tears,
  So will her glances seek thee still.
Alas ! the ship too swiftly sails,
  O'er me are spreading other skies,
And night with humid mantle veils
  Thy fading coast from these sad eyes.
    Adieu, beloved France, &c.



EPICUREAN SONGS.

Under this head are placed all the songs which, while they sometimes glance at the uncertainty of mundane affairs, at the same time inculcate a spirit of content and rational enjoyment.

There is one feature in French contentment which we do not often find in the effusions of English poets. Throughout English poetry there is generally a longing after the rural; and, however the joys of an humble lot may be celebrated, they are usually associated with a neat cottage and green fields. Contentment with an humble *town-life* is eminently Parisian. We cannot fancy an Englishman singing the delights of a fourth floor like the bard of the "Bachelor's Lodging" comprised under this head.

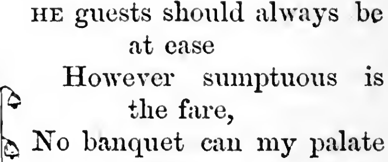
The French are also remarkable for a number of songs on the pleasures of eating,—as distinguished from drinking. They sing the "table" with the same gusto as the "bottle," and make it the subject of much pleasant morality. Comus, a Pagan deity little familiar to the English beyond the precincts of Milton's "Masque," is constantly named as the promoter of good cheer; the fact, that his name conveniently rhymes with that of Momus, contributing perhaps somewhat to his exaltation.



THE LAWS OF THE TABLE.

(LES LOIS DE LA TABLE.)

PANARD.—born 1691, died 1765.



THE guests should always be at ease
    However sumptuous is the fare,
No banquet can my palate please
    If dull constraint is reigning there.
If in a house constraint I find,
    Again, be sure, I never come;
No invitation's to my mind,
    Save when I feel myself at home.

The rigid laws of etiquette
    Were made our happiness to mar;
All rules of "place" at once forget,
    And take your seats just as you are.
Leave only a sufficient space
    That each may have his elbows free,
Nor ever let a lovely face
    Tempt you to break this sound decree.

An over civil guest avoid,
    Who tortures you from pure good will,
Who loads your plate till you are cloy'd,
    And *must* incessant bumpers fill.
Enjoyment liberty requires,
    Let none control my glass or plate;
Let each man take what he desires,
    Upon himself let each man wait.

Things that can only please the sight
    Ne'er upon me impression made,

A dazzling show of silver bright
  To me appears a vain parade.
I smile to see the grand epergne
  Its slender form so proudly rear,
Untouch'd I know it will return,
  And lie lock'd up for half-a-year.

The laws, how dishes should be placed,
  That they may make a good effect,
Are recognised by men of taste,
  But still their soundness I suspect.
Of this same optical display,
  The use, I own, I cannot see :
For eyes do we make dinners, pray ?
  And must we eat by symmetry ?

Some boast that they can bravely drink,
  But let us shun the toper's fame ;
It is an honour which, I think,
  Is very much akin to shame.
The magic of the potent cup
  Can make the wit a heavy lout ;
We'll drink to light the spirit up,
  But not to put its lustre out.

Some, when their charmer's name they toast,
  In ecstasies their glasses break ;
This seems ingratitude, almost,
  And is, at best, a great mistake.
Toast freely, then, but don't destroy ;—
  The man has nearly lost his wits,
Who takes the instrument of joy,
  To break it into little bits.

If for a song or tune we ask,
  Let him who's call'd to sing or play,
Not seem as 'twere a heavy task ;
  Let him strike up without delay.
And let him know when he should cease ;
  Oh dreadful is that wretched man,
Who, when he tries his friends to please,
  To tire them out does all he can.

Let kings, and their high mysteries,
  Under discussion ne'er be brought ;
According to a maxim wise,
  We'll hear and see, and still say nought.
To them all due respect we'll show,
  Whom o'er our heads the gods have placed ;
The goods the gods on us bestow,
  With all devotion will we taste.

My counsel, friends, would you deride ?
  Nay, this is true,—be sure of it,—
Reason should ever be our guide,
  E'en when we at the table sit.
To grow more gay you will not fail,
  When, dinner done, the sweets appear,
But still, that order may prevail,
  My little code perhaps you'll hear :

" No vulgar clamour in your song,
  No raptures that transcend all bounds ;
No narrative spun out too long,
  No sarcasm that the hearer wounds.
Bon-mots without a bad intent,
  Vivacity from rudeness free ;
Without a quarrel, argument,
  And without licence, liberty."

ORIGINAL.

Point de gêne dans un repas ;
Table, fût-elle au mieux garnie,
Il faut, pour m'offrir des appas,
Que la contrainte en soit bannie.
Toutes les maisons en j'en voi
  Sont des lieux que j'évite ;
Amis, je veux être chez moi,
  Partout où l'on m'invite.

Quand on est sur le point d'honneur,
Quel désagrément on éprouve !

Point de haut bout ; c'est une erreur ;
Il faut s'asseoir comme on se trouve,
Surtout qu'un espace assez grand
  En liberté nous laisse :
Même auprès d'un objet charmant
  Comus défend la presse.

Fuyons un convive pressant
Dont les soins importuns nous choquent,
Et qui nous tue en nous versant
Des rasades qui nous suffoquent :
Je veux que chacun sur ce fait
  Soit libre sans reserve,
Qu'il soit un maître et un valet
  Qu' à son gout il se serve.

Tout ce qui ne plaît qu'aux regards
A l'utilité je l'immole ;
D'un buffet chargé de cent marcs
La montre me paraît frivole ;
Je ris tout bas lorsque je vois
  L'élégant édifice
D'un surtout qui, pendant six mois,
  Rentre entier dans l'office.

Des mets joliment arrangés
Le compartiment méthodique,
Malgré les communs préjugés
Me paraît sujet à critique ;
A quoi cet optique est-il bon ?
  Dites moi, je vous prie,
Sert-on pour les yeux, et doit-on
  Manger par symétrie ?

Se piquer d'être grand buveur
Est un abus que je déplore ;
Fuyons ce titre peu flatteur ;
C'est un honneur qui déshonore.
Quand on boit trop on s'assoupit,
  Et l'on tombe en délire :
Buvons pour avoir de l'esprit
  Et non pour le détruire.

Casser les verres et les pots
C'est ingratitude et folie ;
Quelquefois il est à propos
De boire aux attraits de Sylvie.
Mais ne soyons point assez sots,
  Dans nos bouillants caprices
Pour détruire et mettre en morceaux
  A qui fait nos délices.

Qu'aucun de nous pour son talent
Ne se fasse jamais attendre ;
Que sa voix ou son instrument
Parte dès qu'on voudra l'entendre.
Mais qu'il cesse avant d'ennuyer :
  O, l'insupportable homme
Que par son art sait égayer
  Dés amis qu'il assomme !

Des rois les importants secrets
Doivent pour nous être un mystère ;
Il faut pour fuir de vains regrets,
Tout voir, tout entendre, et se taire.
Respectons dans nos entretiens
  Ce que les dieux ordonnent,
Goûtons et méritons les biens
  Que leurs bontés nous donnent.

Quand on devrait me censurer,
Je tiens, amis, pour véritable,
Que le raison doit mesurer,
Les plaisirs mêmes de la table.
Je veux quand le fruit est servi
  Que chacun se reveille ;
Mais il faut quelque ordre, et voici
  Celui que je conseille :

Dans les chansons point d'aboyeurs,
Dans les transports point de tumulte,
Dans les récits points de longueurs,
Dans la critique point d'insulte ;

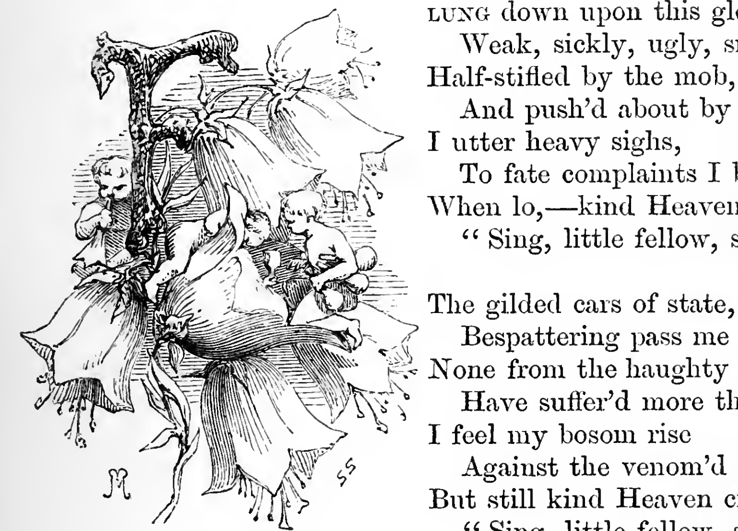
Vivacité sans jurement,
Liberté sans licence,
Dispute sans emportement,
Bons mots sans médisance.

A collection of Epicurean poems could not be more appropriately headed than by this excellent old song of the venerable Panard, who spent nearly the whole of his long life in writing cheerful ditties. His numerous writings for the stage gained for him the name of the Lafontaine of the Vaudeville, bestowed on him by Marmontel. He is considered the father of modern French songs.

MY VOCATION.

(MA VOCATION.)

BÉRANGER.



LUNG down upon this globe,—
Weak, sickly, ugly, small;
Half-stifled by the mob,
And push'd about by all;
I utter heavy sighs,
To fate complaints I bring,
When lo,—kind Heaven cries,
"Sing, little fellow, sing."

The gilded cars of state,
Bespattering pass me by;
None from the haughty great
Have suffer'd more than I.
I feel my bosom rise
Against the venom'd sting,
But still kind Heaven cries:
"Sing, little fellow, sing."

In early years I learn'd
A doubtful life to dread,
And no employment spurn'd
That would procure me bread.
Though liberty I prize,
My stomach claims can bring;
And still kind Heaven cries:
"Sing, little fellow, sing."

Sweet love has often deign'd
  My poverty to cheer,
But now my youth has waned,
  I see his flight is near.
Stern beauties now despise
  The tribute which I bring;
Yet still kind Heaven cries;
  "Sing, little fellow, sing."

To sing,—or I mistake,—
  Is my appointed task;
Those whom to joy I wake,
  To love me I may ask.
With friends to glad my eyes,
  With wine my heart to wing,
I hear kind Heaven, who cries;
  "Sing, little fellow, sing."

THE SOAP-BUBBLE.

(LA BULLE DE SAVON.)

ALEXIS DALÉS.

PURE crystal globe, whom flatt'ring hues array,
  Who from a straw hast ta'en thy flight;
Thou motley toy, with which the Zephyrs play,
  Thy sparkling brightness charms my sight.
    Perhaps, at sixty it would be
      More sage such trifles to despise,
    But still I love that ball to see,
      Which mounts the air and quickly dies.

When towards the sky I see thee soar,
  And know thou never wilt return,
I think of childhood's sports once more
  O'er which 'tis now too late to mourn.
The flowers we pluck in infancy
  Conceal our fetters from our eyes.
Sweet time! that ball resembles thee;
  It mounts the air and quickly dies.

Well may'st thou fear some shock, thou fragile thing,
Whom fate can shatter with a breath ;
Even the butterfly's soft timid wing
In touching thee would give thee death.
So through the world man's path is free,
Until he sees some barrier rise,
And falls—thus like the ball is he
Which mounts the air and quickly dies.

Inconstant love smiles on our early days,
And shows a future ever bright,
Folly his comrade, waves a torch, whose rays
Dazzle our inexperienced sight.
Lured by the brilliant flame are we,
Which scorches, while it charms our eyes,
Then vanishes—'tis dooom'd to be,
Like that light globe, which soars and dies.

Sometimes a flatt'ring incense I inhale,
Which lulls me into dreams of fame,
And then I fancy that I shall not fail
To merit an undying name ;
But soon, alas ! my visions flee,
Those songs, which I so fondly prize,
Too like that glitt'ring ball will be,
Which mounts the air and quickly dies.

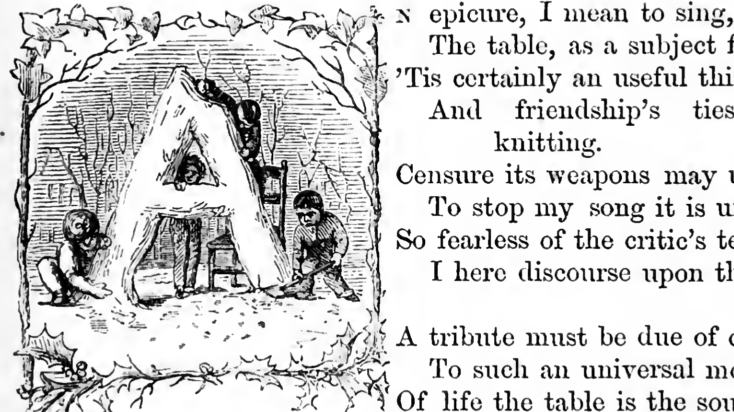
This song is dated 1842.



THE TABLE.

(LA TABLE.)

DÉSAUGIERS.



An epicure, I mean to sing,
The table, as a subject fitting,
'Tis certainly an useful thing,
And friendship's ties is ever knitting.
Censure its weapons may unsheathe,
To stop my song it is unable ;
So fearless of the critic's teeth,
I here discourse upon the table.

A tribute must be due of course,
To such an universal mother.
Of life the table is the source ;
Indeed, my friend, I know no other ;
The pillow, where you lay your head,
Is soft, but raises visions sable ;
The dying wretch is on his bed,
The jolly dog is at his table.

A dish that scatters rich perfumes
Must charm the sense beyond all measure,
The anxious nose the steam consumes,
Inhaling mighty draughts of pleasure :
Compared to feasting, songs, and mirth,
All other joys are but unstable,
The coldest heart that beats on earth,
Is melted by a smoking table.

Two rivals hear the church-clock tell,
The moment that their life will táke fast ;
The second knows his bus'ness well,
Who asks them both to come to breakfast.
All anger soon in wine is drown'd—
To do such wonders wine is able—
The rivals had been underground,
Had they not rather sat at table.

Fat Raymond's door is ev'ry day
   Besieg'd by countless cabs and chaises,
City and court their visits pay,
   And all alike resound his praises.
"His virtues, then, must be most rare,
   That thus his fame mounts up like Babel."
"Not so."—"Then vast his talents are?"
   "No, but he keeps a first-rate table."

At table, on affairs we muse,
   At table marriage-contracts settle,
At table win, and sometimes lose,
   At table wrangling shows our mettle;
At table Cupid plumes his wing,
   At table we write truth or fable,
At table we do everything,
   So let us never leave the table.

ORIGINAL.

En vrai gourmand, je veux ici
Chanter ce meuble nécessaire,
Dont tous les mois* l'attrait chéri,
Double nos nœuds et les resserre;
Qui quels que soient les traits mordants
Dont la critique nous accable,
Au risque de ses coups de dents,
Je vois m'étendre sur la table.

Comment refuser son tribut
A cette mère universelle?
Sans la table, point de salut,
Et nous n'existons que par elle:
L'alcôve où l'homme s'amollit
Lui peut elle être comparable?
Les pauvres mourants sont au lit,
Le bons vivants ne sont qu' à table.

* This refers to the monthly meetings of the "Caveau Moderne."

Quel doux spectacle, quel plaisir ;
De voir ces sauces parfumées
Dont toujours, prompt à les saisir,
L'odorat pompe les fumées !
On rit, on chante, on mange, on boit—
De bonheur source intarissable !
Le cœur pourrait-il rester froid,
Quand il voit tout fumer à table !

Deux rivaux entendent sonner
L'instant qui ménace leur vie.
A faire un dernier déjeuner,
Un témoin sage les convie ;
Dans le vin tous deux par degrés
Eteignent leur haine implacable,
Ils seraient peut-être enterrés
S'ils ne s'étaient pas mis à table.

Le gros Raymond voit chaque jour,
Cent wiskys assiéger sa porte ;
Il reçoit la ville et la cour ;
La renommée aux cieux le porte,
"Il a donc de rares vertus ?"
"Non."—"A-t-il un rang remarquable,
Des talents, de l'esprit?"—"Pas plus."
"Qu'a-t-il donc ?"—"Il a bonne table."

A table on compose, on écrit ;
A table une affaire s'engage ;
A table on joue, on gagne, on rit ;
A table on fait un marriage ;
A table on discute, on résout,
A table on aime, on est aimable ;
Puisqu' à table on peut faire tout,
Vivons donc sans quitter le table.

Désaugiers, one of the most famous of the convivial and comic lyrists of France, may be considered the immediate predecessor of Béranger, who sometimes alludes to him in his songs. He was president of the "Caveau Moderne" when Béranger was admitted as a member in 1813.

FELIX SUMMERDAY.*

(ROGER BONTEMPS.)

BÉRANGER.

A PATTERN meant to be
Which grumblers should not scorn,
In deepest poverty
Stout Summerday was born.
"Just lead the life you please,—
"Ne'er mind what people say"—
Sound maxims, such as these,
Guide Felix Summerday.

On Sunday he goes out,
Dress'd in his father's hat,
Which he twines round about
With roses,—and all that.
A cloak of sorry stuff
Then makes up his array ;—
'Tis surely smart enough
For Felix Summerday.

Strange knickknacks has he got,—
A portrait he loves still,
A crazy bed, a pot
Which providence may fill,
An empty box, a flute
A pack of cards for play ;—
These simple treasures suit
Fat Felix Summerday.

For children of the town,
Full many a game has he ;
He gains a high renown
By stories—rather free ;

* If any critic objects to this conversion of an imaginary proper name into one of smaller significance let him find an English rhyme for "Bontemps."

Of nought he loves to speak
  But songs and dances gay ;
Such themes the learning make,
  Of Felix Summerday.

For want of choicest wine
  To drink what he can get,
To value ladies fine
  Far less than Sue or Bet ;
To pass his days in bliss,
  And love,—as best he may,—
This is the wisdom, this—
  Of Felix Summerday.

He prays : " Great Pow'r above,
  Do not severely tax
My faults, but show thy love
  When I am rather lax ;
The season of my end
  Make still a month of May ;
This blessing, Father, send
  To Felix Summerday."

Ye poor, with envy curs'd ;
  Ye rich, for more who long ;
Ye, who, by fortune nurs'd,
  At last are going wrong.
Ye who are doom'd to find
  Wealth, honours, pass away,
The pattern bear in mind
  Of Felix Summerday.

ORIGINAL.

Aux gens atrabilaires
Pour exemple donné,
En un temps de misères
Roger Bontemps est né.
Vivre obscur á sa guise,
Narguer les mécontens ;
Eh gai ! c'est la devise
Du gros Roger Bontemps.



Du chapeau de son pere
Coifté dans les grands jours,
De roses ou de lierre
Le rajeunir toujours ;
Mettre un manteau de bure,
Vieil ami de vingt ans ;
Eh gai ! c'est la parure
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Posséder dans sa hutte
Une table, un vieux lit,
Des cartes, une flûte,
Un broc que Dieu remplit,
Un portrait de maîtresse,
Un coffre et rien dedans ;
Eh gai ! c'est la richesse
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Aux infants de la ville
Montrer de petits jeux ;
Être un faiseur habile
De contes graveleux ;
Ne parler que de danse,
Et d'almanachs chantans ;
Eh gai ! c'est la science
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Faute de vins d'élite,
Sabler ceux du canton ;
Préférer Marguerite
Aux dames du grand ton ;
De joie et de tendresse
Remplir tous ses instans ;
Eh gai ! c'est la sagesse
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Dire au ciel : Je me fie,
Mon père, à ta bonté ;
De ma philosophie
Pardonne la gaîtè :
Que ma saison dernière
Soit encore un printemps ;
Eh gai ! c'est la prière
Du gros Roger Bontemps.

Vous, pauvres pleins d'envie,
Vous, riches désireux ;
Vous, dont le char dévie
Aprés un cours heureux ;
Vous, qui perdrez peut-être
Des titres éclatans,
Eh gai ! prenez pour maître
Le gros Roger Bontemps.

One of the most celebrated songs of Béranger's first period. It is dated 1814, and may be supposed to set forth the poet's ideal of a wise man at the period when he had not begun to interest himself in politics.

SONG FOR EVER !

(VIVE LA CHANSON.)

J. A. Perchelet.

DEAR friends, another bumper fill,
They say our songs are growing dull:
What is the matter ? Are we ill ?
Or are our glasses never full ?
Great Bacchus has a drug, no doubt,
To keep poor Momus' soul from sinking ;
So come, my friends, we'll fall a-drinking :
When wine flows in, the wit shines out.
Yes, wine ! yes, wine ! such pow'r can give,
That song for evermore shall live.

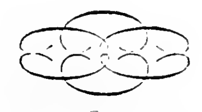
Let politics put on a mask,
Although each heart with freedom glows ;
To tyrants who our patience task,
Futurity we can oppose.
Grasp'd by the Future's hand is seen
A cup, whence purer wine is welling,
The leaguer, with his bosom swelling,
Obeys the joyous tambourine.
New couplets will the Future give,
And song for evermore shall live.

As history has been dry too long,
To Momus' subjects let us give,
By way of change, a merry song,
Instead of charters that deceive.
The anxious dreams we can despise,
Of those who purchase pow'r too dearly;
A song can speak the truth out clearly,
A charter only tells us lies.
To jolly Momus thanks we give,
Yes, song for evermore shall live.

The puny dwarflings who sustain
The tyrants, with triumphant glance,
A host of giants would restrain ;
We meet their steps with song and dance.
Let all our band of brothers wake,
Whom the same arching heavens cover;
To-morrow, friends, perchance the Louvre
Beneath the Carmagnole may shake,
That strain great Momus shall revive,
And song for evermore shall live.

Another wreath of palm to gain,
Encroaching tyrants to defy ;
For Béranger we call—in vain !
The poet gives us no reply.
Come, idle we have been too long,
When men are in a dungeon lying,
The song should through the streets be flying,
The people stands in need of song.
No heed to scowling vizirs give,
Laugh, sing—for song shall ever live.

Perchelet was one of the members of *La Lice Chansonnière*, founded by Lepage in 1834. The above song is dated 1842.



THE BACHELOR'S LODGING.

(LE MÉNAGE DU GARÇON.)

JOSEPH PAIN.



LODGE upon a lofty floor,
In fact, just where the staircase ends,
No housewife have I ;—to my door
No porter but myself attends,
When creditors to seek their prey,
Ringing with all their vigour come,
'Tis I myself am forced to say,
That I myself am not at home.

My list of movables, I'm sure,
A sheet of paper would not fill,
Yet I've sufficient furniture
To entertain my friends at will ;
Though babbling fools I cannot bear,
True friends receive a welcome kind ;
For ev'ry man I have a chair,
For ladies too a nook I find.

Sweet nymph when you would soothe my cares,
Come softly, lest yourself you tire ;
Believe me, eight and ninety stairs,
No little fortitude require.
When towards my dwelling ladies come
They always feel a sudden start,
And never see my humble home
Without a palpitating heart.

Gourmands, the state of my *cuisine*,—
You wish to learn it—I dare say,
Ample my fare has ever been,
I always take three meals a day.

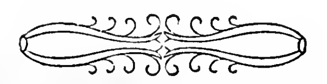
Of breakfast I am ne'er in doubt
  But invitations always get ;
I make a point of dining out,
  And never supp'd at home as yet.

I've a domain that never ends,
  It spreads round Paris everywhere,
For farmers, I have bosom friends,
  And many castles—in the air.
A cab I have at my command,
  Whene'er I wish to cut a dash ;
My gardens in my windows stand,
  My waistcoat-pocket holds my cash.

The *millionaire* with pity eyes
  A thoughtless thriftless wight like me ;
My visionary wealth I prize,
  And think myself as rich as he.
Since though from hand to mouth I live,
  While he his riches can display,
We're pretty certain to arrive
  Together both at New Year's day.

The sage, who in his volumes taught,
  That ev'rything that is—is right,
Was not so wrong I've often thought,
  If we but manage matters right,
You'll own that if we had the job
  Of giving an improving touch,
To this abused old-fashion'd globe
  We should not mend its structure much.

This is the song referred to in the Introduction to this Division.



MY LITTLE CORNER.

(MON PETIT COIN.)

BÉRANGER.



H nothing in this world I prize,
  I'll seek my little nook once more,
The galley-slave his prison flies
  To find a refuge on the shore.
When in my humble resting-place,
  As a Bedouin, I am free ;—
So grant me, friends, this trifling grace,
  My little corner leave to me.

There tyranny no army brings ;
  There rights I balance without fear.
There sentence I can pass on kings,
  And o'er the people shed a tear.
The future then, with smiling face,
  In my prophetic dreams, I see ;
Oh grant me, friends, this trifling grace,
  My little corner leave to me.

There can I wield a fairy's wand,
  Can further good, can banish ill,
Move palaces at my command,
  And trophies raise where'er I will.
The kings whom on the throne I place,
  Think power combined with love should be ;—
Oh grant me, friends, this trifling grace,
  My little corner leave to me.

'Tis there my soul puts on new wings,
  And freely soars above the world,
While proudly I look down on kings,
  And see them to perdition hurl'd.

One only scion of his race
  Escapes, and I his glory see ;—
Oh grant me, friends, this trifling grace,
  My little corner leave to me.

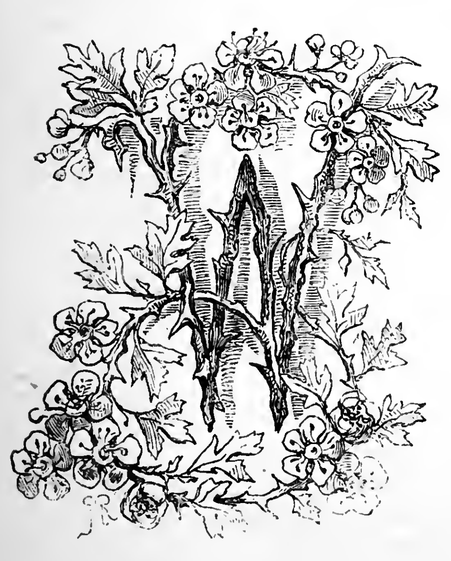
Thus patriotic plans I dream,
  By heaven valued, not by earth ;
Oh learn my rev'ries to esteem,
  Your world, indeed, is little worth.
The nymphs, who high Parnassus grace,
  The guardians of my toils shall be ;—
Oh grant me, friends, this trifling grace,
  My little corner leave to me.

This song is dated 1819.

THE LITTLE GARGANTUA.

(LE PETIT GARGANTUA.)

Désaugiers.



HEN we have learn'd to eat and drink,
  There's nothing more we need on earth ;
The richest, without jaws, I think,
  Would find their riches little worth.

A faithful mistress is the board,
  It won our childhood's earliest sighs,
Its charms by infants are adored,
  Its pleasures tott'ring age can prize.
    When we have learn'd, &c.

A world of pains the pedant takes,—
  But for his learning what care I,
When where the cook a fortune makes,
  The booksellers of hunger die ?
    When we have learn'd, &c.

Demosthenes and Cicero
  Are doubtless stately names to hear,
The name of good Amphitryo
  Sounds far more pleasant in mine ear.
    When we have learn'd, &c.

The treasures which were heap'd around,
  To Midas were an empty show,
All had he given to have found
  A sav'ry dish of fricandeau.
    When we have learn'd, &c.

If upon love I waste an hour,
  And bear its wearisome delight,
It is because love has the power
  To sharpen up my appetite.
    When we have learn'd, &c.

Columbus sadly toil'd, we're told,
  That he another world might see ;
A stately globe would you behold ?—
  My worthy friends, just look at me.
    When we have learn'd, &c.

Pale grief and envy eat not much,
  And therefore they are always thin ;
An ample paunch will ever vouch
  For goodness resident therein.
    When we have learn'd, &c.

If Jean Jacques wore a sullen air,
  While Panard never learn'd to pout,
It was because Jean Jacques was spare,
  It was because Panard was stout.
    When we have learn'd, &c.

Here—here within this festive hall
  To Comus we'll a statue raise,
And while this ardour fires us all,
  We'll write on it these words of praise :
    When we have learn'd, &c.

The statue o'er our feasts shall reign,
  And guard them with its power divine ;
Then animation it shall gain
  From fumes of sauces and of wine.
    When we have learn'd, &c.

Our incense in a vapour dense,
  Shall with our drunken wisdom rise,
And gods shall hear these words of sense,
  While they are feasting in the skies :
    When we have learn'd, &c.

THE BEGGARS.

(LES GUEUX.)

BÉRANGER.

THE jolly beggars—long live they !
  Their joy ne'er ends,
  They're always friends,
And always gay.

Let us sing the beggars' praise,
  'Tis the best thing wit can do,
Those most ill-used men to raise,
  Who are never worth a *sou.*
    The jolly beggars, &c.

Poverty's a refuge fit
  Where true happiness may dwell,
This I'll prove by Holy Writ,
  By my gaiety as well.
    The jolly beggars, &c.



On Parnassus, I am told,
 Poverty has reign'd for long,
What was Homer's wealth of old ?—
 Just a wallet, stick, and song.
  The jolly beggars, &c.

You who from misfortune flinch,
 Many a hero, you must know,
When he feels the tight shoe pinch,
 Sighs to think of his *sabot.*
  The jolly beggars, &c.

You who poverty would snub,
 Deeming pomp a wondrous thing,
Recollect, that, in his tub,
 Once the cynic braved a king.
  The jolly beggars, &c.

Into yonder mansion fine,
 Dull *ennui* will often creep ;
Without napkins we can dine,
 On our straw can soundly sleep.
  The jolly beggars, &c.

On that pallet, blithe and free,
 Lies a god of aspect bright ;
Love has called in Poverty,
 Who is laughing with delight.
  The jolly beggars, &c.

Friendship, whom we oft regret,
 Doth not yet our climate quit,
Still she drinks at the *guinguette*,
 With the soldiers pleased to sit.
  The jolly beggars, &c.

ORIGINAL.

Les gueux, les gueux,
Sont les gens heureux ;
Ils s'aiment entre eux.
 Vivent les gueux !

Des gueux chantons la louange,
Que de gueux hommes de bien!
Il faut qu'enfin l'esprit venge
L'honnête homme qui n'a rien.
  Les gueux, les gueux, &c.

Oui, le bonheur est facile
Au sein de la pauvreté :
J'en atteste l'Evangile ;
J'en atteste ma gaîté.
  Les gueux, les gueux, &c.

Au Parnasse, la misère
Long-temps a régné, dit-on.
Quels biens possédait Homère ?
Une besace, un bâton.
  Les gueux, les gueux, &c.

Vous qu'afflige la détresse,
Croyez que plus d'un héros,
Dans le soulier qui le blesse,
Peut regretter ses sabots.
  Les gueux, les gueux, &c.

Du faste qui vous étonne
L'exil punit plus d'un grand ;
Diogène, dans sa tonne,
Brave en paix un conquérant.
  Les gueux, les gueux, &c.

D'un palais l'éclat vous frappe,
Mais l'ennui vient y gémir.
On peut bien manger sans nappe,
Sur la paille on peut dormir.
  Les gueux, les gueux, &c.

Quel dieu se plaît et s'agite
Sur ce grabat qu'il fleurit ?
C'est l'Amour, qui rend visite
A la Pauvreté qui rit.
  Les gueux, les gueux, &c.

L'Amitié que l'on regrette
N'a point quitté nos climats ;
Elle trinque à la guinguette,
Assise entre deux soldats.
Les gueux, les gueux, &c.

One of the songs of Béranger's first period, and one of the most celebrated of any period.

I'LL BE WISE.

(LE DESIR D'ÊTRE SAGE.)

Anonymous.

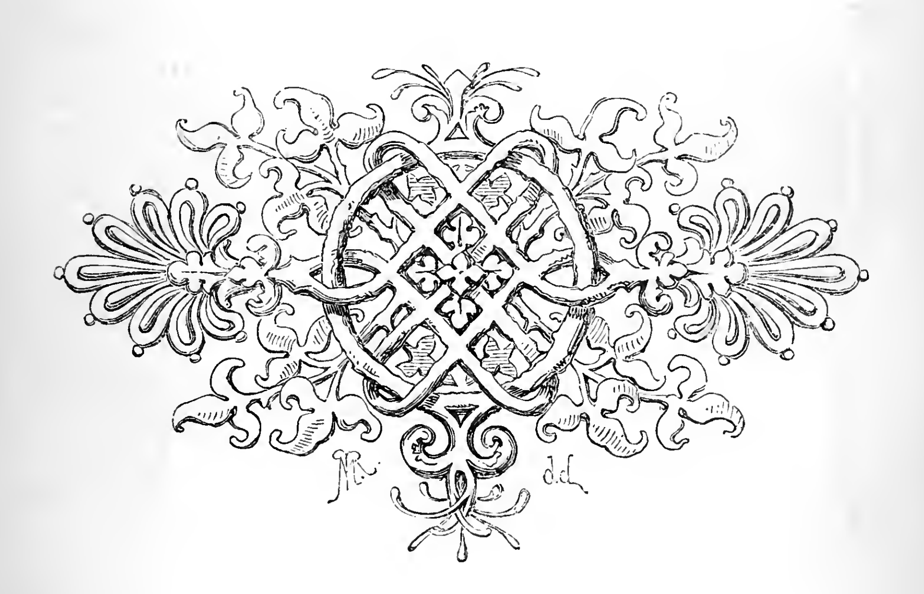
THAT I'll be wise, each day I swear,
And follow reason's maxims cold,
That though the fairest face is near,
I'll look as Cato look'd of old.
The evening comes, my love I see,
And pleasure takes me by surprise,
Yes,—folly's slave to-day I'll be,—
I vow to-morrow I'll be wise.

To-morrow comes,—I swear once more,
But find I cannot keep my vow ;
I see the girl whom I adore,
And oh,—can I resist her now ?
A hurried kiss she gives to me,
And swiftly all my wisdom flies,—
Yes,—folly's slave to-day I'll be,—
I vow to-morrow I'll be wise.

Who, when a charming girl is nigh,
Can hope to act as he has sworn ?
A tender glance—a smile—a sigh,
And lo ! his heart away is borne.

Vainly we try from you to flee,
For you alone our life we prize ;
Oh !—folly's slave to-day I'll be,—
I vow to-morrow I'll be wise.

To-morrow then is wisdom's day,—
To-morrow's sun will never shine ;
Quick, take my mistress' charms away,—
The fault is hers—it is not mine ;
Those eyes, that shine so wickedly,
That smile, that causes many sighs,—
Take all, in short, that maddens me,
And then to-morrow I'll be wise.





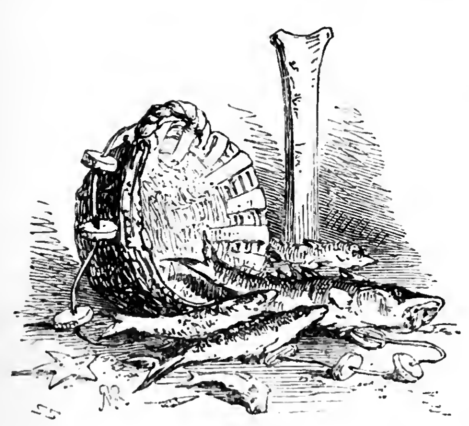
COMIC AND SATIRICAL SONGS.

UNDER this head are comprised what the French call "Chansonettes Comiques et Satiriques." The most important of the songs are those elaborate descriptions of Parisian life by Désaugiers, to which we can scarcely find a parallel in our own language.



THE HUNCHBACKS.

(LES BOSSUS.)



'LL tell you a fact, which I learn'd in my youth,
A hunch on one's back is a blessing in truth;
That greatest of fav'rites, the good Master Punch,
Who always is welcome as dinner or lunch,
Owes half of his fame, be assured, to his hunch.

To say that the hunch is a burden is wrong;
The greatest advantages to it belong,
The man with a hunch both before and behind,
His stomach will easily guard from the wind,
And shelter besides for his shoulders will find.

The hunchback is mostly renown'd—you will own—
For polish'd address and the true comic tone;
Whenever in profile himself he displays,
His form so majestic all folks must amaze,
And deep admiration they feel as they gaze.

If I were as rich as King Crœsus of old,
A hunchback'd assembly my palace should hold;
What feelings of joy would arise in my breast,
While ruling a court which the lustre possess'd
Of men by Dame Nature so specially blest!

Amid my broad gardens upon a tall base
A fine metal cast of great Æsop I'd place,
And graven below this inscription should tell
My views on the subject to all who could spell;
"Respect to the hunch, and the hunchback as well."

We rightly infer from reflections like these,
That knights of the hunch push their way as they please ;
A man may be silly or surly at will,
May go about dirty, and dress very ill,
But give him a hunch and he's somebody still.

This curious song was written about the year 1740. It is attributed to a physician, who is said to have been himself a hunchback, and to have composed it for a banquet which he gave to all the hunchbacks of his acquaintance.

THE COBBLER'S DAUGHTER.

(LA FILLE DU SAVETIER.)



LAS !—to think a moment's pleasure
May cause us trouble beyond measure !
Ye ladies who in weeping find
Sweet recreation for the mind,
I know that tears will fill your eyes
When you have heard my miseries.

My sire, a cobbler by vocation,
Had gain'd a wondrous reputation ;
My mother took in washing—I
My darning-needle so could ply,
That I earn'd fivepence ev'ry day,
But without love what's money—pray ?

A very nice young man resided
Upon the self-same floor as I did ;
If I went out,—if I went in,—
He always at my door was seen ;
He followed me where'er I went,
But 'twas not with my sire's consent.

One day into his room I ventured—
No thought of ill my bosom enter'd ;
My father knock'd against the door,
And made the devil's own uproar.
Oh when will persecution cease,
And lovers talk of love in peace ?

My sire with rage was boiling over,
So by the hair he seized my lover ;
Who, though his heart was soft—alack,
Was forced to parry this attack ;
His fist soon reach'd my father's face,
Who tumbled down in sorry case.

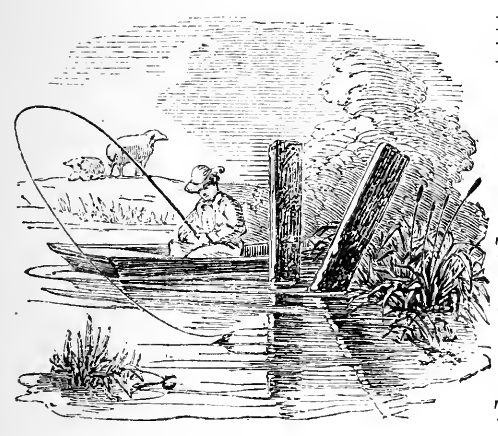
My mother heard the dying man,
And with a stick upstairs she ran,
Then, raging like a tempest dread,
She knock'd my lover on the head ;—
Alack—alack—and well-a-day
Quite dead upon the floor he lay.

My mother for this hapless blow
Was into prison forced to go ;
They've hang'd her,—and the *Commissaire*
Sends me to the Salpetrière.
Alas ! to think a moment's pleasure
May cause us trouble beyond measure !

This tale of woe is ascribed to Taconet, celebrated in the last century as a writer of pieces illustrative of the manners of low life, in which he himself played the principal personage. A course of dissipation terminated his life in 1774, when he was forty-four years of age.



KING DAGOBERT.



ING Dagobert, so stout,—
He wore his breeches wrong
side out.
Good Saint Eloi
Said : "O mon roi,
Unseemly are
The hose you wear."
Then said the king, "That's
true," said he,
"But now I'll turn them
right, you'll see."

The king then turn'd them
right,
His skin a little came in sight;
Good Saint Eloi
Said : "O mon roi,
Your skin, alack,
As soot is black."
"Pooh, monsieur," said the king, said he,
"Much blacker is Her Majesty."

King Dagobert, one day,
Put on his coat of green so gay.
Good Saint Eloi
Said : "Look, mon roi,
In your best coat
A hole I note."
Then said the king, "That's true," said he,
"But yours is whole, so lend it me."

His stockings too were seen
In holes,—by maggots gnaw'd, I ween.
Good Saint Eloi
Said : "O mon roi,

Just look below,
Your calves you show."
Then said the king, "That's true," said he,
"So please your stockings lend to me."

King Dagobert, so brave,
In winter was not wont to shave.
Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
You'll get, I hope,
A little soap."
Then said the king, "I will," said he,
"Have you a penny?—Lend it me."

King Dagobert, of yore,
He wore his wig hind-part before.
Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
Your wig's not right,
You look a fright."
Then said the king: "That's true," said he,
"You've got a scratch, so lend it me."

King Dagobert, of yore,
His cloak too short, in winter wore.
Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
Your cloak is scant,
New cloth you want."
Then said the king, "That's true," said he,
"So put on inches two or three."

King Dagobert wrote verse
So ill that nothing could be worse.
Good Saint Eloi
Said: "O mon roi,
Songs, if you please,
You'll leave to geese."
Then said the king: "I will," said he,
"So you shall make my songs for me."

King Dagobert, they say,
Near Antwerp went to hunt one day.

Good Saint Eloi
Said : " O mon roi,
You're out of breath
And tired to death."
Then said the king : " That's true," said he,
" A rabbit scamper'd after me."

King Dagobert, of yore,
A mighty sword of iron wore.
Good Saint Eloi
Said : " O mon roi,
Ain't you afraid
Of that sharp blade ?"
Then said the king : " I am," said he,
" A wooden sword pray give to me."

King Dagobert was sad,
His dogs were with the mange so bad.
Good Saint Eloi
Said : " O mon roi,
To clean each hound,
It must be drown'd."
Then said the king : " That's true," said he,
" So drown'd with you, they all shall be."

King Dagobert, so stout,
When fighting, flung his blows about.
Good Saint Eloi
Said : " O mon roi,
I fear they will
Your highness kill."
Then said the king : " They may," said he,
" So clap yourself in front of me."

So proud the monarch grew
He thought the world he could subdue.
Good Saint Eloi
Said : " O mon roi,
A trip so far
Is full of care."
Then said the king : " That's true," said he,
" Tis better far at home to be."

King Dagobert of old
Made war although 'twas winter cold.
    Good Saint Eloi
    Said : "O mon roi,
    Your highness' nose
    Will soon be froze."
Then said the king : "That's true," said he,
"So back again at home I'll be."

One day, so runs the tale,
The king upon the sea would sail.
    Good Saint Eloi
    Said : "O mon roi,
    If outward bound
    You may be drown'd."
Then said the king : "That's true," said he,
"Le roi boit" then the cry will be.

The good king Dagobert
Was very fond of his dessert.
    Good Saint Eloi
    Said : "O mon roi,
    More than enough
    You eat and stuff."
"Pooh, monsieur," said the king, said he,
"In stuffing you're a match for me."

King Dagobert the great,
When he had tippled, walk'd not straight.
    Good Saint Eloi
    Said : "O mon roi,
    Your footsteps slide
    From side to side."
"Pooh, monsieur," said the king, said he,
"When you get drunk, you walk like me."

And when the good king died,
The devil came to his bedside.
    Good Saint Eloi
    Said : "O mon roi,

You can't do less
Than now confess."
Then said the king, "Alas!" said he,
"Why can't you die instead of me?"

ORIGINAL.

(FIRST THREE VERSES.*)

Le bon roi Dagobert
Avait sa culotte a l'envers;
Le grand Saint Eloi
Lui dit: "O mon roi!
Votre Majesté
Est mal culotté."
"C'est vrai," lui dit le roi,
"Je vais le remettre à l'endroit."

Comme il la remettait
Et qu'un peu il se découvrait,
Le grand Saint Eloi
Lui dit: "O mon roi,
Vous avez la peau
Plus noire qu'un corbeau."
"Bah, bah!" lui dit le roi,
"La reine l'a plus noire que moi."

Le bon roi Dagobert
Fut mettre son bel habit vert;
Le grand Saint Eloi
Lui dit: "O mon roi,
Votre habit paré
Au coude est percé."
"C'est vrai," lui dit le roi;
"Le tien est bon: prête-le-moi."

This extraordinary song is familiar even to the children of Paris, and yet no one seems to know its origin. Neither the style, nor the air to which it is sung, belongs to an antique period. Whatever may be its age, it has long been regarded as a sort of common property, with which any one may do as he pleases. Thus in 1813, some satirical verses were added which evidently pointed to the Russian campaign, and the progress of the song through the streets was checked by the police.

Although the song is full of intentional anachronisms and absurdities, the intimacy

* More is not requisite where there is so much sameness.

between the ancient Merovingian King Dagobert and St. Eloi, is an historical fact. The Saint was Bishop of Noyon, and the confidant of the royal debauchee, whom he inspired with the idea of founding religious establishments as an atonement for his sins. He was moreover the king's treasurer, and gained great celebrity for his skill as a goldsmith.

The introduction of the devil in the last verse possibly owes its origin to an ancient legend, according to which a holy bishop saw in a vision a number of saints and demons contending for the soul of King Dagobert. This legend forms the subject of an old sculpture in the Abbey of St. Denis, which is still in existence.

A very pleasant miracle is related of St. Eloi. It appears that the church of St. Colombe was plundered of its ornaments, whereupon the good bishop addressed the deceased saint, and told her that if she did not make the thieves bring the stolen property back to the church, he would shut it up. St. Colombe took the hint, and on the following night all the articles were restored.

THE CANAL ST. MARTIN.

(LE CANAL ST. MARTIN.)

DUPEUTY AND CORMON.



COME, sons of the Canal, and
join me in my strain,
From Paris to Pantin—to
Paris back again.
Long live the Canal St. Mar-
tin !
The joyous young *gamin*,
The cosy *citadin*,
All bless the Canal St. Mar-
tin.

There laundresses and barge-
men loud,
There *débardeurs* and colliers
black,
About the waters ever crowd,
And none employment ever lack.
Here, full an hundred trades can gain
Far better bread than on the Seine ;
And 'tis to our Canal we know
Our cups of sparkling wine we owe.
Come, sons of the Canal, &c.

There anglers, catching nought, are seen,
Whose hopes no disappointments dash ;
Thither proceeds with solemn mien
The stout *bourgeois* his dog to wash.
Though warning notices appear,
From its foundation, it is clear,
A swimming school was our Canal
For training dogs in general.
Come, sons of the Canal, &c.

The tradesmen who in liquor deal,
Of our Canal good use can make ;
And when they mean their casks to fill
They oft its water freely take.
By this device, they render less
The ills that spring from drunkenness.
For harmless is the wine, you'll own,
From vines that in canals are grown.
Come, sons of the Canal, &c.

But now it's getting rather dark,
And just along the lone bankside
Methinks there is a signal : hark !—
And there I see a shadow glide.
There's not a star, the sky is black,
So homewards, friend, should be your track.
Deck'd with her veil the moon is seen,
And thieves will soon their trade begin.
Each prudent *citadin* will cherish wholesome fears,
From midnight till the hour when daylight first appears,
Of this same Canal St. Martin ;
From Paris to Pantin,
Thou worthy *citadin*,
Oh ! dread the Canal St. Martin.

This song, which is dated 1845, is taken from a dramatic piece of the same name.



PICTURE OF PARIS, AT FIVE IN THE MORNING.

(TABLEAU DE PARIS À CINQ HEURES DU MATIN.)

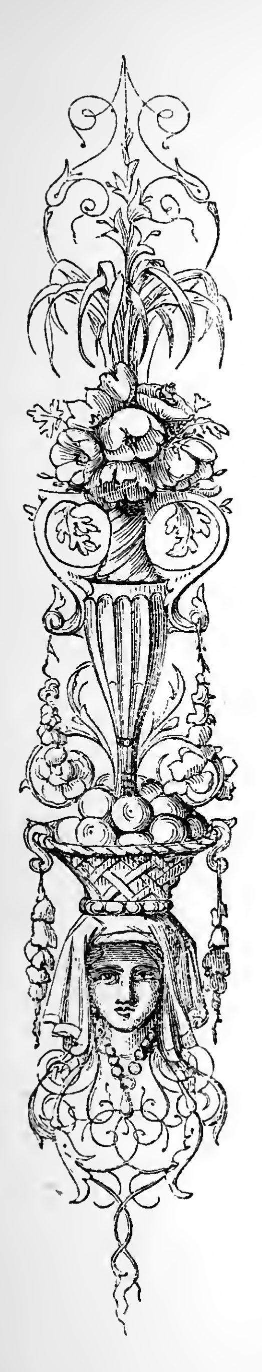
Désaugiers.

Now the darkness breaks,
Flight it slowly takes;
Now the morning wakes,
    Roofs around to gild.
Lamps give paler light,
Houses grow more white;
Now the day's in sight,
    Markets all are fill'd.

From La Vilette
Comes young Susette,
Her flow'rs to set
    Upon the quay.
His donkey, Pierre
Is driving near,
From Vincennes here
    His fruit brings he.

Florists ope their eyes,
Oyster-women rise,
Grocers, who are wise,
    Start from bed at dawn;
Artizans now toil,
Poets paper soil,
Pedants eye-sight spoil,
    Idlers only yawn.

I see Javotte,
Who cries "Carotte!"
And sells a lot
    Of parsnips cheap.
Her voice so shrill
The air can fill,
And drown it will
    The chimney-sweep.



Now the gamester's seen ;
With a haggard mien,
And his pocket clean,
    Swearing, home he goes ;
While the drunkard lies
On his path, more wise,
Making music rise
    From his blushing nose.

In yonder house
They still carouse,
Change loving vows,
    And sing and play.
Through all the night,
In sorry plight,
A wretched wight
    Before it lay.

Now the patient rings,
Till the servant brings
Draughts and other things,
    Such as doctors know ;
While his lady fair
Feigns with modest air
(Love is lurking there !)
    For a bath to go.

Love's pilgrims creep
With purpose deep,
And measured step
    Where none can see ;
The diligence
Is leaving France,
To seek Mayence
    Or Italy.

"Dear papa, adieu,
Good bye, mother, too,
And the same to you,
    Ev'ry little one."

Now the horses neigh,
Now the whip's in play,
Windows ring away—
    Out of sight they're gone.

In ev'ry place
New things I trace,
No empty place
    Can now be found.
But great and small,
And short and tall,
Tag rag and all,
    In crowds abound.

Ne'er the like has been ;
Now they all begin
Such a grievous din,
    They will split my head ;
How I feel it ache
With the noise they make ;—
Paris is awake,
    So I'll go to bed.

This and the three following songs are perfect specimens of the descriptive style of Désaugiers.

PICTURE OF PARIS, AT FIVE IN THE AFTERNOON.

(TABLEAU DE PARIS À CINQ HEURES DU SOIR.)

DÉSAUGIERS.

Now the motley throng,
As it rolls along
With its torrents strong,
    Seems to ebb away.
Business-time has past,
Dinner comes at last,
Cloths are spreading fast,—
    Night succeeds to day.

Here woodcock fine,
I can divine,
On fowl some dine,
And turkey too.
While here a lot
Of cabbage hot
All in the pot
With beef they stew.

Now the parasite
Hastes with footstep light,
Where the fumes invite
Of a banquet rare.
Yonder wretch I see,
For a franc dines he,
But in debt he'll be
For his sorry fare.

Hark, what a noise !
Sure every voice
Its force employs
To swell the sound.
Here softest strains
Tell lover's pains ;
There proudly reigns
The drunken round.

Dinner's over, so
To cafés they go,
While their faces glow ;
Then elate with wine
Yon *gourmand* so great
Falls, and with his weight
Crushes one, whom fate
Suffer'd not to dine.

The mocha steams,
The punch-bowl gleams,
And perfume seems
To fill the air.



"Ice! ice!" they call,
And "coffee" bawl,
"Could you at all
The paper spare?"

Journals they read o'er,
Liquors down they pour,
Or they sit before
Tables spread for play.
While with watchful eyes,
And with aspect wise,
Stands to criticise
The *habitué.*

There tragedy
They go to see.
Here comedy
Asserts her reign;
A juggler here,
A drama there
Your purse would clear,—
Nor sues in vain.

Now the lamps are bright,
Chandeliers alight,
Shops are quite a sight;
While with wicked eye,
Stands the little queen
Of the magazine,
And with roguish mien
Tempts the folks to buy.

A nook obscure
Will some allure,
Who there secure
May play their parts.
There thieves at will
Their pockets fill;
And lovers steal
The ladies' hearts.

Jeannot, and Claude, and Blaise,
Nicolas and Nicaise,



HUMOROUS SONGS.

Who all five from Falaise
To Paris lately came ;
Admire with upturn'd faces,
Fast rooted to their places,—
Paillasse's strange grimaces,—
Nought paying for the same.

Her labours done,
Her dress put on,
To dance has gone
The gay grisette.
Her grandma' dear
And neighbour near,
Their souls will cheer
With cool picquet.

Now 'tis ten o'clock,
Now against a rock,
With a heavy shock,
Three new plays have struck.
From the doors the mob
Rushes—mind your fob,—
Gentlefolks who rob
Try just now their luck.

"St. Jean," I say,
"Quick—no delay
My cab this way!"
The liv'ry all
With wine accurs'd
Could almost burst,
But still athirst,
From taverns crawl.

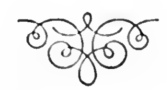
Carriages with pride
Take their lords inside,
Then away they glide
In a solemn row.
Cabs retreat of course,
While the drivers hoarse
Swear with all their force,
As they backwards go.

Hark! what a rout!
They push about,
And loudly shout
"Take care—take care!"
Some hurry, yet
Are soon upset,
Across some get
And home repair.

Trade begins to drop,
Finding custom stop,
Tradesmen shut up shop;
Here's a contrast strange!
Noisy thoroughfare,
Crowd-encumber'd square
To a desert bare,
Now is doom'd to change.

A form I see
Approaching me,
"Qui vive!" says he;
At once I shrink;
As he draws nigh
Away go I,
'Tis best to fly
All scrapes, I think.

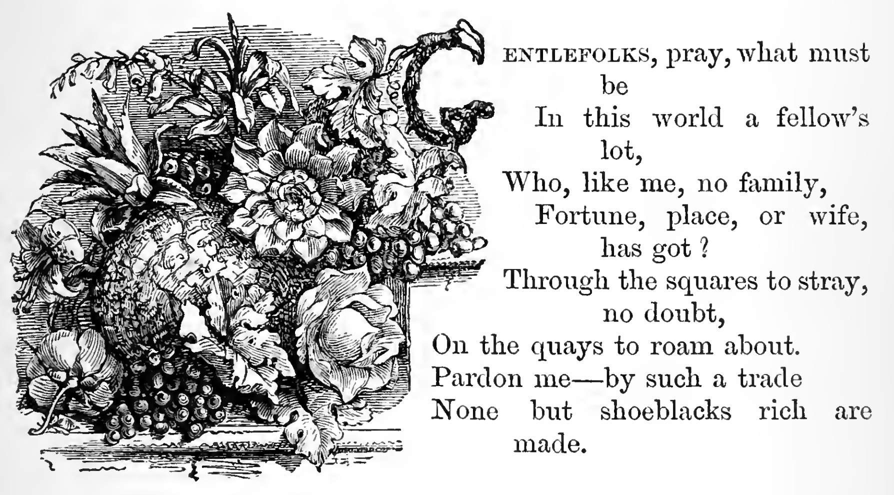
Now there's nought in sight
Save the lamps' pale light,—
Scatter'd through the night,
Timidly they peep;
These too disappear,
Nothing far or near
But the breeze I hear,—
All are fast asleep.



THE PILLAR OF THE CAFÉ.

(LE PILIER DU CAFE.)

DÉSAUGIERS.



GENTLEFOLKS, pray, what must be
  In this world a fellow's lot,
Who, like me, no family,
  Fortune, place, or wife, has got?
Through the squares to stray, no doubt,
On the quays to roam about.
Pardon me—by such a trade
None but shoeblacks rich are made.

Now upon a plan I've hit,
  Which far better suits my taste,
Asks not too much time or wit,
  And prevents all sorts of waste.
Hospitable roofs abound
On the Boulevards, where are found
Folks who nothing have to do,
Folks who take their leisure too.

There, when weary, I obtain,
Sometimes pastime, sometimes sleep;
Me they shelter from the rain,
Me from sunbeams safely keep.
Ha! I fancy you have guess'd
What must be those regions bless'd.
Well, for thirty years have I—
Through all weathers, wet and dry—

Just at seven left my bed,
  On my sixth floor ev'ry day,

Wash'd and shaved and curl'd my head,
   And dropp'd down to the Café.
There the waiter in a trice
Brings of bread a wholesome slice,
Which I think a breakfast rare,
With a glass of capillaire.

Being the first comer—then,
   Early reading to ensure,
I snatch up the *Quotidienne*,
   And the *Courier* I secure.
With the *Globe* beneath an arm,
With the other keeping warm
The *Débats*, I'm on the watch
Soon the *Moniteur* to catch.

Hunting meanwhile the *Pilote*,
   Which, though gouty, I obtain,
Busy with my limping foot
   The *Diable Boiteux* I gain.
Hollo! neighbour, *quid novi?*
Thus I hear a Picard cry,
Who is mighty pleased to show
Latin in his parts they know.

Then of Greece I glibly speak,
   Touch upon the Institute,
Times, the weather of the week,
   Dogs and actors—never mute.
If by chance he should forget
All his sugar-lumps to eat,
What he leaves becomes my share,
Since 'tis paid for, this is fair.

No one can my right deny,
   He that doubts it must be dull;
By this smart contrivance, I
   Keep my sugar-basin full.
Then to billiards off I go,
Where the players, as they know
I could beat them, one and all,
Make me judge of ev'ry ball.

When the cause is judged I take
  Beer and biscuit as my fee ;
This the rule of life I make,—
  Good advice well paid should be.
Soon I hear a "row" below ;
To the Café back I go,
There on ev'ry side they say
Words like "rente"—"indemnité."

Running bare-headed about,
  Where the tempest rages most,
Yonder clerk begins to shout
  That his four-and-nine* is lost,
While I chuckle at my ease,
Watching well this foolish breeze,
Thanking destiny I've not
In the funds a farthing got.

Dinner-time its warning gives,
  All the mandate must obey ;
E'en the hottest wrangler leaves
  The dispute and the Café.
I've just eaten something—so
I am not obliged to go,
I can wait, and here, meanwhile,
Read at leisure the *Étoile*.

'Twill be long though, I suppose,
  Ere it comes—what can I do ?
Fidget with the dominoes,
  Having read the papers through.
Here the *Étoile* comes—oh joy !
First to read the news am I,
With my glasses on my nose,—
With an air that must impose.

Information do I draw,
  Of whate'er occurr'd to-day

* The French expression for which we have risked this very free reading is "*trois pour cent*," and signified a form of hat worn at the time. To preserve the primary reference to the *rentes* is impossible.

At the Bourse or courts of law ;
  Likewise know to-morrow's play.
All at once a noise I hear,
Now the diners reappear ;
While the new-lit gas is gleaming,
In they come with faces beaming.

Various things they chat about,
  On the seats their bodies throw ;
Waiters pour their coffee out ;
  I approach *incognito.*
Near a banker now I sit,—
Choose my station near a wit,—
Brokers now my neighbours make,—
Every sort of hue I take.

Not one customer in all
  Could I'm sure with me compete,
If for coffee I would call
  Often as I change my seat.
'Tis eleven, from the play
Guests pour into the Café,—
Twenty, thirty, I dare say,
Who with heat all melt away.

Politics of the *coulisse*
  Like *habitués* they handle ;
Censure actors and the piece ;
  Of the actresses tell scandal.
Now the counter's awful queen
Gliding off to rest is seen,
And her movement, as 'tis late,
Every one should imitate.

The Café is clear'd at last,
  I, the first who enter'd it,
In my principle am fast,
  And I am the last to quit.
Sometimes while I'm on the watch
Interesting facts to catch,

I'm o'erpower'd by slumber soft,—
'Tis a lucky chance ; for oft
While asleep they lock me in ;
So all ready I remain,
On the morrow to begin
My old fav'rite game again.

THE NEW YEAR'S DAY.

(TABLEAU DE JOUR DE L'AN.)

DÉSAUGIERS.

SINCE first the sun upon us shone,
A year succeeds the year that's gone.
This day by universal law
So great, we'll try to draw,
Without a single flaw,
That all, who see the sketch may say,
This surely must be New Year's day.

No sooner day begins to break,
Than all Parisians are awake,
The bells of ev'ry story ring :
Here some one calls to bring
Some very pretty thing,
Some only visits come to pay—
This surely must be New Year's day.

As early as the sun's first light,
Lolotte, who has not slept all night,
Gets up for all her gifts ;—ah, ha !—

Here comes a thimble from mamma,
And here six francs from dear papa,
From grandma' books to make her pray—
This surely must be New Year's day.

The banker, early in the morn,
Brings gems, his Chloris to adorn ;
His clerk, though not so rich, takes care
To bring some present rare
Unto his lady fair ;
And so he —— puts his watch away—
This surely must be New Year's day.

To some we haste, when we've no doubt,
That when we call they will be out.
At once to the *Concierge* we go :
"What, not at home then !"—"No."
"Alas ! you vex me so !"
We leave our names, and walk away—
This surely must be New Year's day.

Now friends grown cool are cool no more,
But seem as hearty as before,—
The method is not dear—a pound
Of sugar plums is found,
For many a social wound,
The best of remedies, they say—
And such they give on New Year's day.

To yonder man direct your eyes,
Who ever bargains—never buys,—
Takes down—hooks up—peeps here, peeps there,
With such a solemn air ;
Now hurries off elsewhere,
That he the self-same game may play,—
This surely must be New Year's day.

Now nephews who'd inherit all,
Upon their uncle love to call ;
To see him well is their delight ;

But, with his wealth in sight,
They hug him ;—oh, so tight !—
They almost squeeze his life away,—
This surely must be New Year's day.

The tender swain who does not care
To buy fine trinkets for his fair
At Christmas time, to save expense,
For coolness finds pretence ;
His love will recommence
Next month—till then he stops away ;—
This surely must be New Year's day.

When all the handsome things are said,
And wishes utter'd, presents made,
Each visitor goes home at last ;
And when an hour has past,
Mourns money spent too fast,
And time and trouble thrown away,—
Yes, surely this is New Year's day.

IMPORTANT TRUTHS.

(LES GRANDES VÉRITÉS.)

ARMAND CHARLEMAGNE.



Brothers, 'tis a happy age,
This good age in which we live ;
To his views the fearless sage
Now the freest scope may give.
Bolder than Philoxenus,
Down the veil of truth I tear ;
While my verse I warble thus,
Friends, my revelations hear.

Light sometimes from candles comes ;
Water serves our thirst to slake ;
Nipping cold our fingers numbs ;
In good beds sweet rest we take.

Grapes are gather'd in September ;
  June is mostly very hot ;
When I am within my chamber—
  Then elsewhere be sure I'm not.

Nought more cold than ice we know ;
  Without salt we cannot pickle ;
Human pleasures come and go,
  Mortals all must feel Time's sickle.
Not the Danube is the Oise ;
  Neither is the day the night ;
While the high-road to Pontoise
  To Pantin won't lead you right.

Many a rascal lives at ease ;
  Shirts are mostly made with sleeves ;
If in summer you fell trees,
  Ev'ry one can pick up leaves.
Those who ev'ry falsehood swallow
  Some discrimination lack ;
Dancers should the figure follow ;
  Crabs advance by going back.

Bread with ev'rything we eat,
  Even with the choicest dish ;
Pheasants are a greater treat
  Than a bit of smoke-dried fish.
Vinegar won't catch a fly ;
  And those barbers, big with hope,
Who to whiten niggers try,
  Only throw away their soap.

When to shave ourselves we want
  We ne'er take a common broom ;
In your garden rhubarb plant,
  And you'll find no turnips come.
That old famous horse of Troy
  Was not given much to drinking ;
Ev'ry ass don't find employ
  With the miller, to my thinking.

Fools but sorry numskulls are;
   He who's wise more wit commands;
From the head the feet are far,
   On the neck the former stands.
Drunkenness we get from drink;
   For the sauce the fish we prize;
Every loaf weighs more, I think,
   Than another half the size.

Romulus built Rome, one day;
   Heavy rain will make us wet;
Cato was austere they say;
   Wealth we can't by wishing get.
Few of mustard can approve
   When 'tis after dinner brought;
Though a snub-nose we may love,
   Yet a Roman 'tis not thought.

He who sick of fever lies
   Cannot be consider'd well;
Several hares to catch who tries
   Won't catch any I can tell.
If you gently blow your soup,
   You will cool it in a trice;
All your cheese you should lock up
   Would you save it from the mice.

Flints composed of stone are found;
   Woods of trees are sometimes full;
Streams with fish will oft abound,
   Frogs are seen in many a pool.
At a rustle will the hare
   Start, as 'twere a mighty shock;
Moved by every breath of air
   Is the fickle weathercock.

Learning is not common sense;
   Wisdom is a prize I hold;

Half-a-crown is thirty pence ;*
   Paper is not made of gold.
Every chatterbox may find
   Deaf men are not wearied soon ;
'Tis peculiar to the blind
   That they cannot see at noon.

Do not charge me with a crime,
   Though no wit my song may season ;
If you find it is in rhyme,
   Pray let that suffice for reason.
In this age of truth and light
   Where fair virtue reigns at will,
Happy is the silent wight,
   He who thinks not, happier still.

THE OXEN.

(LES BŒUFS.)

PIERRE DUPONT.

HE finest beasts are mine I vow,
   Two spotted oxen, big and staunch ;
Of maple-wood is made my plough ;
   My goad's a sturdy holly-branch.
'Tis through their toil you see the plain
   In summer green, in autumn brown ;
More money in a week they gain,
   Than when I bought them, I paid down.

* "Trente francs font trente livres."

Before with them I'd part,
I'd hang with all my heart.
I own that Joan, my wife,
I love beyond my life,
But rather see her dead would I—than I would see my oxen die.

My gallant oxen—only look,
How deep and straight their furrows are!
The strongest tempest they can brook;
For heat or cold they do not care.
And when to take a draught I stop,
A mist from their wide nostrils flies,
And on their horns the young birds drop,
And there they perch before my eyes.
Before with them, &c.

No oil-press is so strong as they;
They're gentler far than any sheep;
The town-folk to our village stray,
In hopes to buy my oxen cheap;
And take them to the Tuileries
On *Mardi-Gras*, before the king;
And slaughter them,—nay, if you please,—
Good towns-folk, I'll have no such thing.
Before with them, &c.

If when my little daughter's tall,
My royal master's son and heir
Should wooing come,—my money all
I'd pay him down, without a care.
But if he wanted me to give
My two white oxen, mark'd with red:—
Come, daughter, come, the crown we'll leave,
And keep our beasts at home instead.
Before with them, &c.

ORIGINAL.

J'ai deux grands bœufs dans mon étable,
Deux grands bœufs blancs, marqués de roux ;
La charrue est en bois d'érable,
L'aiguiller en branche de houx ;
C'est par leurs soins qu'un voit la plaine
Verte l'hiver, jaune l'été ;
Ils gagnent dans une sémaine
Plus d'argent qu'ils n'en ont coûté.
S'il me fallait les vendre
J'aimerais mieux me pendre ;
J'aime Jeanne ma femme, eh, ha ! j'aimerais mieux
La voir mourir que voir mourir mes bœufs.

Les voyez-vous, les belles bêtes,
Creuser profond et tracer droit,
Bravant la pluie et les tempêtes,
Qu'il fasse chaud, qu'il fasse froid.
Lorsque je fais halte pour boire,
Un brouillard sort de leurs naseaux,
Et je vois sur leur corne noire
Se poser les petits oiseaux.
S'il me fallait les vendre, &c.

Ils sont forts comme un pressoir d'huile ;
Ils sont doux comme des moutons ;
Tous les ans on vient de la ville
Les marchands dans nos cantons,
Pour les mener aux Tuileries,
Au Mardi-Gras, devant le roi,
Et puis les vendre aux boucheries,—
Je ne veux pas, ils sont à moi.
S'il me fallait les vendre, &c.

Quand notre fille sera grande,
Si le fils de notre Régent
En mariage la demande,
Je lui promets tout mon argent ;

Mais si pour dot il veut qu'on donne
Les grands bœufs blancs marqués de roux,
Ma fille, laissons la couronne
Et ramenons les bœufs chez nous.
S'il me fallait les vendre, &c.

This production of Pierre Dupont rivals in popularity his *Chant des Ouvriers*, and may appropriately close the Comic Division.

THE END.

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS